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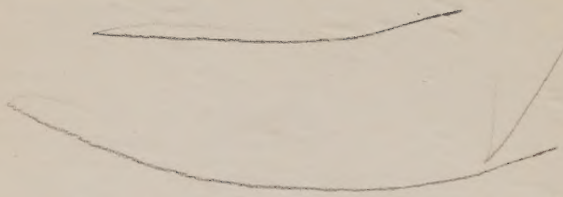

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Roman Home Life and Religion

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Roman Home Life AND Religion

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A READER

By H. L. Rogers & T. R. Harley
Head Master and Senior Classical Master of King's College School, Wimbledon

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romae
Hor. Carm. iii. 29

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Dicere solebat [avunculus meus] nullum esse librum tam malum ut non aliqua parte prodesset.

PLINY, *Epp.* iii. 5. 10.

[p. 73.]

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PREFACE

The aim of this book is to give a view, through ancient literature itself, of certain important aspects of Roman home life and Religion. It may be used partly as a Reader and partly for the general study of those sides of social life.

The answer to the question 'For what year is it intended?' is not easy. The main purpose is to illustrate as fully as possible the subjects chosen, though many passages have had to be omitted for reasons of space, or kept as more appropriate for other volumes that were initially planned on School and University life, Public life, &c. At the same time enough passages for translation had to be provided, and to keep these within arbitrary limits would not only restrict the utility of the book as a reader, but would diminish its illustrative force. Secondly, the authors hold the view that boys can be kept too rigidly to the narrow lines of a syllabus. Apart from reading this or that set book of Caesar, Livy, or Virgil, they should acquire ideas on Roman life and culture. Passages which it is important for this purpose that they should read, and which are yet too difficult for them to translate, should be translated to them. And so we would answer the question by saying that there is plenty of reading here within the powers of boys in their third year, and yet enough for a sixth form, or even the undergraduate, to read with advantage. The translation, however, of most of the difficult or Silver Latin passages keeps the book within the scope of the average boy in his fourth year, and gives him the practice in unseens that he then begins to need.

2500

It is a common experience that Classical teaching in schools (and sometimes even in Universities) has lacked, and still lacks, background and reality. Masterpieces of literature, whole tracts of history are presented *in vacuo*. This is one of the reasons why boys, or the parents of boys, who do not continue their Latin into the Sixth Form, complain that they get nothing out of it. If boys appreciated the vivid reality of the ancient world and its relation to the modern, the literature would live in their hearts, with meaning for the realities of modern life. School editions are needed of books like Dr. Warde Fowler's on Roman life and religion. But even if we had them, the exigencies of the modern timetable would restrict their use. But there are here collected many of the passages on which such works are based. They may be read for translation or unseen, or may provide a keen master with subjects for discussion. One hour a week could surely be given to them, familiarity with the language be thereby increased, and interest in the Classical work generally be deepened or awakened. For this rapid reading is necessary: the rigour of construe must be for the time ignored. Even beginners will get some idea of the vast extent of ancient literature, while in spite of the serene aloofness of some great Classical writers from the concrete life of their times, it will be found that most are represented here.

It has seemed false to admit subdivisions into Periods; that would introduce just the narrowness which makes 'classical' synonymous with 'dead and buried' in the 'modern' mind. It is not a bad thing to have Plautus and Juvenal, Cicero and Augustine, side by side. Let the mental agility of the master overleap these barriers of time. He will often find the obstacle more apparent than real, and that the lesson is one of comparison rather than of contrast.

Similar considerations have led us to include Greek passages, though in translation. Not all boys appreciate that the rise of the Roman Empire and Genius was studied and described by the Greeks of their time, a most observant and critical race.

The aim of the translations (those in verse being except in one instance the work of Mr. Rogers, to whom is due the conception of the whole book) has been to put stimulus and interest before all things. They are not to be judged as specimens of a complete translation of any particular work. Paraphrase has been preferred when it seemed the best way of impressing the fact that the words were written by a live man for live men. If a modern parallel is likely to make a boy think, it is justified from this, if from no other point of view. If it makes older readers argue, so much the better, whether they be critical scholars or not. This is a boy's book.

The works of the late Dr. Warde Fowler and Dr. Dill, and of course Becker's *Gallus*, have been consulted, and should be used side by side with this book. We are particularly indebted to Dr. Warde Fowler and Messrs. Macmillan for the inclusion of the 'Laudatio Turiae', and for permission to use the exegesis of that remarkable document, and to Mr. F. M. Cornford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, for the quotation on p. 232. Mr. E. W. V. Clifton, of Manchester University, has made many valuable criticisms, and given us great help in connexion with the legal points in the Inscriptions. The Ground plan of Pliny's Villa on p. 24 is based on Mr. Cowan's plan by the kindness of Messrs. Macmillan. Lastly, we have to thank Mr. C. E. Laurence for reading through the proofs and making many valuable suggestions.

T. R. H.
H. L. R.

'Mon enfant, souvenons-nous que nous n'apprenons pas le latin pour le plaisir de décliner *rosa*, *la rose*; ou pour conjuguer des verbes irréguliers et briller aux examens; mais pour pénétrer par le moyen de cette langue, non pas morte mais immortelle, dans une région magnifique qui demeure inconnue de la plupart des hommes, je veux parler de la pensée humaine.'

Il me montra de misérables rayons où étaient rangés les auteurs anciens, et il me disait: 'Voilà le plus beau trésor du monde! C'est par la pensée et par la poésie que la créature de Dieu donne sa fleur. Le parfum en est si délicieux qu'il enivre parfois; il est bon de n'en jouir, comme de toutes choses ici-bas, qu'avec discernement, avec méthode, et conformément à une discipline; souvenez-vous alors que l'étude de cette langue vous fait pénétrer les enseignements qui sont du moins le résultat de l'expérience accumulée des siècles et ont plus de chance de s'appliquer aux besoins de l'heure que tout système improvisé.'

René Boylesve.

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I

LOVE OF HOME

Among the Romans love of home was broader and deeper than among the Scandinavian and Teutonic nations. The intimate sanctity of the family hearth, and the religious veneration felt for the abode of the *Manes*, once partakers in its blessedness, were extended to the City, the mother of all homes; and the beauty, fertility and mildness of the Mother Earth (with sudden flashes of primal ferocity,[1] causing dread and superstition) kindled these feelings into a love which had the strong natural impulse of kinship. Domesticity was therefore allied with sociability, 'clannishness' with patriotism. The city lived as one large family, to an even greater extent than a modern University. Yet the sanctity and privacy of home were never lost, though in the daytime life was spent in the open. Few accidents of locality or fortune quite buried this instinct. Catullus is stirred to one of his finest inspirations by the contemplation of his Northern home;[2] even the wretched dweller in the *insulae*, the great public lodging-houses, carried his household gods with him in all his vicissitudes; even a cold-hearted wit like Ovid, in his lament for his loss of home, shows a selfishness warmed by real feeling.

In War, in Religion, in Politics, in Art, in all the Romans did, the ground-swell of this deep emotion may be traced.

(See especially I. 6, I. 7 (c. 54, § 2) and VII. 4.)

[1] IX. 6, 2 note; II. 8. Introd.; X. 6. 2 note; X. 7, 43–47.

[2] Among the Northern Italians generally the feeling for the Mother Earth seems to have been stronger than the feeling for the Mother City. See X. 9.

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§ 1

'This is my own, my native land!'

PAENE insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus;
quam te libenter quamque laetus inviso,
vix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos
liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
o quid solutis est beatius curis?
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
salve o venusta Sirmio atque hero gaude;
gaudete vosque o Lydiae lacus undae;
ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

CATULLUS, 31. (Circ. 60 B.C.)

§ 2

The Joys of Winter Time.

This Ode opens on a typically Roman, and English, note, though with the third verse it passes to what seems the trite philosophical commonplace and prettiness of Greek lyrics. Horace loved the country, except in bad weather, when he preferred his comfortable villa. The bond of home ties and the love of City life were particularly strong in him. He has little sympathy with the wild romance found in Byron, or the intellectual worship of Nature typical of moderns like Shelley and Wordsworth. The tone of the opening stanza recalls Aristophanes, Pax, *ll. 1140–69.*

SORACTE, see, looms white with snow!
The labouring woods no longer know
How to support their burden deep;
Rivers are frozen fast asleep.

Heap up the logs with bounteous hand
Upon the hearth; a generous brand
In homely jar, Toast-master, draw;
Cold hands, cold hearts, together thaw.

Leave God the rest; as soon as He
Lull winds that fight for mastery
  With raging waves, and aged ash
  No more against the cypress crash,

Cease asking what will dawn to-morrow;
And every day from Fate you borrow
  Count so much gain; nor slight your chance
  In youth of pleasant love and dance.

While crabbed Age is far away,
And Youth is green, O seek to-day
  The fields and parks, ere shadows lower,
  The whispers soft at trysting hour,

The lovely laugh that has betrayed
In cosy corner hidden maid;
  The keepsake snatched from hand or wrist
  That will so naughtily resist.

HORACE, *Odes* i. 9. (Circ. 30 B.C.)

§ 3

Exile from Home worse than Death.

Ovid recalls his last night in Rome before his expulsion to the Black Sea. Each incident stamped upon his memory is worked up with facile rhetoric, through which, however, true feeling emerges, notably in ll. 29–34 and 95–100.

Cf. Goethe, *Italienische Reise*: 'Wie sollte mir gerade in solchen Augenblicken Ovid's Elegie nicht ins Gedächtniss zurückkehren, der, auch verbannt, in einer Mondennacht Rom verlassen sollte. 'Cum repeto noctem'—seine Rückerinnerung, weit hinten am Schwarzen Meere, kam mir nicht in den Sinn?' (Rom, 1788.)

CVM subit illius tristissima noctis imago,
  qua mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit,
cum repeto noctem, qua tot mihi cara reliqui,
  labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis.
iam prope lux aderat, qua me discedere Caesar
  finibus extremae iusserat Ausoniae,
nec spatium nec mens fuerat satis apta parandi:
  torpuerant longa pectora nostra mora.

non mihi servorum, comites non cura legendi,
non aptae profugo vestis opisve fuit.
non aliter stupui, quam qui Iovis ignibus ictus
vivit et est vitae nescius ipse suae.
ut tamen hanc animi nubem dolor ipse removit,
et tandem sensus convaluere mei,
alloquor extremum maestos abiturus amicos,
qui modo de multis unus et alter erat.
uxor amans flentem flens acrius ipsa tenebat,
imbre per indignas usque cadente genas.
nata procul Libycis aberat diversa sub oris,
nec poterat fati certior esse mei.
quocumque aspiceres, luctus gemitusque sonabant,
formaque non taciti funeris intus erat.
femina virque meo, pueri quoque funere maerent,
inque domo lacrimas angulus omnis habet.
si licet exemplis in parvis grandibus uti,
haec facies Troiae, cum caperetur, erat.
iamque quiescebant voces hominumque canumque,
Lunaque nocturnos alta regebat equos.
hanc ego suspiciens et ad hanc Capitolia cernens,
quae nostro frustra iuncta fuere Lari,
'numina vicinis habitantia sedibus,' inquam,
'iamque oculis numquam templa videnda meis,
dique relinquendi, quos urbs habet alta Quirini,
este salutati tempus in omne mihi.
et quamquam sero clipeum post vulnera sumo,
attamen hanc odiis exonerate fugam,
caelestique viro, quis me deceperit error,
dicite, pro culpa ne scelus esse putet.
ut quod vos scitis, poenae quoque sentiat auctor,
placato possum non miser esse deo.'
hac prece adoravi superos ego : pluribus uxor,
singultu medios impediente sonos.
illa etiam ante Lares passis adstrata capillis
contigit extinctos ore tremente focos,

multaque in adversos effudit verba Penates
pro deplorato non valitura viro.
iamque morae spatium nox praecipitata negabat,
versaque ab axe suo Parrhasis Arctos erat.
quid facerem ? blando patriae retinebar amore :
ultima sed iussae nox erat illa fugae.
a ! quotiens aliquo dixi properante ' quid urges ?
vel quo festinas ire, vel unde, vide.'
a ! quotiens certam me sum mentitus habere
horam, propositae quae foret apta viae.
ter limen tetigi, ter sum revocatus, et ipse
indulgens animo pes mihi tardus erat.
saepe ' vale ' dicto rursus sum multa locutus,
et quasi discedens oscula summa dedi.
saepe eadem mandata dedi meque ipse fefelli,
respiciens oculis pignora cara meis.
denique ' quid propero ? Scythia est, quo mittimur,' inquam,
' Roma relinquenda est. utraque iusta mora est.
uxor in aeternum vivo mihi viva negatur,
et domus et fidae dulcia membra domus,
quosque ego dilexi fraterno more sodales,
o mihi Thesea pectora iuncta fide !
dum licet, amplectar : numquam fortasse licebit
amplius. in lucro est quae datur hora mihi.'
nec mora, sermonis verba inperfecta relinquo,
conplectens animo proxima quaeque meo.
dum loquor et flemus, caelo nitidissimus alto,
stella gravis nobis, Lucifer ortus erat.
dividor haud aliter, quam si mea membra relinquam,
et pars abrumpi corpore visa suo est.
sic doluit Mettus tunc cum in contraria versos
ultores habuit proditionis equos.
tum vero exoritur clamor gemitusque meorum,
et feriunt maestae pectora nuda manus.
tum vero coniunx umeris abeuntis inhaerens
miscuit haec lacrimis tristia verba meis :

'non potes avelli. simul hinc, simul ibimus:' inquit,
'te sequar et coniunx exulis exul ero.
et mihi facta via est, et me capit ultima tellus:
accedam profugae sarcina parva rati.
te iubet e patria discedere Caesaris ira,
me pietas. pietas haec mihi Caesar erit.'
talia temptabat, sicut temptaverat ante,
vixque dedit victas utilitate manus.
egredior, sive illud erat sine funere ferri,
squalidus inmissis hirta per ora comis.
illa dolore amens tenebris narratur obortis
semianimis media procubuisse domo:
utque resurrexit foedatis pulvere turpi
crinibus et gelida membra levavit humo,
se modo, desertos modo complorasse Penates,
nomen et erepti saepe vocasse viri,
nec gemuisse minus, quam si nataeque virique
vidisset structos corpus habere rogos,
et voluisse mori, moriendo ponere sensus,
respectuque tamen non periisse mei.
vivat, et absentem, quoniam sic fata tulerunt,
vivat ut auxilio sublevet usque suo.

OVID, *Tristia* i. 3. (8 A.D.)

§ 4

An Exile's Longing for Home.

'No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost or graced thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned.'

POPE.

This elegy on the same subject approaches more nearly to genuine feeling, and even genuinely emotional writing, though the

commonplace of the first twelve lines barely succeeds in avoiding the comic. Ovid had wit, but no humour. Perhaps the most notable trait in the poem is the yearning for the very earth of home, so faithfully caught by Kipling in 'A Charm'—

> *'Take of English earth as much*
> *As either hand may rightly clutch—'*

a poem which should be read and studied at length. See also I. 7, c. 54, §§ 2 and 3.

'HIS words,' you'll say surprised, 'but not his hand!'
Ah, I am sick, and in a foreign land,
A foreign land, the limit of the unknown;
My very life I hardly call my own.
And oh, my thoughts! lying in this drear land,
Hemmed in by barbarous hordes on either hand.
I loathe the clime: I cannot bear the rains:
The earth is vile, and every prospect pains.
Ignobly housed, the food the sick should have
I have not, none with doctor's art to save.
No friend is here to solace me, to cheat
With talk Time's all too slowly gliding feet.
Weary I lie at Earth's remotest post,
And my sick fancy paints what I have lost.
The thoughts of thee all thoughts, dear wife, outshine,
Thou reign'st supreme still in this heart of mine.
On thee I call afar, aloud I pray
Each night for thee, and each returning day.
They say I rave, whenas in love I frame
Aloud thine oft-reiterated name.
Anon I faint: tongue to parch'd palate clings;
The wine they give but little succour brings;
A word 'She 's here!', and quickly I arise,
For strength renew'd the hope 'tis thee supplies.
Say not that, as I hang 'twixt death and life,
Happy at home, thou hast forgot, dear wife;
Nay, nay, I swear it, joy of my heart, I know,
To thee without me life must be all woe.
Yet if my years have fill'd their destined space,
If quickly looms the end of this my race,

Grant this much mercy, mighty gods, that I
At least may be entombed in Italy!
Had sentence been deferred while I draw breath,
Were punishment forestall'd by early death,
Heart-whole ere this the light had I resign'd,—
(Spared for an exile's death, reprieve unkind!)
Ah, must I die then in this unknown land,
Here feel the fall of Fate's too heavy hand?
My fainting limbs the lov'd, familiar bed
Shall never know, unmourn'd, unhonourèd.
My Lady's tears, falling like summer showers,
Shall not recall to life a few short hours?
No last lament of mourning, no bequest,
No loving hand my fluttering lids to rest,
No ceremony, no dirge, no honour'd bust,
But barbarous earth commingling with my dust?
But when thou know'st, wilt thou be sore opprest,
And smite with trembling hands a faithful breast,
And vainly stretch thine arms across the sea,
And cry 'Poor husband!', all in vain, to me?
Dear love, to rend thy locks, thy cheeks, forbear;
For this last parting did my first prepare:
That was my death when I lost Italy—
An earlier and a bitterer death to me.
Now if thou canst, (ah, canst thou?) wife and queen,
Rejoice that I am dead and pain has been.
Bear, as thou canst, this woe, in strength secure,
As the long years have school'd thee to endure.
Would that my soul could perish with this clay,
And hungry flames consume me quite away!
If the old seer of Samos spake aright,
And the soul dies not, floating o'er the night,
Mid barbarous shades, unshelter'd and unknown,
A Roman ghost shall drift for aye alone.
Yet let a little urn this dust enclose,
For thus in death may exiles find repose.
None can refuse: not e'en a king's decree
From brother's burial kept Antigone.—
Herbs and sweet balsam sprinkle it within,
And find some niche beyond the City's din.
This stave write large upon the marble high
To catch the hurrying traveller's passing eye:

'The wanton of soft lyrics here lies dead,
'By his own genius ungarlanded;
'Be 't well with thee, O lover, if thou pray
'"Rest to the bones of Naso!" on thy way!'
More than this write not, for my songs shall be
Greater, immortal memory of me;
For all their wounds, I know that they will give
The singer glory and long days to live.
Yet daily o'er my corse oblations strew,
Fresh flowers that thine own bright tears bedew.
This flesh, albeit dust o' the fire, shall move,
To feel the quick'ning impulse of thy love.

More would I write, but my parch'd lips refuse
Strength to dictate, my voice forgets its use.
This message take, the last I e'er may tell—
As he who speaks can never do,—'Farewell!'

OVID, *Tristia* iii. 3. (Circ. 8 A.D.)

§ 5

Cicero's Return from Exile.

The mood in which Cicero bore his exile was not unlike that in which Ovid bore his. See the Tristia, passim, *and Cicero's* Letters, *especially* ad Att. *3. 15 and 23. But Cicero knew the joy of restoration, and return from death to life, and his joy is as superabundant and self-centred as his sorrow had been, though some of his letters to his wife and children* (ad Fam. *14. 1 and 2*) *show genuine sympathy with the sufferings of his family.*

The following letter shows also Cicero's main weakness, his inordinate vanity. But his love of Italy and Rome is stronger even than this.

Rome, 57 B.C.

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

As soon as ever I reached Rome, and could prudently post to you, my first thoughts in my delight were to send you an account of your absent friend's journey home. I must admit I had felt that your courage and foresight had hardly surpassed my own, and that considering my respect for your opinion,

your devotion to my welfare was not too enthusiastic—but still I knew that you, who in the early days of my political folly—or, I should say, suicide—gave me your sympathy and shared my empty fears, had felt our separation most bitterly, and had lavished your energies, enthusiasm, and devotion without stint on securing my release. So I can honestly assure you of this, that in the universal joy of my return, and the congratulations of all on the consummation of my heart's desire, the one thing I needed to crown my happiness was the sight of you and your welcome. Once reunited, we will never be parted again. And if I do not reclaim and enjoy all the fruits of your good nature so familiar in times past, why, I shall count myself unworthy of my reversal of fortune.

I had thought recovery difficult enough, but so far, politically speaking, I have laid hold again of my reputation at the Bar, my influence in the House, and my popularity with the Patriots, beyond my wildest hopes. Dealing with the business of my private estate (you know well the extent of the ruin, upheaval, and depredation) I am working my hardest, and I need your advice in the matter of collecting and arranging all that is left, no less than your talents, which I judge to be at my disposal.

No doubt the full Roman news has reached you by friends or travellers' tales. Nevertheless I will give you a summary of the points which I think you would like to hear from me personally. On August 4th I set out from Dyrrachium, the very day on which the law against me was passed. I arrived at Brundisium the next day. There was my darling Tullia awaiting me—and it was her birthday! the foundation-day both of the colony of Brundisium and of your neighbour, St. Saviour's, a curious coincidence remarked and duly celebrated with great enthusiasm by the good people of Brundisium. On the 8th of August I heard by letter from my brother that amidst remarkable enthusiasm of all ages and classes of the population, and the jubilation of incredible crowds from the countryside, the law had been passed in Rome. I was then honoured by the leading men of the town, and began a journey marked everywhere by congratulatory addresses.

During my approach to the City no man of any note or importance failed to come and speak to me, except those enemies who were not allowed to conceal or deny their animosity. On my arrival at Capena Gate, I found the steps of the Temples filled with the humblest of the people; and they

having marked with terrific applause their congratulations, a similar throng, similarly applauding, escorted me all the way to the Capitol; and in the Forum and on the Capitol itself the crowds were wonderful.

On the next day, the 5th of September, I returned thanks in the House.

Favonius is leading an aristocratic clique against me. I say nothing, the more readily because the College has made no pronouncement yet about my house. If they waive their scruples I shall have a fine site, and the Consuls, following the Senate's decree, will value the structure. If they decide otherwise, they will carry out the demolition; they will put the contract through on their own responsibility, and estimate the total charges. So much for my private position, for a successful man a little unsettled, but good enough for an unfortunate.

Ever, ever yours,
MARCUS.

(CICERO, *ad Att.* iv. 1.)

§ 6

The Sanctity of the Roman House.

Clodius had razed to the ground Cicero's house on the Palatine Hill (58 B.C.) which was probably near the site where the substructures of the Emperor Caligula's Palace still stand; and he had hypocritically erected a shrine to Liberty on the spot. Appealing for its restoration to secular uses, Cicero contrasts this cheap Liberty invoked by Clodius, the champion of licence and licentiousness, with the deep-seated love of freedom which made the Roman's home his castle, inalienable and indestructible. Cicero, by ordering the execution of Catiline and his fellow conspirators, had overridden in a legal technicality the liberties of the Democracy. Clodius, the champion of anarchy, despised the spirit of all that the Roman character deemed sacred.

THAT wonderful Liberty you invoke overthrew the shrine of my Home, outraged its most sacred associations, and established herself therein like a victorious chief. There is nothing more holy, nothing more securely guarded by every

religious instinct, than each individual Roman's home. His altars, his fireside, his shrine, his worship, his conscience, his ceremonies—all are centred here. Here he has a refuge and a stronghold so sacred that it is a crime to use violence against it or to deprive him of it. And this strengthens my argument, gentlemen, that you should close your ears to the ravings of such as he. Our forefathers wished these traditions to be enshrined in the national conscience. Clodius has not merely dealt them a blow in defiance of Religion—nay, in the very name of Religion he seeks to trample them in the dust.

CICERO, *de Domo sua* 109. (57 B.C.)

§ 7

Sacred Associations of the City of Rome. Camillus' Speech on the Proposed Migration to Veii. (390 B.C.)

As a romantic historian and a great artist, Livy shows deep insight into the principles underlying the history of his country, perhaps more through sympathy than direct experience, for the culture of his day had tempered the strong, rough emotions of early times (cf. Tacitus, II. § 8). Much of his narrative, however, which once seemed trivial, has been proved interesting and important.

Rome, for the first and not for the last time in her history, has been conquered and humiliated; even Livy can hardly save her honour. Her one hope lies in her belief in herself and her destiny, that is, her sure trust in her gods. The Romans set about rebuilding their city. There is a proposal to start afresh with a new city on the site of conquered Veii, a proposal no doubt popular among the rank and file of the army, among the migratory plebs. But Camillus shows the sin of this, appealing to their deepest instincts and superstitions. A city is nothing without her gods. Manes *are inherent in the very soil. You cannot remove religious associations. Material success purchased at the price of these is illusory. Thus is the Roman love of home illustrated in primitive warfare.*

'HAEC culti neglectique numinis tanta monumenta in rebus humanis cernentes ecquid sentitis, Quirites, quantum vixdum e naufragiis prioris culpae cladisque emergentes paremus nefas? Vrbem auspicato inauguratoque conditam habemus; nullus locus in ea non religionum deorumque est plenus; sacrificiis

sollemnibus non dies magis stati quam loca sunt in quibus fiant. Hos omnes deos publicos privatosque, Quirites, deserturi estis ? Quam par vestrum factum [ei] est quod in obsidione nuper in egregio adulescente, C. Fabio, non minore hostium admiratione quam vestra conspectum est, cum inter Gallica tela degressus ex arce sollemne Fabiae gentis in colle Quirinali obiit ? An gentilicia sacra ne in bello quidem intermitti, publica sacra et Romanos deos etiam in pace deseri placet, et pontifices flaminesque neglegentiores publicarum religionum esse quam privatus in sollemni gentis fuerit ? Forsitan aliquis dicat aut Veiis ea nos facturos aut huc inde missuros sacerdotes nostros qui faciant ; quorum neutrum fieri salvis caerimoniis potest. Et ne omnia generatim sacra omnesque percenseam deos, in Iovis epulo num alibi quam in Capitolio pulvinar suscipi potest ? Quid de aeternis Vestae ignibus signoque quod imperii pignus custodia eius templi tenetur loquar ? quid de ancilibus vestris, Mars Gradive tuque, Quirine pater ? Haec omnia in profano deseri placet sacra, aequalia urbi, quaedam vetustiora origine urbis ?

Et videte quid inter nos ac maiores intersit. Illi sacra quaedam in monte Albano Laviniique nobis facienda tradiderunt. An ex hostium urbibus Romam ad nos transferri sacra religiosum fuit, hinc sine piaculo in hostium urbem Veios transferemus ? Recordamini, agite dum, quotiens sacra instaurentur, quia aliquid ex patrio ritu neglegentia casuve praetermissum est. Modo quae res post prodigium Albani lacus nisi instauratio sacrorum auspiciorumque renovatio adfectae Veienti bello rei publicae remedio fuit ? At etiam, tamquam veterum religionum memores, et peregrinos deos transtulimus Romam et instituimus novos. Iuno regina transvecta a Veiis nuper in Aventino quam insigni ob excellens matronarum studium celebrique dedicata est die ! Aio Locutio templum propter caelestem vocem exauditam in Nova via iussimus fieri ; Capitolinos ludos sollemnibus aliis addidimus collegiumque ad id novum auctore senatu condidimus ; quid horum opus fuit

suscipi, si una cum Gallis urbem Romanam relicturi fuimus, si non voluntate mansimus in Capitolio per tot menses obsidionis, sed ab hostibus metu retenti sumus ? De sacris loquimur et de templis ; quid tandem de sacerdotibus ? Nonne in mentem venit quantum piaculi committatur ? Vestalibus nempe una illa sedes est, ex qua eas nihil unquam praeterquam urbs capta movit ; flamini Diali noctem unam manere extra urbem nefas est. Hos Veientes pro Romanis facturi estis sacerdotes, et Vestales tuae te deserent, Vesta, et flamen peregre habitando in singulas noctes tantum sibi reique publicae piaculi contrahet ? Quid alia quae auspicato agimus omnia fere intra pomerium, cui oblivioni aut cui neglegentiae damus ? Comitia curiata, quae rem militarem continent, comitia centuriata, quibus consules tribunosque militares creatis, ubi auspicato, nisi ubi adsolent, fieri possunt ? Veiosne haec transferemus ? an comitiorum causa populus tanto incommodo in desertam hanc ab dis hominibusque urbem conveniet ?

At enim apparet quidem pollui omnia nec ullis piaculis expiari posse ; sed res ipsa cogit vastam incendiis ruinisque relinquere urbem et ad integra omnia Veios migrare nec hic aedificando inopem plebem vexare. Hanc autem iactari magis causam quam veram esse, ut ego non dicam, apparere vobis, Quirites, puto, qui meministis ante Gallorum adventum, salvis tectis publicis privatisque, stante incolumi urbe, hanc eandem rem actam esse ut Veios transmigraremus. Et videte quantum inter meam sententiam vestramque intersit, tribuni. Vos, etiamsi tunc faciendum non fuerit, nunc utique faciendum putatis : ego contra—nec id mirati sitis, priusquam quale sit audieritis—etiamsi tum migrandum fuisset incolumi tota urbe, nunc has ruinas relinquendas non censerem. Quippe tum causa nobis in urbem captam migrandi victoria esset, gloriosa nobis ac posteris nostris ; nunc haec migratio nobis misera ac turpis, Gallis gloriosa est. Non enim reliquisse victores, sed amisisse victi patriam videbimur : hoc ad Alliam fuga, hoc capta urbs, hoc circumsessum Capitolium necessitatis imposuisse ut desere-

remus penates nostros exsiliumque ac fugam nobis ex eo loco consciscremus quem tueri non possemus. Et Galli evertere potuerunt Romam quam Romani restituere non videbuntur potuisse? Quid restat nisi ut, si iam novis copiis veniant—constat enim vix credibilem multitudinem esse—et habitare in capta ab se, deserta a vobis hac urbe velint, sinatis? Quid? si non Galli hoc sed veteres hostes vestri, Aequi Volscive, faciant ut commigrent Romam, velitisne illos Romanos, vos Veientes esse? an malitis hanc solitudinem vestram quam urbem hostium esse? Non equidem video quid magis nefas sit. Haec scelera, quia piget aedificare, haec dedecora pati parati estis? Si tota urbe nullum melius ampliusve tectum fieri possit quam casa illa conditoris est nostri, non in casis ritu pastorum agrestiumque habitare est satius inter sacra penatesque nostros quam exsulatum publice ire? Maiores nostri, convenae pastoresque, cum in his locis nihil praeter silvas paludesque esset, novam urbem tam brevi aedificarunt: nos Capitolio, arce incolumi, stantibus templis deorum, aedificare incensa piget? et, quod singuli facturi fuimus si aedes nostrae deflagrassent, hoc in publico incendio universi recusamus facere?

Quid tandem? si fraude, si casu Veiis incendium ortum sit, ventoque ut fieri potest diffusa flamma magnam partem urbis absumat, Fidenas inde aut Gabios aliamve quam urbem quaesituri sumus quo transmigremus? Adeo nihil tenet solum patriae nec haec terra quam matrem appellamus, sed in superficie tignisque caritas nobis patriae pendet? Equidem—fatebor vobis, etsi minus iniuriae vestrae [quam meae calamitatis] meminisse iuvat—cum abessem, quotienscumque patria in mentem veniret, haec omnia occurrebant, colles campique et Tiberis et adsueta oculis regio et hoc caelum sub quo natus educatusque essem; quae vos, Quirites, nunc moveant potius caritate sua ut maneatis in sede vestra quam postea, cum reliqueritis eam, macerent desiderio. Non sine causa di hominesque hunc urbi condendae locum elegerunt, saluberrimos colles, flumen opportunum, quo ex mediterraneis locis fruges

devehantur, quo maritimi commeatus accipiantur, mari vicinum ad commoditates nec expositum nimia propinquitate ad pericula classium externarum, regionum Italiae medium, ad incrementum urbis natum unice locum. Argumento est ipsa magnitudo tam novae urbis. Trecentensimus sexagensimus quintus annus urbis, Quirites, agitur; inter tot veterrimos populos tam diu bella geritis, cum interea, ne singulas loquar urbes, non coniuncti cum Aequis Volsci, tot tam valida oppida, non universa Etruria, tantum terra marique pollens atque inter duo maria latitudinem obtinens Italiae, bello vobis par est. Quod cum ita sit quae, malum, ratio est [haec] expertis alia experiri, cum iam ut virtus vestra transire alio possit, fortuna certe loci huius transferri non possit? Hic Capitolium est, ubi quondam capite humano invento responsum est eo loco caput rerum summamque imperii fore; hic cum augurato liberaretur Capitolium, Iuventas Terminusque maximo gaudio patrum vestrorum moveri se non passi; hic Vestae ignes, hic ancilia caelo demissa, hic omnes propitii manentibus vobis di.'

Livy, v. 52–4. (Circ. 20 B. C.)

§ 8

The Old Country Home of the Emperor Vespasian.

(Cf. I. 7 ll. 86–90, II. 1., II. 5.)

'*Rebellione trium principum et caede incertum diu et quasi vagum imperium suscepit firmavitque tandem gens Flavia, obscura illa quidem ac sine ullis maiorum imaginibus, sed tamen rei publicae nequaquam paenitenda . . .*' (*Suetonius.*)

The Emperor Vespasian was descended from a burgher Sabine family, the best known of whom appear to have been tax-gatherers and bankers. His old-fashioned virtus *seems to have been genuine and not a mode, and his dogged determination to keep green the memory of his simple childhood in the country is hardly surpassed by Horace's eloquent fervour in praise of his humble father*

(Sat. *1. 6*). *This short anecdote of his biographer Suetonius shows that deep Roman sentiment emerging in little acts of reverence and love.*

'Something pensive, spell-bound, and but half real, something cloistral or monastic, as we should say, united to this exquisite order, made the whole house seem to Marius, as it were, *sacellum*, the peculiar sanctuary, of his mother, who, still in real widowhood, provided the deceased Marius the elder with that secondary sort of life which we can give to the dead, in our intensely realized memory of them – the "subjective immortality", to use a modern phrase, for which many a Roman epitaph cries out plaintively to widow or sister or daughter, still in the land of the living.'

WALTER PATER, *Marius the Epicurean*, c. II.

VESPASIANVS natus est in Sabinis ultra Reate vico modico, cui nomen est Falacrinae, xv Kal. Dec. vesperi, Q. Sulpicio Camerino C. Poppaeo Sabino coss., quinquennio ante quam Augustus excederet; educatus sub paterna avia Tertulla in praediis Cosanis. quare princeps quoque et locum incunabulorum assidue frequentavit, manente villa qualis fuerat olim, ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret; et aviae memoriam tanto opere dilexit, ut sollemnibus ac festis diebus pocillo quoque eius argenteo potare perseveraverit.

Sumpta virili toga latum clavum, quamquam fratre adepto, diu aversatus est, nec ut tandem appeteret compelli nisi a matre potuit. ea tandem extudit magis convicio quam precibus vel auctoritate, dum eum identidem per contumeliam anteambulonem fratris appellat.

SUETONIUS, *Vesp.* 2. (A.D. 120.)

§ 9

The Duties of a Household God.

The Lares were originally perhaps gods of the freehold, just as the Penates were the gods of the penus, *or family* property. *Both had shrines within the house and near the hearth. The* Lararium *was placed over the fireplace, the shrine of Vesta (fire, warmth, light, and life), who with the Lares and Penates formed one harmonious idea of home. The* Lar familiaris *was intimately concerned*

with everything that went on in the home: he had to be greeted immediately as one entered the house; he had to be addressed before departure on a journey; regular worship and offerings were his due. The plot of the Aulularia *concerns a hidden treasure, and the Lar's prologue is therefore very appropriate. The last verse shows what daily dues were customarily paid to this domestic divinity.*

(See Warde Fowler, *Roman Essays and Interpretations.* Cf. VII. 6. 76 f.)

Lar Familiaris loquitur:

LEST any aske who I may be,
I'll speake withouten mysterye:
The Angel of this house, you see
Me coming out and in.

This is the house that many year
I inhabit and hold right dear,
For the father's sake of him who here
Now has his home within.

It was his grandsire once besought
Me keep the treasure of gold he brought—
Of gold whereof no man had thought;
He brought it secretly.

He buried it right in the fire's heart,
And worshipped me to doe my part,
And keep it for him by mine art;
So miserly was he!

Yea, when he died, he was wounder fain
Never to telle his own son plain;
Withouten wealth he would have him lain,
Ere that treasure reveal.

He left that son a plot of land,
No muckle measure, you understand;
Wherefrom, with sorrow of heart and hand,
A pyttance he might steal.

When he was dead who trusted me
That gold to keep, I 'gan to see
If higher honour hadde he
  Than his good sire had shown.

But he less and less hartelye
Did love and honours multiplye,
And therefore he too came to die,
  And then I gat mine own.

He left behind his very son,
The same that hath his house hereon,
Where sire and grandsire both have done,
  And he hath daughter one.

She pays me wine and frankincense,
Doth daily coronals dispense;
The gold, for honour gotten thence,
  Shall here find Euclio.

PLAUTUS, *Aulularia*, Prologue. (Circ. 200 B. C.)

II

THE ROMAN HOUSE

THE Roman house in early days had been a very simple building, usually thatched. Composed of an *atrium*, or central hall, the family's living room, with small rooms leading off it, and restricted servants' accommodation, the true Roman house knew few additions beyond a *triclinium*, or dining-room, women's apartments, an inner shrine, and a modest bath. When not of wood, it was built of the roughest stone, or bricks of baked clay. The great wars of conquest (circ. 200–94 B. C.), particularly in the East, brought wealth and luxury.[1] With Greek culture and refinement came also Greek vice. The addition to the *atrium* of the graceful and healthy Greek peristyle may have been an improvement, but it spoilt the proportions of the house, and rich upstarts brought every kind

[1] See X. 14.

of bad taste to accentuate it. Horace here laments the rapid change, and notes that in the good old times with private simplicity and economy went generous expenditure on public worship.

(See I. 7 and 8.)

§ 1

Contrast between Simplicity of Earlier and Extravagance of Later Republican Styles.

(Cf. X. 12, 17 sq.)

IAM pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
extenta visentur Lucrino
stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs

evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
myrtus et omnis copia narium
spargent olivetis odorem
fertilibus domino priori;

tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
excludet ictus. non ita Romuli
praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
auspiciis veterumque norma.

privatus illis census erat brevis,
commune magnum: nulla decempedis
metata privatis opacam
porticus excipiebat Arcton,

nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
leges sinebant, oppida publico
sumptu iubentes et deorum
templa novo decorare saxo.

HORACE, *Odes* ii. 15. (Circ. 30 B. C.)

§ 2

'Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where Wealth accumulates, and Men decay.'

Sallust makes the same indictment against the later Republic. His practice as a soldier in the provinces and also in the City as a wealthy magnate belied his schoolroom philosophy, which is not free from a trace of pedantry and bookishness. There is a variety of evidence to bear out the general truth of his accusations. Horace, Odes *ii, 18 (II. 7) refers to the same extravagant abuses of wealth, though Horace shows real moral fervour and real love of simplicity. Sallust never knew the inspiration of the* ***'Augustan Renascence'.***

BEFORE long, Wealth began to be the badge of honour: glory, power, position followed it. The flower of our national character then began to droop: poverty became a stigma of shame, and honesty came to be taken for intrigue. As a result of wealth extravagance and greed united with pride to assail the younger generation: covetousness and plunder were the order of the day; contempt of one's own, lust for one's neighbour's property. Self-respect, chastity, the laws of heaven and earth, alike were sneered at and ignored. It is worth while, as you study our town- and country-houses, miniature cities in themselves, to pay a visit to the cathedrals which our religious forefathers erected. Ah, they adorned their shrines with reverence, their private homes with honour; and they did not rob even their conquered foes of anything save their sting. But the next degraded generation were past-masters in wickedness, robbing even their allies of what a nobler age left to a vanquished foe, exactly as if the sceptre of Empire were a petty tyrant's rod. It is hardly necessary to mention their extravagance, incredible till you have seen it—such as the excavation of mountains by private enterprise and the paving of the very sea. They have made a mockery of wealth, I feel, wealth which they were free to keep with honour and yet have disgracefully degraded.

SALLUST, *Catiline* xii and xiii. (41 B. C.)

§ 3

Cicero's Advice to his Brother on the Architecture of a Country House.

M. CICERO S. D. Q. FRATRI

In this letter of Cicero to his brother Quintus we see the same tendency developing, which began soon after the Punic Wars (circ. 200 B. C.)—the tendency among men of taste to seek perfection, regardless of expense, in the details of their houses. It was no doubt their success which led to the rivalry of the vulgar upstart who traded on the misfortunes of the times and degraded what he imitated.

Cicero, a thoroughly bad business man, is most himself when discussing houses, libraries, and society generally. A pleasant humour pervades his writing.

EGO ex magnis caloribus (non enim meminimus maiores) in Arpinati summa cum amoenitate fluminis me refeci ludorum diebus, Philotimo tribulibus commendatis. in Arcano a. d. IIII Idus Septembris fui. ibi Mescidium cum Philoxeno aquamque, quam ii ducebant non longe a villa, belle sane fluentem vidi, praesertim maxima siccitate, uberioremque aliquanto sese conlecturos esse dicebant. apud Herum recte erat. in Manliano offendi Diphilum Diphilo tardiorem; sed tamen nihil ei restabat praeter balnearia et ambulationem et aviarium. villa mihi valde placuit propterea quod summam dignitatem pavimentata porticus habebat, quod mihi nunc denique apparuit postea quam et ipsa tota patet et columnae politae sunt. totum in eo est, quod mihi erit curae, tectorium ut concinnum sit. pavimenta recte fieri videbantur; cameras quasdam non probavi mutarique iussi. quo loco in porticu te scribere aiunt ut atriolum fiat, mihi ut est magis placebat. neque enim satis loci videbatur esse atriolo neque fere solet nisi in iis aedificiis fieri in quibus est atrium maius nec habere poterat adiuncta cubicula et eius modi membra. nunc hoc vel honestae testudinis valde boni aestivi locum obtine-

bit. tu tamen si aliter sentis, rescribe quam primum. in balneariis assa in alterum apodyteri angulum promovi propterea quod ita erant posita ut eorum vaporarium, ex quo ignis erumpit, esset subiectum cubiculis. subgrande cubiculum autem et hibernum alterum valde probavi quod et ampla erant et loco posita ambulationis uno latere, eo quod est proximum balneariis. columnas neque rectas neque e regione Diphilus conlocarat. eas scilicet demolietur. aliquando perpendiculo et linea discet uti. omnino spero paucis mensibus opus Diphili perfectum fore; curat enim diligentissime Caesius, qui tum mecum fuit.

Ex eo loco recta Vitularia via profecti sumus in Fufidianum fundum, quem tibi proximis nundinis Arpini de Fufidio HS ↀↀↀIↃↃↃ CIↃ emeramus. ego locum aestate umbrosiorem vidi numquam; permultis locis aquam profluentem et eam uberem. quid quaeris? iugera L prati Caesius inrigaturum facile te arbitrabatur. equidem hoc quod melius intellego adfirmo, mirifica suavitate villam habiturum piscina et salientibus additis, palaestra et silva viridicata. fundum audio te hunc Bovillanum velle retinere. de eo quid videatur ipse constitues. Caesius aiebat aqua dempta et eius aquae iure constituto et servitute fundo illi imposita tamen nos pretium servare posse si vendere vellemus. Messidium mecum habui. is se ternis nummis in pedem tecum transegisse dicebat, sese autem mensum pedibus aiebat passuum IIIICIↃ. mihi plus visum est; sed praestabo sumptum nusquam melius posse poni. Cillonem arcessieram Venafro; sed eo ipso die quattuor eius conservos et discipulos Venafri cuniculus oppresserat. Idibus Septembr. in Laterio fui. viam perspexi; quae mihi ita placuit ut opus publicum videretur esse, praeter CL passus (sum enim ipse mensus) ab eo ponticulo, qui est ad Furinae, Satricum versus. eo loco pulvis non glarea iniecta est (et mutabitur), et ea viae pars valde acclivis est; sed intellexi aliter duci non potuisse, praesertim cum tu neque per Lucustae neque per Varronis velles ducere. Varro viam ante suum fundum probe

munierat; Lucusta non attigerat. quem ego Romae adgrediar et, ut arbitror, commovebo et simul M. Taurum, quem tibi audio promisisse, qui nunc Romae erat, de aqua per fundum eius ducenda rogabo. Nicephorum, vilicum tuum, sane probavi quaesivique ex eo ecquid ei de illa aedificatiuncula Lateri de qua mecum locutus es mandavisses. tum is mihi respondit se ipsum eius operis HS $\overline{\text{XVI}}$ conductorem fuisse sed te postea multa addidisse ad opus, nihil ad pretium; itaque id se omisisse. mihi me hercule valde placet te illa ut constitueras addere; quamquam ea villa, quae nunc est, tamquam philosopha videtur esse quae obiurget ceterarum villarum insaniam. verum tamen illud additum delectabit. topiarium laudavi; ita omnia convestivit hedera, qua basim villae, qua intercolumnia ambulationis, ut denique illi palliati topiariam facere videantur et hederam vendere. iam *ἀποδυτηρίῳ* nihil alsius, nihil muscosius. habes fere de rebus rusticis. urbanam expolitionem urget ille quidem et Philotimus et Cincius sed etiam ipse crebro interviso, quod est facile factu. quam ob rem ea te cura liberatum volo.

Reddita etiam mihi est pervetus epistula, sed sero adlata, in qua de aede Telluris et de porticu Catuli me admones. fit utrumque diligenter. ad Telluris quidem etiam tuam statuam locavi. item de hortis me quod admones, nec fui umquam valde cupidus et nunc domus suppeditat mihi hortorum amoenitatem.

Romam cum venissem a. d. XIII K. Octobris, absolutum offendi in aedibus tuis tectum, quod supra conclavia non placuerat tibi esse multorum fastigiorum, id nunc honeste vergit in tectum inferioris porticus.

Te oro etiam atque etiam, mi frater, ut valeas.

ad Quintum fratrem iii. 1.

§ 4

But not all who enjoyed this prosperity (real or fictitious) were vulgar or depraved. The younger Pliny may have been dilettante, but there is genuine taste and enthusiasm, a genuine love of Nature in this description of his favourite country seat. It is notable that the beauty of the house is judged more by the views of scenery it offers from within than by its own architecture and setting. There is no attempt on the part of Art to vie with Nature. The same characteristic appears in our own fine Georgian mansions. Horace Walpole's letter describing Strawberry Hill is a case in point (see notes).

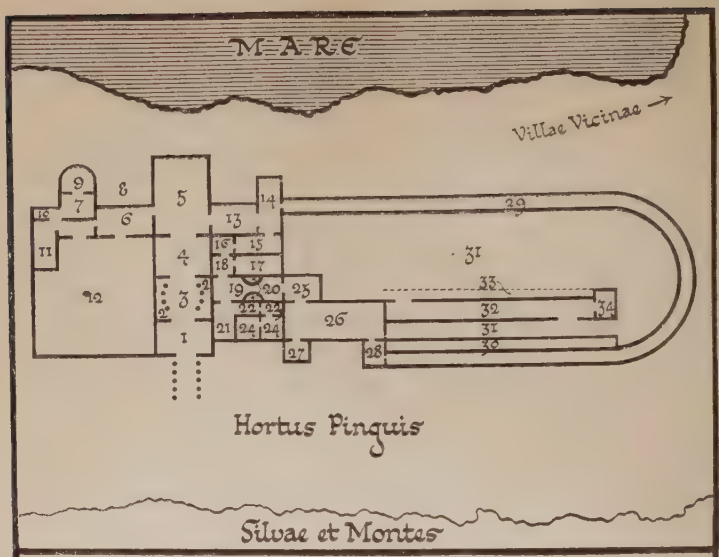
(See *Dict. Ant.*, DOMUS and BALNEUM.)

LAURENTUM, A.D. 97.

MY DEAR GALLUS,

You are surprised at my transports over my Laurentinian—I beg your pardon, Laurentine!—manor. You will be surprised no more when I have described to you the charms of the house, the convenience of the site, and the panorama of the shore it commands. Here, seventeen miles from the City, it nestles: you can enjoy your holiday, and still do the full day's work. It is not limited to one main road: the Laurentinian and Ostian both lead in this direction; but you have to leave the former at the fourteenth milestone, and the latter at the eleventh. The rest of the way in either case is rather sandy, heavy and tedious for a carriage, but for riding short and pleasant. The scenery round about has variety: at one moment woods meet you and crowd along the road; at another huge expanses of pasturage open out, stretching to the horizon. In the winter season flocks of sheep and herds of horses and cattle graze on every side; driven down from the hills, they grow sleek here in a climate and pasturage worthy of spring.

The house is large enough for every comfort, and inexpensive in upkeep. In front there is a modest, though quite respectable hall, from which open D-shaped colonnades, enclosing a small, but jolly court—a fine shelter in bad weather, with windows and overhanging eaves to screen them. Facing the centre of the colonnades is a cheerful inner court, opening into a really fine dining-room, which runs out on to the beach. When the sea is ruffled by a south-west wind, only the dancing spray of the spent waves reaches it. Each wall has French windows, or



Plan of Pliny's Villa at Laurentum

1. Atrium
2. Porticus
3. Area
4. Cavaedium
5. Triclinium
6. Cubiculum amplum
7. Cubiculum minus
8. Gymnasium
9. Cubiculum in hapsida curvatum
10. Transitus
11. Dormitorium membrum
12. Apartments of servi and libertini
13. Cubiculum politissimum
14. Cubiculum grande vel modica cenatio
15. Cubiculum
16. Procoeton
17. Cubiculum aliud
18. Procoeton
19. Cella frigidaria
20. Baptisteria duo
21. Unctorium
22. Hypocauston
23. Propnigeon
24. Duo cellae
25. Calida piscina
26. Sphaeristerium
27. First turris
28. Second turris
29. Gestatio
30. Vinea
31. Hortus
32. Cryptoporticus
33. Xystus
34. Horti diaeta (including heliocaminus, cubiculum etc.)

others equally big, and so to the front and to each side you have three sea views: behind you is a vista of the inner court, colonnades, outer court, and hall, with a background of woods and hills. A little back and to the left of the dining-room is a drawing-room, leading into a salon, which welcomes the sun in one window as he rises, and in another as he departs enjoys his last lingering rays; and on this side you get a more remote, and less exciting, view of the sea beneath you. The area enclosed between the walls of the salon and drawing-room and dining-room catches and concentrates undiluted sunlight. This is the winter retreat, and the playground too, of my Household. Never a wind is heard there, except when a storm is coming up, and on such occasions there is no fine weather in any case. Follows on one corner a salon with a semicircular bay-window, which watches the sun's journey round the sky. I have had its walls fitted up with bookshelves, and here I keep my real friends, the classics. Close to this is a sleeping apartment, connected by a passage, which has a raised flooring fitted with radiators maintaining a healthy even temperature. The rest of this wing is kept for the use of the servants and staff, all tidy enough to receive guests in. In the other wing, beyond the dining-room, we find the main private salon, faultless in taste, followed by what you might call a large sitting-room or a fair-sized breakfast-room, whichever you please, full of sun from sky and sea; another salon, with an ante-room, a summer room with a high ceiling, but with protection enough for the winter, being sheltered from all winds. There is another salon and ante-room of the same pattern on the other side of the partition-wall. Then come the bathing apartments: a wide and airy cool-room, with two curved plunge-baths projecting into it from opposite walls, and plenty big enough, considering the sea is so close. A massage-room, a Turkish bath, with adjacent furnace-room, hot- and warm-rooms, small but charming, all lie near. A glorious warm swimming-bath is attached, from which you can view the sea while you swim. And near by is the Tennis Court, which meets the full rays of the sun in the late afternoon. At this point there stands a tower—on the first floor two apartments, two more on the second, and on top a breakfast-room, whence you get the widest panorama, of sea and shore and charming villas. There is another tower too: in it is the room which I call 'the cradle and the grave of the Sun'. Behind this is a large wine-cellar

and larder; underneath is a dining-room, which, when the sea is rough, echoes only its roar and thunder, and that in subdued and dying murmurs. It looks out on to the garden and 'The Mall' surrounding it. The Mall has a hedge of box, or rosemary where box does not do well. Box flourishes vigorously on the sheltered side: exposed to the open sky and wind, it tends to wither with the sea-salt, even at a fair distance. A shady alley of young vines lies on the inner side of the Mall, and the path is yielding and soft even to bare feet. An abundance of mulberry- and fig-trees shade the garden, the former a vigorous grower on our soil, which on the whole is not a kindly one. This breakfast-room on the extreme land side thus enjoys a view not inferior to the other. It is sheltered by two rooms from behind, and under their windows lie the drive and an excellent kitchen-garden. On this side is a straight Cover-walk, big enough for a town building. There are windows on both sides of it, more on the sea than on the garden, though only as two to one. On calm, bright days all may be opened, and when the wind blows those to leeward can receive no damage. In front of this walk is the Terrace, full of the scent of violets. The Cover-walk collects the reflected heat of the sun's rays, and with this concentrated warmth checks and keeps off the chill of north winds; so the heat on the south-west side is proportioned to the coolness on the north-east. It likewise stops a south-west breeze, and winds from varying quarters it checks and breaks. And these winter attractions are of course enhanced in summer. In the forenoon there is cool shadow over the Terrace, in the afternoon in the Mall and the adjacent parts of the garden, and as the day waxes and wanes the shadows steepen and lengthen. Really the Cover-walk is most in shade when the sun is intensest on its roof. And also through its wide-open windows it takes in and circulates the gentle zephyrs, and is free from the oppressiveness of heavy and stagnant air. At the head of the Walk and Terrace respectively is my treasure, the Summer-house; yes, my treasure, I tell you: I built it myself. It contains a sun-room, you must know, and it looks out on to the Terrace through one window and through another on the sea; it gets sunshine from both. There is also a study which has folding doors looking upon the Walk, with a window on the sea. In the middle of the wall is a quiet and exceedingly artistic alcove, with a glazed partition and curtains, so that it can either be thrown into the adjoining room or cut off from

it. There is room for two easy chairs and a sofa, and as you recline you have sea at your feet, houses behind you, and woods at your head; all these views may be had from each window separately, or blended into one prospect. A bedchamber adjoins. When its windows are shut it is disturbed by no noise of servants, no murmur of waves, thunder, or lightning-flashes. This characteristic of deep and perfect solitude is due to the fact that an intervening passage separates the bedroom wall from the wall of the garden, and every sound is swallowed up in this space. There is a tiny furnace-room beneath, fitted with a small register to regulate the supply of heat according to need. And there is a room with an antechamber thrown out towards the south-east, and immediately on its rising the sun is caught there, and after noon cannot escape for all its slanting rays. When I retire into my summer-house, I seem to be miles even from the house itself; and it is at Christmas time that I find it my greatest solace. When the rest of the establishment echoes with games and noise of merriment, my presence does not chill the family fun, and their noise does not interrupt my studies.

Amid all these charms and conveniences there is one drawback: no running water. Still there are wells, or rather springs; the water is on the surface, and generally speaking, the geological traits of the district are remarkable. Wherever you dig you find water at hand, and close to the surface, fresh water too, with not a trace of brackish, in spite of the proximity of the sea. The adjacent woods supply timber in abundance: other necessaries the town of Ostia supplies. And for moderate needs the village yonder suffices. There are three Public Baths there, a remarkable convenience when, on a sudden visit or to avoid delay in heating, you are disinclined to bathe at home.

The Front is interesting, with its charming houses, now in close succession, now at great intervals, thus giving the impression of several towns as you coast along in a boat or walk along the beach. The sand is often soft and powdery from continued fine weather, and often too hardened and ribbed by the constant beating of the waves. The sea is full of fish, though not of a rare order, I must own: still, it produces sole and excellent prawns. Our farm yields country produce also, especially milk: the cattle gather here from pasture when they want water or shade.

Are my reasons sound, then, think you, for staying at, living in, loving a retreat which you yourself must envy, you incorrigible man-about-town? I only hope you may envy it, that the many great charms of my little country home may be enhanced by your company.

Ever yours,
CAIUS PLINIUS SEC.

Epp. ii. 17.

§ 5

Scipio's Bath-room.

A very different type of letter, a mere literary exercise, though a brilliant one. Seneca used the epistolary form to express his views on current subjects in his own pointed style. The letters of Cicero and Pliny were real letters, with the life and feeling of the moment in them.

It was the fashion with the Stoics of Nero's age to jeer at all forms of wealth, and it became a set rhetorical theme. Though there is little doubt of the veracity of the following indictment of the nouveaux riches, *there must be some doubt of its sincerity. Seneca, Nero's tutor, amassed a huge fortune himself, which in due time his lively pupil coveted so much that it was expedient for him to end his life in true Stoic fashion.*

There is pathos in this ineffectual admiration of the good old days. The wistful pessimism of Virgil, felt at times by Horace, was justified in the end, at any rate as far as city life was concerned.

(For the simplicity of ancient days see also VIII. 6. 78 sqq., VIII. 12. 10–15; Virg. *Aen.* vi. 843–4; Ovid, *Fasti*, i. 197–218.)

LITERNUM, *June* A. D. 49.

MY DEAR LUCILIUS,

Fancy me sitting down to write to you in the villa of Scipio Africanus. I have done my homage to his memory before the shrine, beneath which it is my fancy that the hero is buried. His soul, however, I am convinced, has gone aloft to the Heaven whence it came—not because he was a great captain in war—Cambyses the Mad, with his inspired ravings, was that—but because of his fine self-control and glorious patriotism, which I find more remarkable in his retirement from his country than in his defence of her. We had to choose: Rome with Scipio, or Rome with Liberty. Note the words he used: 'It is not my wish to weaken the Constitution or attack your traditions. Let Liberty and Equality reign supreme.

Enjoy, my Country, without me, the blessings I have bestowed. I have been the author of Liberty: its subject also will I be. If the growth of my power is contrary to your interests, let us part.' No wonder I admire the greatness of spirit with which he left us for voluntary exile, lifting the weight of national anxiety.

We had actually reached the dilemma which involved the overthrow either of Scipio by the Republic, or the Republic by him—a dilemma unsatisfactory to Destiny. So he bowed before the Constitution and withdrew to Liternum, and Rome had to thank him as much for his own voluntary retirement as for that to which he drove Hannibal.

The house is built of old, hewn stone, with a wall or ring of trees about it. It has turrets on both sides, like a fortress, and a water tank, buried in outbuildings and shrubberies, big enough to supply an army, and a narrow little dark bath-room of the old-fashioned type, when warmth was thought to be incompatible with light.

There is an exquisite fascination in studying Scipio's habits and contrasting our own. In this hole in the wall that Nightmare of the Carthaginians, that saviour whom Rome had to thank that her capture was not repeated—here would he wash his weary limbs after his labours in the fields. He kept himself fit by exercise, and with his own hands tamed the earth, in the good old-fashioned way.[1] Beneath this common ceiling, upon this cheap floor, that great man used to stand. No one nowadays would stand a bath-room like this. Walls covered with huge, expensive mirrors, marble pilasters from Alexandria, set off by plaques of Numidian in between, with elaborate borders of picturesque design and variety of subject, a ceiling full of glass, silver taps and fittings, the margins of the bath made of Thasian marble (once a rare sight in churches: now we sit on it, hot and steaming from our Turkish bath, preparatory to the plunge)—without all these and the like we feel ourselves poor and meanly furnished. Nay, these are but common dips. Think of the baths of the New Aristocracy! The shows of statues, the display of pillars (display only: they don't hold up anything), their miniature, murmurous waterfalls! We are so very refined that we cannot walk on anything but precious stones. Here in Scipio's bath-room there are some

[1] Cf. VIII. 6. 89 '*Domito* a monte'.

tiny slits called windows, cut out from the stone wall to let in light without weakening the wall's defensive value. But now they call a 'bat's hole' anything not built and fitted to catch the sun all day with enormous windows, so that you can get tanned as well as washed, enjoying the while from your chair a panorama of fields and sea. And the buildings which drew crowds at the time of their dedication are at once classed as antique with every latest suicidal extravagance of luxury. Once baths were few and plain: what was the use of beautifying a twopenny public establishment which had no concern with tickling the senses? They had no subterranean water-supply, no continuous supply of warm, fresh water; nor did they think vital the crystalline clearness of the water which was to wash off their dirt. Good heavens! what a joy to enter those dim baths, with their common ceilings, where we may fancy that Cato, Fabius Maximus, or some Cornelius once wielded the Board's power. For this was a service fulfilled by even the highest nobility when serving on the Board of Works: they even entered places of public resort, enforcing cleanliness and a decent, healthy temperature—not our modern baking, furnace heat, in which you could fairly bathe alive a common felon. (It seems to me to be an unimportant distinction now whether a bath may be said to be hot or warm!) How some of our modern gentlemen would condemn Scipio's lack of tone, because he did not have huge windows to let the sun into his Turkish bath, and get himself cooked in broad daylight, waiting for his last meal to digest inside him! 'Deadly fellow! What *savoir vivre*! He did not wash in filtered water: it was often thick, and after heavy rain almost muddy!' And he didn't seem to care: you see, he went there to wash off dirt, not scent! Can you imagine the remarks that will be made?—'Poor old Scipio! What a barbarous life, with baths like this!' 'Yes, my friend'—we might remind him—'and not daily ones either.'

The chroniclers of the good old days tell us that people used to wash their arms and legs every day, where the effects of the day's work were left, but complete immersion was confined to Saturday nights. 'Clearly', we shall be told, 'they were a filthy crowd.' Well, if they did smell, what did they smell of? I'll tell you—war, work, manhood. The invention of spotless baths meant less clean bathers. Remember Horace's description of the scandalous and notoriously foppish rake—'Rufillus

smells of cachous'.[1] Produce your Rufillus nowadays: he would then be the unpleasant neighbour of our aesthetes, he would be the fetid type which Horace contrasts with him. Scent is no good, unless you renew it two or three times a day, as quick as it evaporates. Any one would think they prided themselves on a virtue of their own.

The old Manor is responsible for these pessimistic reflexions. The present tenant is Aegialus, a most industrious farmer, and he has taught me how to transplant quite old trees, invaluable knowledge for us grey-beards, for every one of whom it is a case of 'Don't grow olives from seed.' None of us can see our seedlings fruit, whereas you may fairly consider whether transplanting is worth while. You too may look for shade from Virgil's tree which

> 'Promise of shade to grandsons slowly yields'.

I must say, Virgil considered elegance before truth: aimed not at the instruction of farmers but at delighting his readers. There are many other instances, but I will give you one which I could not but notice to-day:

> 'In spring sow beans, lucern in well-raked furrows;
> In spring returns the millet's annual care.'

Are these to be planted at the same time, is each to be sown in spring? Judge from this: I am writing to you in June, getting on for July; on the same day I have seen men picking beans and sowing millet! But, to return to our olives—I have seen two methods of transplanting. First: take the trunks of larger trees and trim all the branches, cutting them down to a foot long; lop all the roots down to the head of each fibre, and then transplant these stumps. Dip them in manure, and plant in a trench; don't merely fill in the earth but tread it down firmly. From all accounts, this is what does it as much as anything: it keeps out the cold and wind, you see, and by preventing movement, allows the growing roots to shoot out and get hold on the soil. In their early stages they are bound to be very pliant and uncertain in their grip, so that even the slightest disturbance of the stem must shift them. You prune the stump before planting, it appears, because you always get new roots shooting from a stock which has been stripped. The stem should not stand more than three or four feet above

[1] 'Pastillos Rufillus olet.' Hor. *Sat.* i. 2. 27.

ground, so that you may get foliage straight from the ground, instead of having a large part of the trunk barren and dry, as we find in the older orchards. Here is the second method: it is a similar method applied to the stout branches whose bark is not hardened, such as you usually get on the younger trees. Their progress is a little slower, but, as they are virtually cuttings, they show no hesitation and their fruit is sweet. I have seen too an old vine shifted to a new elm. Even the minutest fibres must be gathered up with it, if possible, and the earth heaped liberally about it, that it may make new roots from the trunk. This was done not only in February, but even as late as the end of March; and they have struck root and are fairly firmly entwined round the elms 'not their own'.[1] All of what I call the thick-stemmed variety must, I am told, have liberal watering from the tank. If this is beneficial, we may be said to control the rain.

But I am afraid I shall make you my rival, as Aegialus has made me his; so I must not tell you any more.

SENECA, *Epp.* 86.

§ 6

The Extravagance of Nero's Palace.

Nero's golden house, which was on the site of the present Coliseum, is one of the fables of the world. He seems even to have surpassed the efforts of the maniac emperor Caligula. Suetonius, however, more garrulous than usual, must be exaggerating in his description of the Park, for the area described is not more than 600 yards in length.

Nero's desire to rebuild Rome was no doubt prompted by a wish to have a pleasant setting for his palace.

(See Lanciani, *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*, p. 361.)

NON in alia re tamen damnosior quam in aedificando, domum a Palatio Esquilias usque fecit, quam primo Transitoriam, mox incendio absumptam restitutamque Auream nominavit, de cuius spatio atque cultu suffecerit haec rettulisse. vestibulum eius fuit in quo colossus cxx pedum staret ipsius effigie; tanta laxitas, ut porticus triplices miliarias haberet; item stagnum maris instar, circumsaeptum aedificiis ad urbium speciem;

[1] Virg. *Aen.* vi. 206: 'Quod non sua seminat arbos'.

rura insuper arvis atque vinetis et pascuis silvisque varia, cum multitudine omnis generis pecudum ac ferarum. in ceteris partibus cuncta auro lita, distincta gemmis unionumque conchis erant; cenationes laqueatae tabulis eburneis versatilibus, ut flores, fistulatis, ut unguenta desuper spargerentur; praecipua cenationum rotunda, quae perpetuo diebus ac noctibus vice mundi circumageretur; balineae marinis et albulis fluentes aquis. eius modi domum cum absolutam dedicaret, hactenus comprobavit, ut se diceret quasi hominem tandem habitare coepisse.

SUETONIUS, *Nero* 31. (A.D. 120.)

§ 7

Trafficking in the Houses of the Poor: Unprincipled Conduct of the Millionaire Crassus. (Circ. 50 B.C.)

This story, possibly exaggerated, is borne out from what we know from other sources of Roman housing conditions. The streets of the City were narrow and crooked, and the houses, chiefly of wood, were badly built. The insulae *in particular, the lodging-houses of the poor—no poor man in a city had a house of his own—were scandalously unsafe. Repairs by landlords, or insurance by tenants, were unknown. Fires frequently broke out, and houses almost as frequently collapsed. Augustus did his best to check fires by an improved system of fire-brigades, with stations all over the City* (*cf. VIII.* 5 ad fin. *of a provincial town also*). *But there was perhaps something more than madness in 'Nero's' great fire, though his grandiose dreams of rebuilding the City may have been insincere.*

CRASSUS observed how liable the City was to fires, and how frequently houses collapsed, disasters due to the top-heaviness of the buildings and over-crowding. To meet such occasions, he included in his staff of slaves men who were carpenters and masons, and he continued to collect them till he had five hundred or more. He then speculated by buying houses which were on fire, and others that adjoined them; and he usually bought them very cheap because of the anxiety and distress of the owners. In this way he came to own a large part

of Rome in time. But, in spite of the large number of workmen he owned, he built only one house for himself in which he lived. He used to say, 'Those who are fond of building will soon ruin themselves, and they are their own worst enemies.'

PLUTARCH, *Crassus* c. 2. (Circ. A.D. 80.)

§ 8

The Hidden Perils in the Life of the Common People.

The frequency and violence of floods, the cruel moments of a climate usually generous and beautiful (p. 1), accentuated the results of the carelessness and greed of man already mentioned by Plutarch. It was the poor and destitute who suffered most. Little wonder that religion always had a bias towards superstition.

SUNDRY reports from different sources increased the superstitious panic of the people. The Statue of Victory in the vestibule of the Capitol (so rumour went) had dropped the reins on her chariot: from the shrine of Juno a superhuman shape had been seen flying: the statue of Julius Caesar on Tiber Island had turned round from west to east, and that on a calm, still day: in Etruria a cow had talked, and there had been queer freaks of nature in the young of animals, &c. Such stories are listened to now in times of national anxiety, though in less civilized days they commanded attention even under normal conditions. But there came to dominate all this panic the sudden flooding of the River, adding to a black outlook instant ruin. It rose to an enormous height, burst the Pile Bridge, and, surging back from the barrier of its ruins, rolled over parts of the City usually safe from such accidents, as well as the low-lying districts. Most people were surprised and drowned in the streets, many in shops, and even in bed. Famine spread among the people: business was stopped, and food supplies were impoverished. The foundations of the City tenements were rotted away with the standing water, and, as soon as it began to move back, the buildings collapsed. And, when public excitement was beginning to calm down, Otho's expedition met with obstruction in its line of march along the Campus Martius and the Flaminian Road (due to chance or natural causes) and this was construed as a divine warning of impending disasters to the national arms.

TACITUS, *Histories* i. 86. (Circ. A.D. 105.)

§ 9

'Why don't people live in the country towns and have peace, instead of excitements, alarms, and fires in the City?'—says the Satirist—'especially the wretched poor in the tenements, floor on floor. They might have real wealth in the country, instead of the wretched bits of furniture they call their homes' (see V. 8).

QVIS timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam,
aut positis nemorosa inter iuga Volsiniis, aut
simplicibus Gabiis, aut proni Tiburis arce?
nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
magna parte sui; nam sic labentibus obstat
vilicus et, veteris rimae cum texit hiatum,
securos pendente iubet dormire ruina.
vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli
nocte metus. iam poscit aquam, iam frivola transfert
Vcalegon, tabulata tibi iam tertia fumant:
tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,
ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur
a pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.
lectus erat Codro Procula minor, urceoli sex,
ornamentum abaci, nec non et parvulus infra
cantharus et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron
iamque vetus Graecos servabat cista libellos,
et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.
nil habuit Codrus; quis enim negat? et tamen illud
perditit infelix totum nihil: ultimus autem
aerumnae est cumulus, quod nudum et frusta rogantem
nemo cibo, nemo hospitio tectoque iuvabit.
si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
pullati proceres, differt vadimonia praetor;
tunc gemimus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
ardet adhuc, et iam accurrit qui marmora donet,
conferat impensas: hic nuda et candida signa,
hic aliquid praeclarum Euphranoris et Polycliti,

hic Asianorum vetera ornamenta deorum,
hic libros dabit et forulos mediamque Minervam,
hic modium argenti ; meliora ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus et merito iam
suspectus, tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes.

Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 190–222. (Circ. A. D. 120.)

§ 10

Collapse of an Amphitheatre, A. D. 27.

The lust for notoriety and popularity on the part of those who gave shows equalled the lust for excitement and novelty in the people who enjoyed them. The eagerness of both parties was tempered by no precautions for the safety of the buildings. It is curious that those who witnessed the destruction of human life for pleasure should have been careless about their own lives.

Nevertheless, ll. 29–33 show that the conscience of the rich could be touched by a great public calamity, however callous they may have been to the normal conditions of the life of the poor.

M. LICINIO L. Calpurnio consulibus ingentium bellorum cladem aequavit malum improvisum : eius initium simul et finis exstitit. nam coepto apud Fidenam amphitheatro Atilius quidam libertini generis, quo spectaculum gladiatorum celebraret, neque fundamenta per solidum subdidit neque firmis nexibus ligneam compagem superstruxit, ut qui non abundantia pecuniae nec municipali ambitione sed in sordidam mercedem id negotium quaesivisset. adfluxere avidi talium, imperitante Tiberio procul voluptatibus habiti, virile ac muliebre secus, omnis aetas, ob propinquitatem loci effusius ; unde gravior pestis fuit, conferta mole, dein convulsa, dum ruit intus aut in exteriora effunditur immensamque vim mortalium, spectaculo intentos aut qui circum adstabant, praeceps trahit atque operit. et illi quidem quos principium stragis in mortem adflixerat, ut tali sorte, cruciatum effugere : miserandi magis quos abrupta parte corporis nondum vita deserucrat ; qui per

diem visu, per noctem ululatibus et gemitu coniuges aut liberos noscebant. iam ceteri fama exciti, hic fratrem, propinquum ille, alius parentes lamentari. etiam quorum diversa de causa amici aut necessarii aberant, pavere tamen; nequedum comperto quos illa vis perculisset, latior ex incerto metus.

Vt coepere dimoveri obruta, concursus ad exanimos complectentium, osculantium; et saepe certamen si confusior facies sed par forma aut aetas errorem adgnoscentibus fecerat. quinquaginta hominum milia eo casu debilitata vel obtrita sunt; cautumque in posterum senatus consulto ne quis gladiatorium munus ederet cui minor quadringentorum milium res, neve amphitheatrum imponeretur nisi solo firmitatis spectatae. Atilius in exilium actus est. ceterum sub recentem cladem patuere procerum domus, fomenta et medici passim praebiti, fuitque urbs per illos dies quamquam maesta facie veterum institutis similis, qui magna post proelia saucios largitione et cura sustentabant.

TACITUS, *Annals* iv. 62, 63. (Circ. A. D. 115.)

§ 11

Blessedness of True Contentment: Wealth is undermining the Life of the Roman People.

'How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will...'

WOTTON.

NOT ivory nor golden
Glitters within my dwelling-place the ceiling;
Greek architrave upholden
By pillars hewn in Afric's heart; nor stealing
Some palace Asiatic
Unknown inherit I by usurpation.
No purple-dyed dalmatic
For me spin slave-girls born to nobler station.
Of Truth and Understanding
I've golden veins. Courted, though small my dower,
By rich, I'm not demanding
More of my God, nor of my friend in power

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Exact more wide largesses.
One hill-side farm for me 's enough for getting !
Sunrise on sunset presses,
And new moons hasten onwards to their setting.
But you for marble-hewing
Contract, with one foot in the Grave, forgetting
The Tomb ; new houses strewing,
The seas that roar round Baiae you're besetting
Their shores and cliffs to minish,
Too little wealthy, if banks restrain your poaching.
What though you never finish
Plucking up neighbour's landmark, and, encroaching,
O'erleap the poor man's hedges
To glut your greed ? Next, man and wife afflicted
Clasp in their arms the pledges
Of love, their shabby goods and babes, evicted !
Yet ultimate disaster
And greedy Hell's not insecure court-martial
Await the wealthy master.
Why overshoot the mark ? For Earth impartial
To poor man opes her portal,
And sons of princes : nor has Death's grim warder
The most far-sighted mortal
Brought back, by gold corrupted. No, the order
Of Robber, Thief, and Reiver
He holds in prison. Poor man or poor woman,
Work over, to relieve her
Or him he hears, whether or not they summon !

HORACE, *Odes* ii. 18. (30 B. C.)

§ 12

A Student's Noisy Lodgings.

Another of Seneca's set themes, praise of Stoical indifference to external circumstances. Elsewhere he longs for quiet (see Ep. 80) as Pliny does (II. 3, ll. 106–30). But the true philosopher can of course rise superior to petty annoyances.

SENECA LVCILIO SVO SALVTEM.

PEREAM si est tam necessarium quam videtur silentium in studia seposito. ecce undique me varius clamor circumsonat : supra ipsum balneum habito. propone nunc tibi omnia

genera vocum quae in odium possunt aures adducere. cum fortiores exercentur et manus plumbo graves iactant, cum aut laborant aut laborantem imitantur, gemitus audio, quotiens retentum spiritum remiserunt, sibilos et acerbissimas respirationes. cum in aliquem inertem et hac plebeia unctione contentum incidi, audio crepitum illisae manus umeris, quae, prout plana pervenit aut concava, ita sonum mutat. si vero pilicrepus supervenit et numerare coepit pilas, actum est. adice nunc scordalum et furem deprensum, et illum cui vox sua in balineo placet. adice nunc eos qui in piscinam cum ingenti impulsae aquae sono saliunt. praeter istos, quorum si nihil aliud, rectae voces sunt, alipilum cogita tenuem et stridulam vocem, quo sit notabilior, subinde exprimentem nec unquam tacentem, nisi dum vellit alas et alium pro se clamare cogit. piget iam enumerare varias exclamationes et botularium et crustularium et omnes popinarum institores mercem sua quadam et insignita modulatione vendentis. 'o te', inquis, 'ferreum aut surdum, cui mens inter tot clamores tam varios, tam dissonos, constat, cum Chrysippum nostrum assidua salutatio perducat ad mortem.' at mehercules ego istum fremitum non magis curo quam fluctum aut deiectum aquae, quamvis audiam cuidam genti hanc unam fuisse causam urbem suam transferendi, quod fragorem Nili cadentis ferre non potuit. magis mihi videtur vox avocare quam crepitus. illa enim animum adducit, hic tantum aures inplet ac verberat. in his quae me sine avocatione circumstrepunt essedas transcurrentes pono et fabrum inquilinum et ferrarium vicinum, aut hunc qui ad metam sudantem tubulas experitur et tibias, nec cantat, sed exclamat. etiamnunc molestior est mihi sonus qui intermittitur subinde quam qui continuatur. sed iam me sic ad omnia ista duravi ut audire vel pausarium possim voce acerbissima remigibus modos dantem. animum enim cogo sibi intentum esse nec avocari ad externa: omnia licet foris resonent, dum intus nihil tumultus sit, dum inter se non rixentur cupiditas et timor, dum avaritia luxuriaque non dissideant nec

altera alteram vexet. nam quid prodest totius regionis silentium si affectus fremunt ?

'Omnia noctis erant tacita composta quiete' falsum est. nulla placida est quies nisi quam ratio composuit: nox exhibet molestiam, non tollit, et sollicitudines mutat. nam dormientium quoque insomnia tam turbulenta sunt quam dies.

SENECA, *Epp.* 56. (Circ. A. D. 60.)

III

BIRTHDAY CEREMONIES

ROMAN daily life was full of religious observances—the worship of the *Lar familiaris*; the sacred fire upon the Hearth; the preservation of the wax busts of ancestors; the absolute power of the father within the family; the ritual that attended the birthday; the sacrifice of the first down of adolescence; the assumption of the *toga virilis*; the closing of the eyelids of the dead and catching of the last breath of the dying—not to mention all the country festivals at seed-time, harvest, and vintage: all these things were scrupulously observed by the conservative, and in such poets as Virgil and Tibullus find their reverent interpreters.

The traveller in the country districts of Italy or in the Limousin of France will find Festa and Fête that will remind him of some of these Roman ceremonials. And in such books as Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*, Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, or Marcelle Tinayre's *Ombre de l'amour*, will be found passages inspired by the same feeling that prompted Tibullus, or is expressed in the famous sonnet, 'Heureux qui comme Ulysse a fait un beau voyage'. For it is to a fine patriotism such as has already been illustrated in these pages that these feelings must be referred.

Even in the next two passages there is at least an undercurrent of the same patriotism. Only that could make tolerable

the self-absorption of Ovid (like that of Cicero in exile) that makes one doubtful whether it is the wish or the regret that is uppermost in such a line as 'Candidus huc venias dissimilisque meo'. And certainly the selfish note is so recurrent that it is with relief that one passes to Horace's conventional insincerities through which at least shines a real friendship.

§ 1

The Poet's Birthday Wishes.

DICAMVS bona verba : venit Natalis ad aras :
quisquis ades, lingua, vir mulierque, fave.
urantur pia tura focis, urantur odores
quos tener e terra divite mittit Arabs.
ipse suos Genius adsit visurus honores,
cui decorent sanctas mollia serta comas.
illius puro destillent tempora nardo,
atque satur libo sit madeatque mero,
adnuat et, Cornute, tibi, quodcumque rogabis.
en age (quid cessas ? adnuit ille) roga.
auguror, uxoris fidos optabis amores :
iam reor hoc ipsos edidicisse deos.
nec tibi malueris, totum quaecumque per orbem
fortis arat valido rusticus arva bove,
nec tibi, gemmarum quidquid felicibus Indis
nascitur, Eoi qua maris unda rubet.
vota cadunt : utinam strepitantibus advolet alis
flavaque coniugio vincula portet Amor,
vincula quae maneant semper dum tarda senectus
inducat rugas inficiatque comas.
haec veniat, Natalis, avis prolemque ministret,
ludat et ante tuos turba novella pedes.

TIBULLUS, ii. 2. (Circ. 25 B. C.)

§ 2

The Exile's Birthday Wishes to his Lady.

ANNVVS assuetum dominae natalis honorem
exigit : ite manus ad pia sacra meae.
sic quondam festum Laertius egerat heros
forsan in extremo coniugis orbe diem.
lingua favens adsit, nostrorum oblita malorum,
quae, puto, dedidicit iam bona verba loqui ;
quaeque semel toto vestis mihi sumitur anno,
sumatur fatis discolor alba meis ;
araque gramineo viridis de caespite fiat,
et velet tepidos nexa corona focos.
da mihi tura, puer, pingues facientia flammas,
quodque pio fusum stridat in igne merum.
optime natalis ! quamvis procul absumus, opto
candidus huc venias dissimilisque meo,
si quod et instabat dominae miserabile vulnus,
sit perfuncta meis tempus in omne malis ;
quaeque gravi nuper plus quam quassata procella est,
quod superest, tutum per mare navis eat.
illa domo nataque sua patriaque fruatur
(erepta haec uni sit satis esse mihi)
quatenus et non est in caro coniuge felix,
pars vitae tristi cetera nube vacet.

OVID, *Tristia* v. 5. (A. D. 8.)

§ 3

An Exile's Birthday.

'Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three and thirty.
What have these years left to me ?
Nothing—except thirty-three.'

BYRON.

LO, I who lag superfluous on the earth
Approach the anniversary of my birth !
Why visit years of exile, cruel friend ?
Sad years, whereof you should have made an end.

Had you a thought of me, of shame a trace,
You would not track me past my native place.
Where wrong my baby horoscope you cast,
Birthday, you should have tried to be my last;
And, soon to be abandon'd, sad good-bye
Have said, like other friends in Italy.
What do you here? Did you too Caesar's rage
World's-endward pack on icy pilgrimage?
No doubt you look for each accustom'd rite;
To see my shoulders draped with raiment white;
Fresh wreaths of flowers the smoking altars tire;
And grains of incense splutter on holy fire;
Mark years of life with offerings bountiful;
And humble prayers with dumb lips syllable.
'Tis not the time, and this is not the place
I can express my joy to see your face.
Death's altar with sad cypresses array'd
Is more my mood, built pile and fire laid!
Incense to appease the gods is not my will,
Nor undertone of good in worlds of ill.
If I must ask for something here to-day,
No more return to such a place, I pray,
While Earth's all but last outpost holds me wall'd,
This Ocean, 'kind to strangers' falsely call'd!

OVID, *Tristia* iii. 13.

§ 4

An Invitation to a Birthday Party.

(See VIII. 15, 44–64 for a different kind of birthday party.)

I'VE good wine more than nine years down,
A cask full; I've to weave your crown
Some parsley in my garden grown,
And ivy too

That binds your hair and makes you shine;
Home laughs with silver; altars fine
With vervain pure for sprinkling pine
With blood of ewe.

All hands are busy; here and there
Run boys and maidens, pair on pair,
Sooty the wheeling flames up-flare
Their smoke corkscrew.

That you may know your invitation,
You must make mid-month celebration,
Day that makes sailors' veneration
And April two.

Sacred, of course, nay holier
Almost than birthday, since from her
My friend in Time's rich register
Dates affluents new.

Phyllis, the lad for whom thou 'st raged,
Out of thy sphere, is now engaged ;
Some wealthy wanton holds him caged ;
He likes it too !

Terror to greedy hopes the fate
Of Phaethon, and warning great
Winged horse that brook'd no earthly freight
Has given to you.

To seek a worthy object ever,
And rating sin too high endeavour,
Avoid the odd—as I too never
Henceforth shall woo ;

Nor for another woman burn.
Since song can lessen sorrow, learn
Measures your lovely voice can turn
To music true.

HORACE, *Odes* iv. 11. (Circ. 12 B. C.)

IV
CHILDHOOD

OF Childhood—that Golden Age for which the modern Italians have invented such a host of diminutives, and about which poets like Victor Hugo and Swinburne have woven so many shining fantasies—the austerer Romans have left us little trace. We know that then, as now, they used to run to meet Father on his return home ; that they whipped tops ; took their medicine under cover of something sweet ; learned their rudiments at Mother's knee ; went to school under the safe-conduct of tutor or of nurse ; wore round the neck an amulet

against the evil eye; were given at birth 'crepundia', or toys like the spoon and rattle of English babyhood; that brother and sister would go to Father and Mother for judgement on a quarrel, and get a kiss and even-handed justice. But we cannot go with them into their nurseries, share their meals, play dolls or soldiers with them (though the archaeologist can prove that they had such things) talk their baby language ('infracta loquela'), sing their baby songs.

The passage from Plutarch shows the friendship that at a later age could exist between father and son; and the curious companion passage about the Younger Cato paints vividly the beginnings of the sturdiness that might develop into obstinacy, just as the Gellius extract shows the dogged virtue that could be proof against blandishments though dear and feminine.

§ 1

The Old-fashioned Home of Cato the Censor. (Circ. 200 B.C.)

Plutarch here describes a type of home that remained an ideal, not infrequently realized, with the Romans throughout their history. The passage shows the conviction of the ancients, in their best days, that true education must be rooted in the Home.

(Cf. Tacitus, *Dial.* 28, 29.)

HE was a good father, a good husband, and no mean man of affairs. I must give some account of his particular excellence in the care of his family, which he never despised or treated as a mild amusement.

He chose his wife for her birth rather than her money, for he knew that, though wealthy families have their importance and pride no less than the aristocratic, high-born women are more scrupulous about their honour and more tractable for good. He used to say that those who beat their wives or children laid sacrilegious hands on the most sacred things on earth; and to be a good husband he held to be a more estimable thing than to be a great statesman. He admired nothing in Socrates so much as that he passed an easy and genial existence with an ill-tempered wife and stupid children. When a son was born

to him, nothing except State duties could prevent his being present while his wife washed and dressed the infant. She nursed it herself; and often she even took to her breast her servants' children, to inspire brotherly feeling between them and her own. Cato had a servant named Chilo, who was a good scholar and acted as tutor to several other children; but as soon as the dawn of intelligence began in his son, he decided to give his personal attention to his education. For, he tells us, if his son's progress happened to be slow, he had no intention of having him reprimanded, or pulled by the ear, by a servant; nor did he wish him to be indebted to a mean person for his education. So he taught him literature and law himself; and also the necessary sports, javelin-throwing, fighting hand to hand, riding, boxing, and swimming, even in rapid rivers, and the endurance of heat and cold. He also tells us that he wrote out stories for him, in large hand, to acquaint him with the romance and the traditions of his country. He was as careful not to utter an indecent word before his son as he would have been in the presence of a vestal virgin. He never bathed with him. Indeed, there was a general regard for decency in this matter prevalent among the Romans at that time: they even avoided bathing with their fathers-in-law, not wishing to be seen naked before them. Later the Greeks taught them to forget their scruples; the time came when they in their turn taught the Greeks to bathe naked even before women.

Such were the excellent measures which Cato took to mould and strengthen his son's character. In temperament and inclination he found him most teachable; but his constitution was not strong enough to stand much strain, and he therefore had to relax the severity of his discipline and indulge him in the matter of diet. Yet even so he became an excellent soldier, and particularly distinguished himself against Perseus under Aemilius Paullus. On one occasion his sword slipped in the sweat of his palm, and was struck from his hand. In great distress, he turned to his fellows, begging their help, and rushed with them into the midst of the enemy. With superhuman efforts he cleared the place where the sword was lost, and at last succeeded in finding it, buried under heaps of arms and piles of Greek and Roman corpses. Paullus commended his gallant action, and there is a letter still extant written by Cato to his son, in which he praises highly the sense of honour which drove him to recover his sword. The young man after-

wards married Tertia, Paullus's daughter, sister to young Scipio, an honour as much to his father's good sense as to his own merit. Cato's care of his education was thus justified by results.

PLUTARCH, *Cato Major*, c. 33. (A. D. 80.)

§ 2

Incidents in the Boyhood of the Younger Cato.

(Circ. 85 B.C.)

DURING Cato's childhood the Italians were demanding the franchise. And while the controversy was still proceeding a friend of Drusus was staying in his house, one Pompaedius Silo, a soldier of repute and a man of influence among his people. Being very friendly with the children, he said to them one day, 'Come, my dears, ask your uncle to help us in our fight for freedom.' Caepio smiled, and promised at once; but Cato gave no answer. Noticing that he continued to watch the strangers with a set stare, Pompaedius continued, 'And you, my little man, what do you say? Will you not follow your brother's example and help your guests by what you can do?' Cato still refused to answer, and his silence and his looks appeared to deny the request. So Pompaedius took him to the window, and threatened to throw him out if he would not promise. He spoke sternly, and shook him several times, as if he were going to let him fall. But the child bore it for a long time unconcerned and with no sign of fear; and Pompaedius at length put him down, saying quietly to his friends, 'The glory of Italy! If he were a man, I swear we should not get one vote among the Commons.'

Another time, a relative had invited young Cato and other children to a birthday party. Most of the children went off to play together in the corner of the house, and their game was a mock trial, some being tried for imaginary crimes, and then haled off to prison. One boy, a fine lad, was condemned and shut up in one of the rooms by a bigger boy acting as police-sergeant. He called out to Cato for help. When Cato realized the situation, he rushed to the door, and, driving away the guards who tried to resist him, carried the boy off. He went home in a rage, and most of the children marched along with him.

Such incidents won him a reputation, as shown by the

following example. Sulla had decided to give an exhibition of the Boys' Tourney, the so-called 'Game of Troy', which has sacred associations. He selected two troops, and assigned them their captains. One they accepted without demur, as he was the son of Metella, Sulla's wife. But the other, named Sextus, they firmly rejected, though he was the nephew of Pompey the Great, and they refused to train under him. Sulla then asked them whom they would have, and they called for Cato unanimously. Sextus himself quite willingly gave up the place to him, admitting his superiority.

PLUTARCH, *Cato Minor*, c. 4 and 5.

§ 3

The Training of Boys in 'the Good Old Days'.

The Augustans glorified the old Roman ideal of manhood, toughness, and endurance. Virgil takes it back to the days of ancient Romance, and bases it on Trojan virtue.

TVM primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam
dicitur ante feras solitus terrere fugacis
Ascanius, fortemque manu fudisse Numanum,
cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem
germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat.
is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu
vociferans tumidusque novo praecordia regno
ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat:
'non pudet obsidione iterum valloque teneri,
bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros?
en qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt!
quis deus Italiam, quae vos dementia adegit?
non hic Atridae nec fandi fictor Vlixes:
durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum
deferimus saevoque gelu duramus et undis;
venatu invigilant pueri silvasque fatigant,
flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.
at patiens operum parvoque adsueta iuventus
aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.

omne aevum ferro teritur, versaque iuvencum
terga fatigamus hasta, nec tarda senectus
debilitat viris animi mutatque vigorem :
canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis
comportare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto.
vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis,
desidiae cordi, iuvat indulgere choreis,
et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae.
o vere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta
Dindyma, ubi adsuetis biforem dat tibia cantum.
tympana vos buxusque vocat Berecyntia Matris
Idaeae, sinite arma viris et cedite ferro.'

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* ix. 590–620. (Circ. 25 B. C.)

§ 4

Boys at Play.

Amata, queen of the Latins, is goaded to madness by the Fury Allecto. Virgil, in describing her frenzy, draws a simile from the tops which doubtless he had often watched boys spinning round the great courts of Roman houses.

For another simile from childhood cf. IV. 9. For the top, see Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, II. i. 102.

CEV quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
intenti ludo exercent—ille actus habena
curvatis fertur spatiis ; stupet inscia supra
impubesque manus mirata volubile buxum ;
dant animos plagae—non cursu segnior illo
per medias urbes agitur populosque ferocis.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* vii. 378–84.

§ 5

The 'Crepundia' work the Dénouement in a Comedy.

Two Athenian girls, Palaestra and Ampelisca, have been captured as slaves, and brought to Cyrene in N. Africa. An attempt to kidnap them and take them to Sicily has ended in shipwreck, and they are sheltered and protected from the kidnappers by Daemones, an aged Athenian resident at Cyrene, and Plesidippus, who is in love with Palaestra. Labrax, who has bought the girls, has lost his luggage in the wreck, and in it a casket of trinkets belonging to Palaestra. Gripus, servant of Daemones, while fishing off the shore, retrieves the luggage; and by means of the trinkets, the relics of childhood, it is discovered that Palaestra is the long-lost daughter of Daemones, who finally gives her in marriage to Plesidippus.

Act IV.

Gripus has just found the luggage. Trachalio, servant of Plesidippus, tries to make him go shares in his discovery. They quarrel. At last Trachalio suggests that they shall refer the dispute to the arbitration of the owner of the cottage hard by, a very acceptable suggestion to Gripus, as the man in question is his own master.

Scene 4.

Daemones enters from his cottage with Palaestra and Ampelisca and servants. Gripus and Trachalio continue their haggling, and try to drive one another off the scene. Trachalio, who knows about Labrax, wishes to have the luggage and casket identified. Gripus is afraid of losing his find.

GR. viden? scelestus aucupatur. TR. sine me ut occepi loqui.
si scelesti illius est hic quoiius dico vidulus,
haec poterunt novisse: ostendere his iube. GR. ain? ostendere?
DA. haud iniquom dicit, Gripe, ut ostendatur vidulus.
GR. immo hercle insignite inique. DA. quidum? GR. quia, si ostendero,
continuo hunc novisse dicent scilicet. TR. scelerum caput,
ut tute es item omnis censes esse, periuri caput?
GR. omnia istaéc ego facile patior, dúm hic hinc a me sentiat.

Tr. atqui nunc aps te stat, verum hinc cibit testimonium.
Da. Gripe, advorte animum. tu paucis expedi quid postulas.
Tr. dixi equidem, sed si parum intellexti, dicam denuo.
hasce ambas, ut dudum dixi, ita esse oportet liberas :
haec Athenis parva fuit virgo surrupta. Gr. dic mihi,
quid id ad vidulum pertinet, servae sint istae an liberae ?
Tr. omnia iterum vis memorari, scelus, ut defiat dies.
Da. apstine maledictis et mihi quod rogavi dilue.
Tr. cistellam isti inesse oportet caudeam in isto vidulo,
ubi sunt signa qui parentes noscere haec possit suos,
quibu'cum periit parva Athenis, sicuti dixi prius.
Gr. Iuppiter te dique perdant ! quid ais, vir venefice ?
quid, istae mutae sunt, quae pro se fabulari non queant ?
Tr. eo tacent quia tacita bonast mulier semper quam loquens.
Gr. tum pol tu pro portione nec vir nec mulier mihi es.
Tr. quidum ? Gr. quia enim neque loquens es neque tacens
umquam bonus.
quaeso, enumquam hodie licebit mihi loqui ? Da. si praeterhac
unum verbum faxis hodie, ego tibi comminuam caput.
Tr. ut id occepi dicere, senex, eam te quaeso cistulam
ut iubeas hunc reddere illis ; ob eam si quid postulat
sibi mercedis, dabitur : aliud quidquid ibi est habeat sibi.
Gr. nunc demum istuc dicis, quoniam ius meum esse intellegis :
dudum dimidiam petebas partem. Tr. immo etiam nunc peto.
Gr. vidi petere miluom, etiam quom nihil auferret tamen.
Da. non ego te comprimere possum sine malo ? Gr. si istic
tacet,
ego tacebo ; si iste loquitur, sine me pro parti loqui.
Da. cedo modo mihi istum vidulum, Gripe. Gr. concredam tibi:
ac si istorum nihil sit, ut mihi reddas. Da. reddetur. Gr. tene.
Da. audi nunciam, Palaestra atque Ampelisca, hoc quod loquor.
estne hic vidulus ubi cistellam tuam inesse aiebas ? Pa. is est.
Gr. perii hercle ego misér ! ut priu' quam plane aspexit ilico
eum esse dixit ! Pa. faciam ego hanc rem ex procliva planam
tibi.

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cistellam isti inesse oportet caudeam in isto vidulo.
ibi ego dicam quidquid inerit nominatim : tu mihi
nullum ostenderis ; si falsa dicam frustra dixero,
vos tamen istaec quidquid isti inerit vobis habebitis ;
sed si erunt véra, tum opsecro te ut mea mihi réddantur.
DA. placet.
ius merum oras meo quidem animo. GR. át meo hercle
iniuriam.
quid si ista aut superstitiosa aut hariolast atque omnia
quidquid insit vera dicet ? idne habebit hariola ?
DA. non feret nisi vera dicet : nequiquam hariolabitur.
solue vidulum ergo, ut quid sit verum quam primum sciam.
GR. hoc habet, solutust. DA. aperi. video cistellam. haecinest ?
PA. istaec est. o mei parentes, hic vos conclusos gero,
huc opesque spesque vostrum cognoscendum condidi.
GR. tum tibi hercle deos iratos esse oportet, quisquis es,
quae parentes tám in angustum tuos locum compegeris.
DA. Gripe, accede huc ; tua res agitur. tu, puella, istinc procul
dicito quid insit et qua facie, memorato omnia.
si hercle tantillum peccassis, quod posterius postules
te ad verum convorti, nugas, mulier, magnas egeris.
GR. ius bonum oras. TR. edepol hau te órat, nam tu iniuriu's.
DA. loquere nunciam, puella. Gripe, animum advorte ac tace.
PA. sunt crepundia. DA. ecca videc. GR. perii in primo
proelio.
mane, ne ostenderis. DA. qua facie sunt ? responde ex ordine.
PA. ensiculust aureolus primum litteratus. DA. dice dum,
in eo ensiculo litterarum quid est ? PA. mei nomen patris.
post altrinsecust securicula ancipes, itidem aurea,
litterata : ibi matris nomen in securiculast. DA. mane.
dic, in ensiculo quid nomen est paternum ? PA. Daemones.
DA. di inmortales, ubi loci sunt spes meae ? GR. immo edepol
meae ?
TR. pergite, opsecro, continuo. Gr. placide, aut ite in malam
crucem.

Da. loquere matris nomen hic quid in securicula siet.
Pa. Daedalis. Da. di me servatum cupiunt. Gr. at me perditum.
Da. filiam meam esse hánc oportet, Gripe. Gr. sit per me quidem.
qui te di omnes perdant, qui me hodie oculis vidisti tuis,
meque adeo scelestum, qui non circumspexi centiens,
priu' me ne quis inspectaret quam rete extraxi ex aqua!
Pa. post sicilicula argenteola et duae conexae maniculae et
sucula—Gr. quin tu i derecta cum sucula et cum porculis.
Pa. et bulla aurea est pater quam dedit mi natali die.
Da. ea est profecto. contineri quin complectar non queo.
filia mea, salve. ego is sum qui te produxi pater,
ego sum Daemones et mater tua eccam hic intus Daedalis.
Pa. salve, mi pater insperate. Da. salve. ut te amplector lubens!
Tr. volup est quom istuc ex pietate vostra vobis contigit.
Da. capedum, hunc si potes fer intro vidulum, age, Trachalio.
Tr. ecce Gripi scelera! quom istaec res male evenit tibi,
Gripe, gratulor. Da. age eamus, mea gnata, ad matrem tuam,
quae ex te poterit argumentis hanc rem magis exquirere,
quae te magi' tractavit magi'que signa pernovit tua.—
Pa. intro eamus omnes, quando óperam promiscam damus.
sequere me, Ampelisca.—Am. quom te dí amant voluptati est mihi.—
Gr. sumne ego scelestus qui illunc hodie excepi vidulum?
aut quom excepi, qui non alicubi in solo apstrusi loco?
credebam edepol turbulentam praedam eventuram mihi,
quia illa mihi tam turbulenta tempestate evenerat.
credo edepol ego illic inesse argenti et auri largiter.
quid meliust quam ut hinc intro abeam et me suspendam clanculum,
saltem tantisper dum apscedat haec a me aegrimonia?

Plautus, *Rudens* iv. iv. 1093 sqq. (Circ. 200 B. C.)

§ 6

Brother and Sister quarrel over the Looking-glass.

PRAECEPTO monitus saepe te considera.
Habebat quidam filiam turpissimam,
idemque insignem pulchra facie filium.
hi speculum, in cathedra matris ut positum fuit,
pueriliter ludentes forte inspexerunt.
hic se formosum iactat; illa irascitur,
nec gloriantis sustinet fratris iocos,
accipiens (quid enim?) cuncta in contumeliam.
ergo ad patrem decurrit laesura invicem,
magnaque invidia criminatur filium,
vir natus quod rem feminarum tetigerit.
amplexus ille utrumque et carpens oscula
dulcemque in ambos caritatem partiens,
'Cotidie' inquit 'speculo vos uti volo,
tu formam ne corrumpas nequitiae malis,
tu faciem ut istam moribus vincas bonis'.

PHAEDRUS, *Fabulae* iii. 8. (Circ. A. D. 35.)

§ 7

The Discretion of the Young Papirius.

A Roman boy, placed on his honour, refuses to tell political secrets, even to his mother and at her urgent request.

MOS antea senatoribus Romae fuit, in curiam cum praetextatis filiis introire. tum, cum in senatu res maior quaepiam consultata eaque in diem posterum prolata est placuitque ut eam rem quam tractavissent, ne quis enuntiaret priusquam decreta esset, mater Papirii pueri, qui cum parente suo in curia fuerat, percontata est filium, quidnam in senatu patres egissent. puer respondit, tacendum esse neque id dici licere. mulier fit audiendi cupidior; secretum rei et silentium pueri

animum eius ad inquirendum incendit: quaerit igitur violentius.

Tum puer, matre urgente, lepidi atque festivi mendacii consilium capit. actum in senatu dixit, utrum videretur utilius exque republica esse, unusne ut duas uxores haberet, an ut una apud duos nupta esset. hoc illa ubi audivit, animus compavescit, domo trepidans egreditur ad ceteras matronas. pervenit ad senatum postridie matrum familias caterva. lacrimantes atque obsecrantes orant, una potius ut duobus nupta fieret quam ut uni duae. senatores ingredientes in curiam quae illa mulierum intemperies et quid sibi postulatio istaec vellet mirabantur.

Puer Papirius in medium curiae progressus, quid mater audire institisset, quid ipse matri dixisset, rem sicut fuerat, denarrat. senatus fidem atque ingenium pueri approbat, consultum facit uti posthac pueri cum patribus in curiam ne introeant, praeter ille unus Papirius; atque puero postea cognomen honoris gratia inditum 'Praetextatus' ob tacendi loquendique in aetate praetextae prudentiam.

Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae* i. 23. (Circ. A. D. 160.)

§ 8

The artificial needs of man's children—nurses, rattles, variety of clothing, &c.—never felt by the offspring of that sturdy and beautiful mother, Nature.

TVM porro puer, ut saevis proiectus ab undis
navita, nudus humi iacet, infans, indigus omni
vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit,
vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut aequumst
cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.
at variae crescunt pecudes armenta feraeque
nec crepitacillis opus est nec cuiquam adhibendast
almae nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela
nec varias quaerunt vestis pro tempore caeli,

denique non armis opus est, non moenibus altis,
quis sua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia large
tellus ipsa parit naturaque daedala rerum.

LUCRETIUS, v. 222–34. (Circ. 60 B.C.)

§ 9

Unpleasant Medicine.

For a simile of the same kind cf. IV. 4 and VI. 1, ll. 24–7.

SED veluti pueris absinthia taetra medentes
cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore,
ut puerorum aetas improvida ludificetur
labrorum tenus, interea perpotet amarum
absinthi laticem deceptaque non capiatur,
sed potius tali pacto recreata valescat,
sic ego nunc, quoniam haec ratio plerumque videtur
tristior esse quibus non est tractata, retroque
vulgus abhorret ab hac, volui tibi suaviloquenti
carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram
et quasi musaeo dulci contingere melle,
si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenere
versibus in nostris possem, dum perspicis omnem
naturam rerum qua constet compta figura.

LUCRETIUS, i. 936–50.

V

AMUSEMENTS AND PETS

THE popular and elusive subject of a nation's amusements is not reflected much in the pages of its literature. Two modern types of amusement were popular with the Romans, ball-games and horse-racing. The former, which they borrowed from the Greeks, were not of a type that would appeal much to Northern nations, who play in an invigorating climate instead of a dusty heat. Roman ball-games, however, were very varied, and included at least one type of football. Becker's *Gallus* should

be consulted. Note Pliny's tennis-court (II. 4) and Virgil's account of rustic sports (V. 8).

Horse-racing had little of the modern spirit of sport, just as much partisanship and betting as is prevalent now, and an element of real danger. Collisions and horrible accidents appealed to the Latin temperament, and, as even they failed to provide enough blood, horse-racing could never compete with prize-fighting, gladiatorial shows, and beast fights in the popular esteem. In the section which deals with public shows and games, however, evidence will be found that the more refined Romans, like Cicero, spurned the coarser elements. But popular sympathy, then as now, was overpowering; and it is a relief to turn to their gentler hobbies, their love of animals and domestic pets, and the cultured amusements of their literary men.

§ 1

A Favourite Yacht.

Compare R. L. Stevenson's beautiful little poem, 'The Canoe speaks':

> 'On the great streams the ships may go
> About men's business to and fro.
> But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
> On crystal waters ankle-deep.' . . . &c.

WHAT you see there, friends, yonder boat
Boasts that it was the fastest yacht,
And never a timber now afloat
It could not race past, whether or not
It needed oars or sails to fly.
This lowering Adriatic's coasts
And Cyclad Isles could not deny,
Proud Rhodes, or barbarous Thrace, it boasts,
Propontis or rude Pontic sea;
Where, what was after boat, of yore
Was leafy wood, and rustled free
Its whispering foliage on Cytore.
Pontic Amastris and box-crowned
Cytore, the boat says it was thine,

Thine own familiar, earliest found
Upon thy crest, and in thy brine
Baptized its oars, its master bare
O'er many an uncontrollèd bight;
Were wind that rustled here or there;
Did Zephyr following alight
Upon both sails; nor was there paid
One vow to shore-gods for her sake
The day, her last sea-voyage made,
She came to this translucent lake.
But that was long ago; and in
This her sequester'd harbourage,
O twin Castor and Castor's twin,
To you she consecrates her age.

CATULLUS, 4. (Circ. 60 B. C.)

§ 2

The Gallant at the Races

This vivid monologue of Ovid transports us to the seats of the Circus.

'NON ego nobilium sedeo studiosus equorum:
cui tamen ipsa faves, vincat ut ille, precor.
ut loquerer tecum, veni, tecumque sederem,
ne tibi non notus, quem facis, esset amor.
tu cursus spectas, ego te. spectemus uterque,
quod iuvat, atque oculos pascat uterque suos.
o, cuicumque faves, felix agitator equorum!
ergo illi curae contigit esse tuae?
hoc mihi contingat; sacro de carcere missis
insistam forti mente vehendus equis,
et modo lora dabo, modo verbere terga notabo,
nunc stringam metas interiore rota.
si mihi currenti fueris conspecta, morabor,
deque meis manibus lora remissa fluent.
at quam paene Pelops Pisaea concidit hasta,
dum spectat vultus, Hippodamia, tuos!
nempe favore suae vicit tamen ille puellae.
vincamus dominae quisque favore suae!

quid frustra refugis ? cogit nos linea iungi :
haec in lege loci commoda circus habet.
tu tamen, a dextra quicumque es, parce puellae :
contactu lateris laeditur ista tui.
tu quoque, qui spectas post nos, tua contrahe crura,
si pudor est, rigido nec preme terga genu !
sed nimium demissa iacent tibi pallia terra :
collige ; vel digitis en ego tollo meis.
invida vestis eras, quae tam bona crura tegebas ;
quoque magis spectes, invida vestis eras.
talia Milanion Atalantes crura fugacis
optavit manibus sustinuisse suis.
talia pinguntur succinctae crura Dianae,
cum sequitur fortes fortior ipsa feras.
vis tamen interea faciles arcessere ventos,
quos faciet nostra mota tabella manu ?
an magis hic meus est animi, non aeris aestus,
captaque femineus pectora torret amor ?
dum loquor, alba levi sparsa est tibi pulvere vestis :
sordide de niveo corpore pulvis abi.
sed iam pompa venit. linguis animisque favete !
tempus adest plausus : aurea pompa venit.
prima loco fertur passis Victoria pinnis :
huc ades et meus hic fac, dea, vincat amor.
plaudite Neptuno, nimium qui creditis undis.
nil mihi cum pelago ; me mea terra capit.
plaude tuo Marti, miles ! nos odimus arma ;
pax iuvat et media pace repertus amor.
auguribus Phoebus, Phoebe venantibus adsit,
artifices in te verte, Minerva, manus.
ruricolae, Cereri teneroque adsurgite Baccho.
Pollucem pugiles, Castora placet eques.
nos tibi, blanda Venus, puerisque potentibus arcu
plaudimus. inceptis adnue, diva, meis,
daque novam mentem dominae : patiatur amari.
adnuit, et motu signa secunda dedit.

quod dea promisit, promittas ipsa, rogamus :
pace loquar Veneris, tu dea maior eris.
per tibi tot iuro testes pompamque deorum,
te dominam nobis tempus in omne peti.
sed pendent tibi crura : potes, si forte iuvabit,
cancellis primos inseruisse pedes.
maxima iam vacuo praetor spectacula circo
quadriiugos aequo carcere misit equos.
cui studeas, video. vincet, cuicumque favebis.
quid cupias, ipsi scire videntur equi.
me miserum ! metam spatioso circuit orbe.
quid facis ? admoto proxumus axe subit.
quid facis, infelix ? perdis bona vota puellae :
tende, precor, valida lora sinistra manu.
favimus ignavo. sed enim revocate, Quirites,
et date iactatis undique signa togis.
en, revocant. at, ne turbet toga mota capillos,
in nostros abdas te licet usque sinus.
iamque patent iterum reserato carcere postes :
evolat admissis discolor agmen equis.
nunc saltem supera spatioque insurge patenti :
sint mea, sint dominae fac rata vota meae !
sunt dominae rata vota meae : mea vota supersunt.
ille tenet palmam : palma petenda mea est.'

OVID, *Amor.* iii. 2. (Circ. 13 B. C.)

§ 3

A Poet's Mourning for the Loss of his Lady's Favourite Bird.

With this gem, inimitable in pathos allied with affectionate humour, and in its brevity and simplicity defying translation, compare Herrick's poem 'Upon the Death of his Sparrow' and 'The Robin's Grave' of Samuel Rogers. Instructive, too, for contrast with modern sentiment are Matthew Arnold's 'Poor Matthias', 'Geist's grave', and 'Kaiser Dead'; and

especially Burns's 'To a Mouse, on turning her up with his plough'.

LVGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
et quantum est hominum venustiorum.
passer mortuus est meae puellae,
passer, deliciae meae puellae.
quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :
nam mellitus erat suamque norat
ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem.
nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.
qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis :
tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
vae factum male ! vae miselle passer,
tua nunc opera meae puellae
flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

CATULLUS, 3. (Circ. 60 B. C.)

§ 4

The Young Fawn : the Farmer's Daughter's Pet.

With this idyll, such as Virgil loves to use to relieve the tension and bloodshed of his 'Iliad', the last six books of the Aeneid, *compare Andrew Marvell's poem, 'A Nymph complaining for the death of her fawn'.*

CERVVS erat forma praestanti et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
nutribant Tyrrhusque pater, cui regia parent
armenta et late custodia credita campi.
adsuetum imperiis soror omni Silvia cura
mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis,

pectebatque ferum puroque in fonte lavabat.
ille manum patiens mensaeque adsuetus erili
errabat silvis rursusque ad limina nota
ipse domum sera quamvis se nocte ferebat.
hunc procul errantem rabidae venantis Iuli
commovere canes, fluvio cum forte secundo
deflueret ripaque aestus viridante levaret.
ipse etiam eximiae laudis succensus amore
Ascanius curvo derexit spicula cornu ;
nec dextrae erranti deus afuit, actaque multo
perque uterum sonitu perque ilia venit harundo.
saucius at quadripes nota intra tecta refugit
successitque gemens stabulis, questuque cruentus
atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat.
Silvia prima soror palmis percussa lacertos
auxilium vocat et duros conclamat agrestis.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* vii. 483–504. (Circ. 25 B. C.)

§ 5

The Parrot.

The popinjay, ful of delycacye.

CHAUCER, *Assembly of Foules*.

The pathos of Virgil and the touching humour of Catullus were beyond Ovid. But this poem has all his neatness and pointed wit, and in this respect, as in the heavier humour of mock-heroical mythology, we may compare it with Gray's 'Ode on a Cat drowned in a bowl of Fishes'.

PSITTACVS, Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis,
occidit : exequias ite frequenter, aves.
ite, piae volucres, et plangite pectora pinnis,
et rigido teneras ungue notate genas.
horrida pro maestis lanietur pluma capillis,
pro longa resonent carmina vestra tuba !

quod scelus Ismarii quereris, Philomela, tyranni,
expleta est annis ista querela suis ;
alitis in rarae miserum devertere funus :
magna, sed antiqua est causa doloris Itys.
omnes, quae liquido libratis in aere cursus,
tu tamen ante alios, turtur amice, dole.
plena fuit vobis omni concordia vita,
et stetit ad finem longa tenaxque fides.
quod fuit Argolico iuvenis Phocaeus Orestae,
hoc tibi, dum licuit, psittace, turtur erat.
quid tamen ista fides, quid rari forma coloris,
quid vox mutandis ingeniosa sonis,
quid iuvat, ut datus es, nostrae placuisse puellae ?
infelix avium gloria, nempe iaces.
tu poteras fragiles pinnis hebetare smaragdos,
tincta gerens rubro Punica rostra croco.
non fuit in terris vocum simulantior ales :
reddebas blaeso tam bene verba sono.
raptus es invidia ; non tu fera bella movebas.
garrulus et placidae pacis amator eras.
ecce, coturnices inter sua proelia vivunt,
forsitan et fiant inde frequenter anus.
plenus eras minimo, nec prae sermonis amore
in multos poteras ora vacare cibos.
nux erat esca tibi causaeque papavera somni,
pellebatque sitim simplicis umor aquae.
vivit edax vultur, ducensque per aera gyros
miluus, et pluviae graculus auctor aquae :
vivit et armiferae cornix invisa Minervae,
illa quidem saeclis vix moritura novem.
occidit ille loquax, humanae vocis imago,
psittacus, extremo munus ab orbe datum.
optima prima fere manibus rapiuntur avaris,
implentur numeris deteriora suis.

tristia Phylacidae Thersites funera vidit :
iamque cinis, vivis fratribus, Hector erat.
quid referam timidae pro te pia vota puellae,
vota procelloso per mare rapta noto ?
septima lux aderat, non exhibitura sequentem,
et stabat vacuo iam tibi Parca colo.
nec tamen ignavo stupuerunt verba palato :
clamavit moriens lingua ' Corinna, vale ! '
colle sub Elysio nigra nemus ilice frondet,
udaque perpetuo gramine terra viret.
siqua fides dubiis, volucrum locus ille piarum
dicitur, obscenae quo prohibentur aves.
illic innocui late pascuntur olores,
et vivax phoenix, unica semper avis.
explicat ipsa suas ales Iunonia pinnas,
oscula dat cupido blanda columba mari.
psittacus has inter nemorali sede receptus
convertit volucres in sua verba pias.
ossa tegit tumulus, tumulus pro corpore magnus,
quo lapis exiguus par sibi carmen habet :
' colligor ex ipso dominae placuisse sepulcro.
ora fuere mihi plus ave docta loqui.'

OVID, *Amores* ii. 6. (13 B. C.)

§ 6

' *Margaret* '

A Dog's Epitaph.

With the classic brevity and simplicity of this epigram contrast **Matthew Arnold's** *' Geist's Grave ', &c.*

GALLIA me genuit, nomen mihi divitis undae
concha dedit, formae nominis aptus honos.
docta per incertas audax discurrere silvas,
collibus hirsutas atque agitare feras,

non gravibus vinclis unquam consueta teneri,
verbera nec niveo corpore saeva pati.
molli namque sinu domini dominaeque iacebam
et noram in strato lassa cubare toro,
et plus quam licuit muto canis ore loquebar :
nulli latratus pertimuere meos.
sed iam fata subi partu iactata sinistro,
quam nunc sub parvo marmore terra tegit.

Carm. Epigr. 1175.

§ 7

The Pastimes of a Man of Culture.

Pliny tells Tacitus his double feat of hunting and studying at the same time. Minerva, he says, wanders on the mountains, as well as Diana.

RIDEBIS, et licet rideas. ego ille quem nosti apros tres et quidem pulcherrimos cepi. 'ipse?' inquis. ipse; non tamen ut omnino ab inertia mea et quiete discederem. ad retia sedebam : erat in proximo non venabulum aut lancea, sed stilus et pugillares : meditabar aliquid enotabamque, ut, si manus vacuas, plenas tamen ceras reportarem. non est quod contemnas hoc studendi genus. mirum est ut animus agitatione motuque corporis excitetur. iam undique silvae et solitudo ipsumque illud silentium quod venationi datur magna cogitationis incitamenta sunt. proinde cum venabere, licebit auctore me ut panarium et lagunculam sic etiam pugillares feras. experieris non Dianam magis montibus quam Minervam inerrare. vale.

PLINY, *Epp.* I. 6. (A.D. 97.)

§ 8

A Rustic Holiday.

Virgil has described the peace and happiness of country life, released from the cares and feverish excitement of the City. 'Let not Ambition mock their useful toil.' They have a life of hardship, a ceaseless struggle with Nature, but they know also true peace and true happiness. Their holidays are real joy. Contrast II. 9.

INTEREA dulces pendent circum oscula nati,
casta pudicitiam servat domus, ubera vaccae
lactea demittunt, pinguesque in gramine laeto
inter se adversis luctantur cornibus haedi.
ipse dies agitat festos fususque per herbam,
ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,
te libans, Lenaee, vocat pecorisque magistris
velocis iaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
corporaque agresti nudant praedura palaestrae.
hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
hanc Remus et frater, sic fortis Etruria crevit
scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.

VIRGIL, *Georgics* ii. 523–35. (Circ. 35 B. C.)

§ 9

Sacred Games and Plays of the Country-side.

Virgil begins by describing the Greek rustic sports in which Greek drama took its rise. He gives analogous instances among the Italians, who no doubt also indulged in such village sports as 'the greasy football', &c. A locus classicus *for the origin of Greek and Roman comedy.*

NON aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
caeditur et veteres ineunt proscaenia ludi,
praemiaque ingeniis pagos et compita circum
Thesidae posuere, atque inter pocula laeti
mollibus in pratis unctos saluere per utres;
nec non Ausonii, Troia gens missa, coloni

versibus incomptis ludunt risuque soluto,
oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis,
et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina laeta, tibique
oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.
hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fetu,
complentur vallesque cavae saltusque profundi
et quocumque deus circum caput egit honestum.

VIRGIL, *Georgics* ii. 380–92.

VI. WORK

IN the bright and beautiful cities of Italy, in her vivid social life, and amidst the Arcadian beauty of her rural retreats, work could hardly have the same grim significance that it has for Northern peoples in their forbidding climate, and sordid industrial cities. Cicero's ideal of the divine life may be noted: 'The Gods do nothing.' Yet there was a feverish energy in the rush for money and advancement, then as now. Then as now, the ambitious literary man or lawyer would economize his time and devote all his available energy to advancing his career. With the close of the Republic and the dawn of the Empire the race for success and pleasure grew hotter. Yet, although for most people the day began at dawn, there still remained a leisureliness about the work of life which is foreign to us. There was a siesta in the middle of the day, and work ended at sundown, with a prospect of the evening meal and uninterrupted pleasure. Few were the men who tried to work by artificial light. See especially VI. 3.

§ 1

The Feverishness of Roman Life.

QVI fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa
contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentis?
'o fortunati mercatores!' gravis annis

miles ait multo iam fractus membra labore.
contra mercator, navem iactantibus Austris,
'militia est potior. quid enim? concurritur: horae
momento cita mors venit aut victoria laeta.'
agricolam laudat iuris legumque peritus,
sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
solos felices viventis clamat in urbe.
cetera de genere hoc, adeo sunt multa, loquacem
delassare valent Fabium. ne te morer, audi
quo rem deducam. si quis deus 'en ego' dicat
'iam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
mercator; tu, consultus modo, rusticus: hinc vos,
vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus: eia!
quid statis?' nolint. atqui licet esse beatis.
quid causae est merito quin illis Iuppiter ambas
iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
tam facilem dicat, votis ut praebeat aurem?
praeterea ne sic ut qui iocularia ridens
percurram: quamquam ridentem dicere verum
quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima:
sed tamen amoto quaeramus seria ludo:
ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
perfidus hic caupo, miles nautaeque per omne
audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem
sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,
aiunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria: sicut
parvula—nam exemplo est—magni formica laboris
ore trahit quodcumque potest atque addit acervo
quem struit haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.

HORACE, *Sat.* i. 1. (Circ. 30 B. C.)

§ 2

Not even Literature is Free from Feverishness.

ROMAE dulce diu fuit et sollemne reclusa
mane domo vigilare, clienti promere iura,
cautos nominibus rectis expendere nummos,
maiores audire, minori dicere per quae
crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
mutavit mentem populus levis et calet uno
scribendi studio ; pueri patresque severi
fronde comas vincti cenant et carmina dictant.
ipse ego, qui nullos me adfirmo scribere versus
invenior Parthis mendacior, et prius orto
sole vigil calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.
navem agere ignarus navis timet ; habrotonum aegro
non audet nisi qui didicit dare ; quod medicorum est
promittunt medici ; tractant fabrilia fabri :
scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
hic error tamen et levis haec insania quantas
virtutes habeat sic collige ; vatis avarus
non temere est animus ; versus amat, hoc studet unum ;
detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet.

HORACE, *Epp.* ii. 1. 103. (Circ. 10 B.C.)

§ 3

The Roman Day.

PRIMA salutantes atque altera conterit hora,
exercet raucos tertia causidicos,
in quintam varios extendit Roma labores,
sexta quies lassis, septima finis erit,
sufficit in nonam nitidis octava palaestris,
imperat extructos frangere nona toros :
hora libellorum decuma est, Eupheme, meorum,
temperat ambrosias cum tua cura dapes

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et bonus aetherio laxatur nectare Caesar
ingentique tenet pocula parca manu.
tunc admitte iocos : gressu timet ire licenti
ad matutinum nostra Thalia Iovem.

MARTIAL, iv. 8. (Circ. A. D. 90.

§ 4

The Breakfast Hour.

SVRGITE : iam vendit pueris ientacula pistor
Cristataeque sonant undique lucis aves.

MARTIAL, xiv. 223.

§ 5

The Inexhaustible Energy of the Elder Pliny.

PERGRATVM est mihi quod tam diligenter libros avunculi mei lectitas ut habere omnes velis quaerasque qui sint omnes. fungar indicis partibus atque etiam quo sint ordine scripti notum tibi faciam : est enim haec quoque studiosis non iniucunda cognitio.

'De iaculatione equestri unus' : hunc, cum praefectus alae militaret, pari ingenio curaque composuit. 'de vita Pomponi Secundi duo' ; a quo singulariter amatus hoc memoriae amici quasi debitum munus exsolvit. 'bellorum Germaniae viginti' ; quibus omnia quae cum Germanis gessimus bella collegit. incohavit cum in Germania militaret, somnio monitus : adstitit ei quiescenti Drusi Neronis effigies, qui Germaniae latissime victor ibi periit, commendabat memoriam suam orabatque ut se ab iniuria oblivionis adsereret. 'Studiosi tres', in sex volumina propter amplitudinem divisi, quibus oratorem ab incunabulis instituit et perfecit. 'dubii sermonis octo' scripsit sub Nerone novissimis annis, cum omne studiorum genus paulo liberius et erectius periculosum servitus fecisset. 'a fine Aufidi Bassi triginta unus.' 'naturae historiarum triginta septem', opus diffusum, eruditum, nec minus varium quam ipsa natura.

Miraris quod tot volumina multaque in his tam scrupulosa homo occupatus absolverit ? magis miraberis, si scieris illum aliquandiu causas actitasse, decessisse anno sexto et quinquagensimo, medium tempus distentum impeditumque qua officiis maximis qua amicitia principum egisse. sed erat acre ingenium, incredibile studium, summa vigilantia. lucubrare Vulcanalibus incipiebat, non auspicandi causa sed studendi, statim a nocte multa, hieme vero ab hora septima, vel cum tardissime, octava, saepe sexta. erat sane somni paratissimi, non nunquam etiam inter ipsa studia instantis et deserentis. ante lucem ibat ad Vespasianum imperatorem (nam ille quoque noctibus utebatur), inde ad delegatum sibi officium. reversus domum, quod reliquum temporis studiis reddebat. post cibum saepe, quem interdiu levem et facilem veterum more sumebat, aestate, si quid otii, iacebat in sole, liber legebatur, adnotabat excerpebatque. nihil enim legit quod non excerperet : dicere etiam solebat nullum esse librum tam malum ut non aliqua parte prodesset. post solem plerumque frigida lavabatur : deinde gustabat dormiebatque minimum : mox quasi alio die studebat in cenae tempus. super hanc liber legebatur, adnotabatur, et quidem cursim. memini quendam ex amicis, cum lector quaedam perperam pronuntiasset, revocasse et repeti coegisse, huic avunculum meum dixisse ' intellexeras nempe ? ' cum ille adnuisset, ' cur ergo revocabas ? decem amplius versus hac tua interpellatione perdidimus '. tanta erat parsimonia temporis. surgebat aestate a cena luce, hieme intra primam noctis, et tanquam aliqua lege cogente.

Haec inter medios labores urbisque fremitum. in secessu solum balinei tempus studiis eximebatur : cum dico balinei, de interioribus loquor ; nam dum destringitur tergiturque, audiebat aliquid aut dictabat. in itinere quasi solutus ceteris curis huic uni vacabat : ad latus notarius cum libro et pugillaribus, cuius manus hieme manicis muniebantur, ut ne caeli quidem asperitas ullum studiis tempus eriperet ; qua ex causa Romae quoque sella vehebatur. repeto me correptum ab eo cur ambularem :

'poteras' inquit 'has horas non perdere'; nam perire omne tempus arbitrabatur quod studiis non impertiretur. hac intentione tot ista volumina peregit electorumque commentarios centum sexaginta mihi reliquit, opisthographos quidem et minutissime scriptos; qua ratione multiplicatur hic numerus. referebat ipse potuisse se, cum procuraret in Hispania, vendere hos commentarios Larcio Licino quadringentis milibus nummum, et tunc aliquanto pauciores erant.

Nonne videtur tibi recordanti quantum legerit, quantum scripserit, nec in officiis ullis nec in amicitia principis fuisse, rursus, cum audis quid studiis laboris impenderit, nec scripsisse satis nec legisse? quid est enim quod non aut illae occupationes impedire aut haec instantia non possit efficere? itaque solco ridere, cum me quidam studiosum vocant, qui, si comparer illi, sum desidiosissimus. ego autem tantum, quem partim publica partim amicorum officia distringunt? quis ex istis qui tota vita litteris adsident collatus illi non quasi somno et inertiae deditus erubescat?

Extendi epistulam, cum hoc solum quod requirebas scribere destinassem, quos libros reliquisset: confido tamen haec quoque tibi non minus grata quam ipsos libros futura, quae te non tantum ad legendos eos verum etiam ad simile aliquid elaborandum possunt aemulationis stimulis excitare. vale.

PLINY, *Epp.* iii. 5. (Circ. A.D. 102.)

§ 6

The Busy Advocate.

ROMAE, A.U.C. 698.

A.D. III Idus Febr. dixi pro Bestia de ambitu apud praetorem Cn. Domitium in foro medio maximo conventu incidique in eum locum in dicendo, cum Sestius multis in templo Castoris vulneribus acceptis subsidio Bestiae servatus esset. hic *προφκονομησάμην* quiddam *εὐκαίρως* de iis quae in Sestium adparabantur crimina, et eum ornavi veris laudibus magno adsensu

omnium. res homini fuit vehementer grata. quae tibi eo scribo, quod me de retinenda Sesti gratia litteris saepe monuisti.

Pridie Idus Febr. haec scripsi ante lucem. eo die apud Pomponium in eius nuptiis eram cenaturus. cetera sunt in rebus nostris huius modi, ut tu mihi fere diffidenti praedicabas, plena dignitatis et gratiae; quae quidem tua, mi frater, prudentia, patientia, virtute, pietate, suavitate etiam tibi mihique sunt restituta. domus tibi ad lacum Pisonis Liciniana conducta est; sed, ut spero, paucis mensibus post K. Quintilis in tuam commigrabis. tuam in Carinis mundi habitatores Lamiae conduxerunt. a te post illam Olbiensem epistulam nullas litteras accepi. quid agas et ut te oblectes scire cupio maximeque te ipsum videre quam primum. cura, mi frater, ut valeas et, quamquam est hiems, tamen Sardiniam istam esse cogites. xv K. Martias.

CICERO, ad *Q. F.* ii. 3. 6.

VII. MARRIAGE

ROMAN marriage was either a formal State contract (see VII. 5) or a severe religious ceremony (VII. 4 and X. 1). But Greek literature had long familiarized the Romans with the philosophy of marriage, and the love theme has called forth some of their finest poetry. The 'Pervigilium Veneris', with its universal significance, may well begin the section, followed by the 'Prothalamion' and 'Epithalamion' of Catullus, which were intended to be set to music and acted in costume by antiphonal choirs of boys and girls. But the inscriptions which follow prove that the real Romans, men and women alike, in their daily lives were capable of unselfish devotion. Juvenal's 'Legend of Bad Women' can be forgotten face to face with such women as Turia. And we can accept with equanimity the sordid bargaining (VII. 5) to which the Latin system of marriage can descend, alike in modern France and in ancient Rome, when we know that there were women capable of such sacrifice.

§ 1

Hymn of Love and Spring.

HE who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
Spring is young; Spring now is Music; in the Spring the world was born;
In the Spring the Loves are mated; in the Spring the birds are wed;
And the Wood unbinds her tresses, of the Showers brought to bed;
High upon her throne our Lady holds her court to-morrow morn.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
She who joins the loves, to-morrow in among the forest shade,
Of the slivers of the myrtle weaves her leafy lattices;
As to-morrow, once did Ether join the first of marriages
And of clouds in Spring, the Father all the year in order made.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
Rain was wedded, and descended to his fruitful Spouse's lap,
That commingled at her mighty body might he suckle Life;
Blood and Brains her Breath pervading, she the Mother, she the wife
Governs all Creation's heartstrings by the strength of hidden sap.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
O'er the underlying ocean, over Heav'n, and over Earth
She has poured broadcast her influence by the generative firth,
And the Universe has bidden learn the Mystery of Birth.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
Then of heavenly blood the Ocean, and from out the foamy seeds,
In among the flocks cerulean, in among the twyfoot steeds,
Then the wave-begotten Mother of the watercourses breeds.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
She it was the Maid Lavinia to her son Aeneas wed,
And thereafter from her temple gave to Mars the virgin pure,
Whence the Ramnes and Quirites, and—to make the offspring sure,
Romulus our father and his son, the Caesar, should be bred.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
She herself with buds of blossom paints the blushing season red ;
Moisture that the stars besprinkle over Night's tranquillities
In the Morn the virgin nipples from their clinging peplos frees ;
She herself at Morn has bidden all the virgin roses wed.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
Rose, from out the blood of Kypris, from the kiss of Cupid born,
Heart of Jewels, heart of flame, and heart of blushes of the Sun,
That which hidden by her flaming vesture lurk'd, for him—the one
Well-belovèd lord to loosen will not blush to-morrow morn.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
She herself the nipples budding where the West-Wind's influence blew
Swells to fuller breasts of increase ; she the waters of the dew,
That the Night-wind leaves behind her, to refresh them 'gins to strew.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
Lo ! the tremulous tears glisten 'neath their transitory weight !
Lo ! the falling dewdrop in her tiny circle bears her fate !
And the shyness of the flowers is betrayed by robes of state !

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
Venus now with equal shyness sends her maidens to the Maid :
One thing is there that we pray thee, Artemis, that thou refrain,
That the forest may be guiltless of the blood of wild-beast slain,
And with blossoms freshly gathered may refresh its leafy shade.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
She herself were fain invite thee, if thine honour she could bend ;
She were fain thou shouldst be present, if it were the Virgin's will !
Then three nights thou wouldst behold the Choirs keep high festival ;
See them through thy forest-glades in holy congregations wend.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
In among the crowns of flowers, where the myrtle-bowers are,
In the sight of Corn and Vineyard, and before the god of Song,
Singing must they hold their vigil, singing pass the whole night long ;
Reign within the woods the Mother ; thou, O Virgin get thee far !

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love ; and, lovers, love !
With Hyblaean flowers the goddess bade them heap her judgement-seat,
She herself will hold her sessions with the Graces at her side :
All the season's wealth of flowers, Hybla, scatter far and wide,
Flowery carpet, wide as fields of Enna, spread beneath their feet.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
All the countrymaids, and all the maids of mountains will be there,
Nymphs that haunt the woods, the grove-nymphs, and the nymphs that haunt the springs,
Bidden all be present has the mother of the God of Wings;
Bidden all her maidens put no trust in Cupid even bare.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
She herself her Nymphs has bidden come from out the myrtle-grove,
And the Boy comes with the maidens; yet withal they scarce believe
Love his holiday is keeping, though his arrows now he leave;
Come, ye Nymphs, he 's dropt his weapons; on his holiday is Love.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
Love is bid to come unarmed, bid to come in his undress,
Lest with fire or bow and arrows he should injure any there:
Yet withal, ye Nymphs, be wakeful; for the boy Cupid is fair;
Love is in full armour even when he 's in his nakedness.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
Pleasure gives the country fruit, the country knows our Lady's powers;
Love himself, our Lady's son, was in the country born, they say;
When the Earth of Cupid travail'd, then upon her lap he lay;
She it was that bred and fed him on the kisses of the flowers.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
'Neath the golden broom already stretch themselves the bovine herds,

Each secure in bonds of wedlock, bonds whereunder each is laid;
Lo! the bleating ewes are lying with their lords beneath the shade;
And the Goddess has forbidden hold their peace the singing-birds.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
Lo! the chattering swans already hoarse-voiced o'er the marshes screech;
Nightingale too pipes in concert underneath the poplar-trees;
You 'd not say she wept her sister 'neath her husband's cruelties;
But you 'd think that Love's emotions found in voice of Music speech.

He who ne'er has loved, to-morrow let him love; and, lovers, love!
She is singing; I am silent; when for me shall Spring be come?
When shall I be like the swallow? When my silences give place?
I have murdered Song by silence and Apollo hides his face!
Silence murdered thus Amyclae, when Amyclae too was dumb.

Incert. Auct. (Circ. A. D. 120.)

§ 2

Prothalamion.

Description of the Marriage Ceremony.

The Marriage of Catullus' friend, Manlius Torquatus, with Vinia Aurunculeia.

COLLIS o Heliconii
cultor, Vraniae genus,
qui rapis teneram ad virum
Virginem, o Hymenaee Hymen,
Hymen o Hymenaee;

Cinge tempora floribus
suave olentis amaraci,
flammeum cape laetus, huc
Huc veni, niveo gerens
luteum pede soccum.

Excitusque hilari die,
nuptialia concinens
voce carmina tinnula,
Pelle humum pedibus, manu
pineam quate taedam.

Namque Iunia Mallio,
qualis Idalium colens
venit ad Phrygium Venus
Iudicem, bona cum bona
nubet alite virgo,

Floridis velut enitens
myrtus Asia ramulis
quos Amadryades deae
Ludicrum sibi rosido
nutriunt umore.

Quare age, huc aditum ferens,
perge linquere Thespiae
rupis Aonios specus,
Nympha quos super irrigat
frigerans Aganippe.

Ac domum dominam voca
coniugis cupidam novi,
mentem amore revinciens
Vt tenax hedera huc et huc
arborem implicat errans.

Vosque item simul integrae
virgines, quibus advenit
par dies, agite in modum
Dicite, O Hymenaee Hymen,
Hymen O Hymenaee.

Vt lubentius, audiens
se citarier ad suum
munus, huc aditum ferat
Dux bonae Veneris, boni
coniugator amoris.

Quis deus magis ancsiis
est petendus amantibus ?
quem colent homines magis
Caelitum, O Hymenaee Hymen,
Hymen O Hymenaee ?

Te suis tremulus parens
invocat, tibi virgines
zonula solvunt sinus.
Te timens cupida novos
captat aure maritus.

Tu fero iuveni in manus
floridam ipse puellulam
dedis a gremio suae
Matris, O Hymenaee Hymen,
Hymen O Hymenaee.

Nil potest sine te Venus,
fama quod bona comprobet,
commodi capere, at potest
Te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit ?

Nulla quit sine te domus
liberos dare, nec parens
stirpe nitier; at potest
Te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

Quae tuis careat sacris,
non queat dare praesides
terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

Claustra pandite ianuae.
virgo adest. viden ut faces
splendidas quatiunt comas?

. . . . . .

tardet ingenuus pudor.
Quem tamen magis audiens,
flet quod ire necesse est.

Flere desine. non tibi Au-
runculeia periculum est,
ne qua femina pulcrior
Clarum ab Oceano diem
viderit venientem.

Talis in vario solet
divitis domini hortulo
stare flos hyacinthinus.
Sed moraris, abit dies.
prodeas nova nupta.

Prodeas nova nupta, si
iam videtur, et audias
nostra verba. viden? faces

Aureas quatiunt comas :
prodeas nova nupta.

. . . . . .

Tollite, O pueri, faces.
flammeum video venire.
ite concinite in modum
'Io Hymen Hymenaee io,
io Hymen Hymenaee.'

. . . . . .

En tibi domus ut potens
et beata viri tui.
quae tibi sine serviat
(Io Hymen Hymenaee io,
io Hymen Hymenaee)

Vsque dum tremulum mouens
cana tempus anilitas
omnia omnibus annuit.
Io Hymen Hymenaee io,
io Hymen Hymenaee.

Transfer omine cum bono
limen aureolos pedes,
rasilemque subi forem.
Io Hymen Hymenaee io,
io Hymen Hymenaee.

. . . . . .

Mitte brachiolum teres,
praetextate, puellulae.
iam cubile adeat viri.
Io Hymen Hymenaee io,
io Hymen Hymenaee.

Vos bonae senibus viris
cognitae bene feminae,

collocate puellulam.
Io Hymen Hymenaee io,
io Hymen Hymenaee.

Iam licet venias, marite.
uxor in thalamo tibi est,
ore floridulo nitens
Alba parthenice velut
luteumve papaver.

At, marite, ita me iuvent
caelites, nihilo minus
pulcer es, neque te Venus
Neglegit. sed abit dies.
perge, ne remorare.

Non diu remoratus es.
iam venis. bona te Venus
iuverit, quoniam palam
Quae cupis capis et bonum
non abscondis amorem.

Ille pulveris Africi
siderumque micantium
subducat numerum prius,
Qui vostri numerare volt
multa milia ludi.

Ludite ut lubet et brevi
liberos date. non decet
tam vetus sine liberis
Nomen esse, sed indidem
semper ingenerari.

Torquatus volo parvulus
matris e gremio suae
porrigens teneras manus,

Dulce rideat ad patrem
semihiante labello.

Sit suo similis patri
Mallio et facile insciis
noscitetur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam suo
matris indicet ore.

Talis illius a bona
matre laus genus approbet,
qualis unica ab optima
Matre Telemacho manet
fama Penelopeo.

Claudite ostia, virgines.
lusimus satis. at boni
coniuges, bene vivite et
Munere assidue valentem
exercete iuventam.

CATULLUS, 61.

§ 3
Epithalamion.

IVVENES

VESPER adest, iuvenes, consurgite : Vesper Olympo
exspectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.
surgere iam tempus, iam pinguis linquere mensas,
iam veniet virgo, iam dicetur hymenaeus.
Hymen O Hymenaee, Hymen ades O Hymenaee !

VIRGINES

Cernitis, innuptae, iuvenes ? consurgite contra ;
nimirum Oetaeos ostendit noctifer ignes.
sic certest ; viden ut perniciter exsiluere ?
non temere exsiluere, canent quod visere par est.
Hymen O Hymenaee, Hymen ades O Hymenaee !

IVVENES

Non facilis nobis, aequalis, palma parata est,
aspicite, innuptae secum ut meditata requirunt.
non frustra meditantur, habent memorabile quod sit,
nec mirum, penitus quae tota mente laborant.
nos alio mentes, alio divisimus aures,
iure igitur vincemur, amat victoria curam.
quare nunc animos saltem committite vestros,
dicere iam incipient, iam respondere decebit.
Hymen O Hymenaee, Hymen ades O Hymenaee.

VIRGINES

Hespere, qui caelo fertur crudelior ignis ?
qui natam possis complexu avellere matris,
complexu matris retinentem avellere natam,
et iuveni ardenti castam donare puellam.
quid faciunt hostes capta crudelius urbe ?
Hymen O Hymenaee, Hymen ades O Hymenaee !

IVVENES

Hespere, qui caelo lucet iucundior ignis ?
qui desponsa tua firmes conubia flamma,
quae pepigere viri, pepigerunt ante parentes,
nec iunxere prius quam se tuus extulit ardor.
quid datur a divis felici optatius hora ?
Hymen O Hymenaee, Hymen ades O Hymenaee !

VIRGINES

Hesperus e nobis, aequalis, abstulit unam.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
[Hymen O Hymenaee, Hymen ades O Hymenaee !]

IVVENES

. . . . . .
Namque tuo adventu vigilat custodia semper,
nocte latent fures, quos idem saepe revertens,

Hespere, mutato comprendis nomine eosdem.
at libet innuptis ficto te carpere questu.
quid tum, si carpunt, tacita quem mente requirunt ?
Hymen O Hymenaee, Hymen ades O Hymenaee !

VIRGINES

Vt flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,
ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber ;
multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae :
idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae :
sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est ;
cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
nec pueris iucunda manet, nec cara puellis.
Hymen o Hymenaee, Hymen ades o Hymenaee !

IVVENES

Vt vidua in nudo vitis quae nascitur arvo,
numquam se extollit, numquam mitem educat uvam,
sed tenerum prono deflectens pondere corpus,
iam iam contingit summum radice flagellum,
hanc nulli agricolae, nulli coluere iuvenci :
at si forte eadem est ulmo coniuncta marito,
multi illam agricolae, multi accoluere iuvenci :
sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum inculta senescit ;
cum par conubium maturo tempore adepta est,
cara viro magis et minus est invisa parenti.

et tu ne pugna cum tali coniuge virgo,
non aequom est pugnare, pater cui tradidit ipse.
ipse pater cum matre, quibus parere necesse est.

. . . . . .

virginitas non tota tua est, ex parte parentum est,
tertia pars patrist, pars est data tertia matri,

tertia sola tua est: noli pugnare duobus,
qui genero sua iura simul cum dote dederunt.
Hymen o Hymenaee, Hymen ades o Hymenaee!

CATULLUS, 62. (Circ. 60 B.C.)

§ 4

Roman Utilitarian View of Marriage as the Basis of Human Society. The State the Father of All.

THIS powerful reproductive instinct is a property common to all living creatures. So it is in Marriage that we find the seed of society, which is developed in the possession of children and which flowers in the unity and community of the Home. This is the origin of the State too: homes are the seed-bed of social life. The close tie between brothers comes next: then that between cousins, who, as they cannot all be housed under one roof, emigrate, so to speak, to others. Then come marriages and further relationships, and more members of the family. So this reproduction of the breed is the fountain-head of States. Blood-relationship, too, binds men together in good will and affection. The possession of the same ancestral relics, the same worship, the same family tombs, is a great thing. But of all forms of society there is nothing finer or more stable than the unity in friendship of good and true men of like character. Nobility, our favourite topic, even when observed in others, has a compelling force, and makes friends for the man in whom it appears. And though all good qualities are attractive and make us love those who have them, justice and generosity have this effect beyond all others. The common possession of a noble character is a most lovable thing, and the most compelling force on earth. Men who have the same pursuits and the same inclinations feel each as much joy in his companion as in himself; and Pythagoras's ideal of friendship is realized, unity in plurality. Also, the mutual giving and receiving of kindnesses produces strong unions. As long as the benefits are mutual as well as acceptable, the bond of alliance between those who give and receive them is sure. But survey the whole range of philosophic thought, and you will find no tie which appeals so strongly to the conscience and to the heart as that which binds each one of us to the State. Parents,

children, relations, friends—all are beloved: but all loves of all men are embraced by our common fatherland. What good man and true hesitates to die for it, if his death will profit? And this makes the more loathsome the vile conduct of those parties who have torn their country's heart with every crime in their power, who have busied themselves, as they are busy still, in her utter overthrow.

CICERO, *de Officiis* i. 17. (Circ. 44 B.C.)

§ 5

Considerations in arranging a Marriage.

Megadorus, the hero's rich uncle, comes to the miser Euclio, to propose marriage with his daughter Phaedra. Euclio suspects his intention, thinking that he wishes to possess himself of the hidden treasure (aulula). *See the Lar's prologue* (*I.* § 9).

EVCLIO MEGADORVS

EVC. Praesagibat mi animus frustra me ire, quom exibam domo;
itaque abibam invitus; nam neque quisquam curialium
venit neque magister quem dividere argentum oportuit.
nunc domum properare propero, nam egomet sum hic, animus domi est.
ME. salvos atque fortunatus, Euclio, semper sies.
EVC. di te ament, Megadore. ME. quid tu? recten atque ut vis vales?
EVC. non temerarium est ubi dives blande appellat pauperem.
iam illic homo aurum scit me habere, eo me salutat blandius.
ME. ain tu te valere? EVC. pol ego hau perbene a pecunia.
ME. pol si est animus aequos tibi, satis habes qui bene vitam colas.
EVC. anus hercle huic indicium fecit de auro, perspicue palam est,
quoi ego iam linguam praecidam atque oculos ecfodiam domi.
ME. quid tu solus tecum loquere? EVC. meam pauperiem conqueror.
virginem habeo grandem, dote cassam atque inlocabilem,
neque eam queo locare quoiquam. ME. tace, bonum habe animum, Euclio.

dabitur, adiuvabere a me. dic, si quid opust, impera.
Evc. nunc petit, quom pollicetur ; inhiat aurum ut devoret.
altera manu fert lapidem, panem ostentat altera.
nemini credo qui large blandust dives pauperi :
ubi manum inicit benigne, ibi onerat aliquam zamiam.
ego istos novi polypos qui ubi quicquid tetigerunt tenent.
Me. da mi operam parumper, si operaest, Euclio, id quod te volo
de communi re appellare méa et tua. Evc. ei misero mihi,
aurum mi intus harpagatum est. nunc hic eam rem volt, scio,
mecum adire ad pactionem. verum intervisam domum.
Me. quó abis ? Evc. iam revortar ad te : nam est quod invisam domum—
Me. credo edepol, ubi mentionem ego fecero de filia,
ni ut despondeat, sese a me derideri rebitur ;
neque illo quisquam est alter hodie ex paupertate parcior.
Evc. di me servant, salva res est. salvom est si quid non perit.
nimi' male timui. priu' quam intro redii, exanimatus fui.
redeo ad te, Megadore, si quid me vis. Me. habeo gratiam.
quaeso, quod te percontabor, ne id te pigeat proloqui.
Evc. dum quidem né quid perconteris quod non lubeat proloqui.
Me. dic mihi, quali me arbitrare genere prognatum ? Evc. bono.
Me. quid fide ? Evc. bona. Me. quid factis ? Evc. neque malis neque inprobis.
Me. aetatem meam scis ? Evc. scio esse grandem, item ut pecuniam.
Me. certe edepol equidem te civem sine mala omni malitia
semper sum arbitratus et nunc arbitror. Evc. aurum huic olet.
quid nunc me vis ? Me. quoniam tu me et ego te qualis sis scio,
quae res recte vortat mihique tibique tuaeque filiae,
filiam tuam mi uxorem posco. promitte hoc fore.
Evc. heia, Megadore, hau decorum facinus tuis factis facis,

ut inopem atque innoxium aps te atque aps tuis me inrideas.
nam de te neque re neque verbis mérui uti fáceres quod facis.
Me. neque edepol ego te derisum venio neque derideo,
neque dignum arbitror. Eve. qur igitur poscis meam gnatam tibi ?
Me. ut propter me tibi sit melius mihique propter té et tuos.
Eve. venit hoc mihi, Megadore, in mentem, ted esse hominem divitem,
factiosum, mé item esse hominem pauperum pauperrumum ;
nunc si filiam locassim meam tibi, in mentem venit
te bovem esse et mé esse asellum : ubi tecum coniunctus siem,
ubi onus nequeam ferre pariter, iaceam ego asinus in luto,
tu me bos magis hau respicias gnatus quasi numquam siem.
et te utar iniquiore ét meu' me ordo inrideat,
neutrubi habeam stabile stabulum, si quid divorti fuat :
asini me mordicibus scindant, bóves incursent cornibus.
hoc magnum est periclum, ab asinis ad boves transcendere.
Me. quam ad probos propinquitate proxume te adiunxeris,
tam optumumst. tu condicionem hanc accipe, ausculta mihi,
atque eam despondé mi. Eve. at nihil est dotis quod dem. Me. ne duas.
dum modo morata recte veniat, dotata est satis.
Eve. eo dico, ne me thensauros repperisse censeas.
Me. novi, ne doceas. desponde. Eve. fiat. sed pro Iuppiter,
num ego disperii ? Me. quid tibi est ? Eve. quid crepuit quasi ferrum modo ?—
Me. hic apud me hortum confodere iussi. sed ubi hic est homo ?
abiit neque me certiorem fecit. fastidit mei,
quia videt me suam amicitiam velle : more hominum facit ;
nam si opulentus it petitum pauperioris gratiam,
pauper metuit congrediri, per metum male rem gerit.
idem, quando occasio illaec periit, post sero cupit.
Eve. si hercle ego te non clinguandam dedero usque ab radicibus,

impero auctorqué sum ut tú me quoivis torquendum loces.
Me. video hercle ego te me arbitrari, Eúclio, hominem idoneum,
quem senecta aetate ludos facias, hau merito meo.
Evc. neque edepol, Megadore, facio, neque, si cupiam, copia est.
Me. quid nunc? etiam mihi despondes filiam? Evc. illis legibus,
cum illa dote quam tibi dixi. Me. sponden ergo? Evc. spondeo.
Me. istuc di bene vortant—Evc. ita di faxint. illud facito ut memineris,
convenisse ut ne quid dotis mea ad te adferret filia.
Me. memini. Evc. at scio quo vos soleatis pacto perplexarier:
pactum non pactum est, non pactum pactum est, quod vobis lubet.
Me. nulla controvorsia mihi tecum erit. sed nuptias
num quae caussa est hodie quin faciámus? Evc. immo édepol optuma.
Me. ibo igitur, parabo. numquid me vis? Evc. istuc. í et vale.
Me. heus, Strobile, sequere propere me ad macellum strenue.—
Evc. illic hinc ábiit. di inmortales, opsecro, aurum quid valet!
credo ego illum iam indaudisse mi esse thensaurum domi.
id inhiat, ea adfinitatem hanc opstinavit gratia.

Plautus, *Aulularia* II. ii. 178–267. (Circ. 200 B. C.)

§ 6

(Cf. VIII. 14.)

Preparations for the Wedding Breakfast.

Enter Strobilus, Anthrax, and Congrio, with Dancing-girls and attendants carrying provisions.

STR. Postquam opsonavit erus et conduxit coquos tibicinasque hasce apud forum, edixit mihi
ut dispertirem opsonium hic bifariam.
Co. mequidem hercle, dicam propalam, non divides;
si quo tu totum me ire vis, operam dabo. . . .

Str. atque ego istuc, Anthrax, aliovorsum dixeram,
non istuc quod tu insimulas. sed erus nuptias
meus hodie faciet. An. quoiius ducit filiam ?
Str. vicini huius Euclionis hinc e proxumo.
ei adeo opsoni hinc iussit dimidium dari,
coquom alterum itidemque alteram tibicinam.
An. nempe huc dimidium dicis, dimidium domum ?
Str. nemp' sicut dicis. An. quid ? hic non poterat de suo
senex ópsonari filiai nuptiis ?
Str. vah ! An. quid negotist ? Str. quid negoti sit rogas ?
pumex non aeque est ardus atque hic est senex.
Ant. ain tandem ? Co. ita esse ut dicis ! Str. tute existuma :
* * * existumat
suam rem periisse seque eradicarier.
quin divom atque hominum clamat continuo fidem,
de suo tigillo fumus si qua exit foras.
quin, quom it dormitum, follem opstringit ob gulam.
An. qur ? Str. ne quid animae forte amittat dormiens.
An. etiamne opturat inferiorem gutturem,
ne quid animai forte amittat dormiens ?
Str. haec mihi te ut tibi med aequom est, credo, credere.
An. immo equidem credo. Str. át scin etiam quomodo ?
aquam hercle plorat, quom lavat, profundere.
An. censen talentum magnum exorari pote
ab istóc sene, ut det qui fiamus liberi ?
Str. famem hercle utendam si roges, numquam dabit.
quin ipsi pridem tonsor unguis dempserat :
conlegit, omnia apstulit praesegmina.
An. edepol mortalem parce parcum praedicas.
Str. censen vero adeo ess' parcum et misere vivere ?
pulmentum pridem eripuit ei milvos :
homo ad praetorem deplorabundus venit ;
infit ibi postulare plorans, eiulans,
ut sibi liceret milvom vadarier.
sescenta sunt quae memorem, si sit otium.

sed uter vostrorum est celerior ? memora mihi.
An. ego, ut múlto melior. Str. coquom ego, non furem rogo.
An. coquom ergo dico. Str. (*to Congrio*) quid tu ais ? Co. sic sum ut vides.
An. coquos ille nundinalest, in nonum diem
solet ire coctum. Co. tun, trium lítterarum homo,
me vituperas ? fur. An. etiam fur, trifurcifer.
Str. Tace nunciam tu, atque agnum hinc uter est pinguior
cape atque abi intro ad nos. An. licet.—Str. tu, Congrio,
hunc sume atque abi intro illo, et vos illum sequimini.
(*pointing to Euclio's house*)
vos ceteri ite huc ad nos. Co. hercle iniuria
dispertivisti : pinguiorem agnum isti habent.
Str. at nunc tibi dabitur pinguior tibicina.
i sane cum illo, Phrugia. tu autem, Eleusium,
huc intro abi ad nos. . . .

Enter Pythodicus from the house of Megadorus.

Py. Curate. ego intervisam quid faciant coqui ;
quos pol ut ego hodie servem cura maxuma est.
nisi unum hoc faciam, ut in puteo cenam coquant :
ind' coctam susum subducemus corbulis.
si autem deorsum comedent si quid coxerint,
superi incenati sunt et cenati inferi.
sed verba hic facio, quasi negoti nil siet,
rapacidarum ubi tantum siet in aedibus.

Evclio Congrio

Evc. Volui animum tandem confirmare hodie meum,
ut bene haberem me filiai nuptiis.
venio ad macellum, rogito piscis : indicant
caros ; agninam caram, caram bubulam,
vitulinam, cetum, porcinam : cara omnia.
atque eo fuerunt cariora, aes non erat.
abeo iratus illinc, quoniam nihil est qui emam.
ita illís inpuris omnibus adii manum.
deinde egomet mecum cogitare intervias

occepi : festo die si quid prodegeris,
profesto egere liceat, nisi peperceris.
postquam hanc rationem ventri cordique edidi,
accessit animus ad meam sententiam,
quam minimo sumptu filiam ut nuptum darem.
nunc tusculum emi et hasc' coronas floreas :
haec imponentur in foco nostro Lari,
ut fortunatas faciat gnatae nuptias.
sed quid ego apertas aedis nostras conspicor ?
et strepitust intus. numnam ego compilor miser ?
Co. aulam maiorem, si pote, ex vicinia
pete : haec est parva, capere non quit. Evc. ei mihi,
perii hercle. aúrum rapitur, aula quaeritur.
nimirum occidor, nisi ego intro huc propere propero currere.
Apollo, quaeso, subveni mi atque adiuva,
confige ságittis fures thensaurarios,
qui | in re tali iam subvenisti antidhac.
sed cesso priu' quam prosus perii currere. (*Runs into his house.*)

PLAUTUS, *Aulularia* II. iv–viii. 280–397.

§ 7

Balls and Bills.

The worries of the married man.—The ancient jest.

Megadorus, the somewhat unromantic suitor of VII. 5, here soliloquizes on the folly of marrying rich women, with their extravagant ways, congratulating himself on his wisdom in selecting the daughter of a poor man, who will moreover be absolutely dependent on him.

WHEREE'R you turn, at every door
See loads and loads of lorries, more
Than in the country bring your store
When you are there week-ending.
But that 's fine weather, that 's 'Set Fair',
When this with that and here with there
You match : for She is past compare
When really out for spending !

There goldsmith, woolner, cleaner stand,
And those who dye at her command
Flame, violet, canary, and
The crowning mercy,—mallow!
Mongers of muffs and lingerie,
Purveyors of passementerie,
The Linen-weavers' Company
Send agents cute and callow.

Shoe-manufacturers,—a rogue
For every slipper, pump, or brogue,
And cross-legg'd cobblers with their vogue
Of balsam-scented leather.
Call cleaners, wardrobe-dealers call;
Stay-makers stay, stay makers all
Of girdles shaped for stout or small.
You pack them off together;

They slink away; new hundreds call;
You 've beggars waiting in your Hall,
Weavers of fringes and fal-lal,
Or chapman with his casket.
'Come in; take that' (his cash). You think
You're rid of them, when in there slink
Fresh brewers of some saffron-stink,
Some money-tout to ask it.

PLAUTUS, *Aulularia* III. v. 505–22.

§ 8

Laudatio Turiae.

A good husband's praise of a good wife.

ABOUT[1] the year 8 B.C., not long before Ovid wrote those poems in which married life was assumed to be hardly worth living, a husband in high life at Rome lost the wife who had for forty-one years been his faithful companion in prosperity, his wise and courageous counsellor in adversity. He recorded her praises and the story of her devotion to him in a long inscription, placed, as we may suppose, on the wall of the tomb in which he laid her to rest. It is in the form of a *laudatio*,

[1] This introduction is from Dr. W. Warde Fowler's *Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero*, v. *ad fin.*

or funeral encomium ; yet we cannot feel sure that he actually delivered it as a speech, for throughout it he addresses, not an audience, but the lost wife herself, in a manner unique among such documents of the kind as have come down to us. He speaks to her as though she were still living, though passed from his sight ; and it is just this that makes it more real and more touching than any memorial of the dead that has come down to us from either Italy or Greece. . . . There is a strong probability that her name was Turia, and that he was a certain Q. Lucretius Vespillo, who served under Pompeius in Epirus in 48 B.C., whose romantic adventures in the Proscriptions of 43 B.C. are recorded by Appian (*Bell. Civ.* iv. 44), and who eventually became consul under Augustus in 19 B.C. . . . It begins when the pair were about to be married, and with a horrible family calamity, not unnatural at the moment of the outbreak of a dangerous civil war. Both Turia's parents were murdered suddenly and together at their country residence. . . . Immediately Lucretius had to leave with Pompeius's army for Epirus, and Turia was left alone, bereft of both parents, to do what she could to secure the punishment of the murderers. . . . She seems to have succeeded in tracking them and bringing them to justice : 'even if I had been there myself,' says her husband, 'I could have done no more.'

But this was by no means the only dangerous task she had to undertake in those years of civil war and insecurity. When Lucretius left her, they seem to have been staying at the villa where her parents had been murdered ; she had given him all her gold and pearls, and kept him supplied in his absence with money, provisions, and even slaves, which she tried to smuggle over sea to Epirus. And during the march of Caesar's army through Italy she seems to have been threatened, either in that villa or another, by some detachment of his troops, and to have escaped only through her own courage and the clemency of one whose name is not mentioned, but who can hardly be other than the great Julius himself, a true gentleman, whose instinct and policy alike it was throughout this civil war to be merciful to opponents.

A year later, while Lucretius was still away, yet another peril came upon her. While Caesar was operating round Dyrrachium there was a dangerous rising in Campania and Southern Italy, for which our giddy friend Caelius Rufus was chiefly responsible;

gladiators and ruffianly shepherd slaves were enlisted, and by some of these the villa where she was staying was attacked, and successfully defended by her,—so much at least it seems possible to infer from the fragment recently discovered.

One might think that Turia had already had her full share of trouble and danger, but there is much more to come. About this time she had to defend herself against another attack, not indeed on her person, but on her rights as an heiress. An attempt was made by her relations to upset her father's will, under which she and Lucretius were appointed equal inheritors of his property. The result of this would have been to make her sole heiress, leaving out her husband and her married sister; but she would have been under the legal *tutela* or guardianship of persons whose motive in attacking the will was to obtain administration of the property. No doubt they meant to administer it for their own advantage; and it was absolutely necessary that she should resist them. How she did it her husband does not tell us, but he says that the enemy retreated from his position, yielding to her firmness and perseverance. The *patrimonium* came, as her father had intended, to herself and her husband; and he dwells on the care with which they dealt with it, he exercising a *tutela* over her share, while she exercised a *custodia* over his. Very touchingly he adds, 'but of this I leave much unsaid, lest I should seem to be claiming a share in the praise that is due to you alone'.

When Lucretius returned to Italy, apparently pardoned by Caesar for the part he had taken against him, the marriage must have been consummated. Then came the murder of the Dictator, which plunged Italy once more into civil war, until in 43 Antony, Octavian, and Lepidus made their famous compact, and at once proceeded to that abominable work of proscription which made a reign of terror at Rome, and spilt much of the best Roman blood. The happiness of the pair was suddenly destroyed, for Lucretius found himself named on the fatal lists. He seems to have been in the country not far from Rome, when he received a message from his wife, telling him of impending peril that he might have to face at any moment, and warning him strongly against a certain rash course—perhaps an attempt to escape to Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, a course which cost the lives of many deluded victims. She implored him to return to their own house in Rome, where

she had devised a secure hiding-place for him. She meant no doubt to die with him there if he were discovered.

He obeyed his good genius and made for Rome, by night, it would seem, with only two faithful slaves. One of these fell lame and had to be left behind; and Lucretius, leaning on the arm of the other, approached the city gate. Suddenly they became aware of a troop of soldiers issuing from it, and Lucretius took refuge in one of the many tombs that lined the great roads outside the walls. They had not been long in this dismal hiding when they were surprised by a party of tomb-wreckers—ghouls that haunted these roads by night and lived by robbing tombs or travellers. Luckily they wanted rather to rob than to murder, and the slave gave himself up to them to be stripped, while his master, who was no doubt disguised, perhaps as a slave, contrived to slip out of their hands, and reached the City gate safely. Here he waited, as we might expect him to do, for his brave companion, and then succeeded in making his way into the City and to his house, where his wife concealed him between the roof and the ceiling of one of their bedrooms, until the storm should blow over.

But neither life nor property was safe until some pardon and restitution were obtained from one at least of the triumvirs. When at last these were conceded by Octavian, he was himself absent in the campaign that ended with Philippi, and Lepidus was consul in charge of Rome. To Lepidus Turia had to go, to beg the confirmation of Octavian's grace, and this brutal man received her with insult and injury. She fell at his feet, as her husband describes with bitter indignation, but instead of being raised and congratulated, she was hustled, beaten like a slave, and driven from his presence. But her perseverance had its ultimate reward. The clemency of Octavian prevailed on his return to Italy, and this treatment of a lady was among the many crimes that called for the eventual degradation of Lepidus.

This was the last of their perilous escapes. A long period of happy married life awaited them, more particularly after the battle of Actium, when 'peace and the republic were restored'. One thing only was wanting to complete their perfect felicity—they had no children. It was this that caused Turia to make a proposal to her husband, which, coming from a truly unselfish woman, and seen in the light of Roman ideas of married life, is far from unnatural; but to us it must seem astonishing, and it filled Lucretius with horror. She urged

that he should divorce her, and take another wife in the hope of a son and heir. If there is nothing very surprising in this from a Roman point of view, it is indeed to us both surprising and touching that she should have supported her request by a promise that she would be as much a mother to the expected children as their own mother, and would still be to Lucretius a sister, having nothing apart from him, nothing secret, and taking away with her no part of their inheritance.

To us, reading this proposal in cold blood just nineteen hundred years after it was made, it may seem foolishly impracticable; to her, whose whole life was spent in unselfish devotion to her husband's interests, whose warm love for him was always mingled with discretion, it was simply an act of *pietas*—of wifely duty. Yet he could not for a moment think so himself: his indignation at the bare idea of it lives for ever on the marble in glowing words. . . . These two, we may feel sure, were wholly worthy of each other. What she would have said of him, if he had been the first to go, we can only guess; but he has left a portrait of her, as she lived and worked in his household, which, mutilated though it is, may be inadequately paraphrased as follows:

'You were a faithful wife to me,' he says, 'and an obedient one: you were kind and gracious, sociable and friendly: you were assiduous at your spinning (*lanificia*): you followed the religious rites of your family and your state, and admitted no foreign cults or degraded magic (*superstitio*): you did not dress conspicuously, nor seek to make a display in your household arrangements. Your duty to our whole household was exemplary: you tended my mother as carefully as if she had been your own. You had innumerable other excellencies, in common with all other worthy matrons, but these I have mentioned were peculiarly yours.'

No one can study this inscription without becoming convinced that it tells an unvarnished tale of truth—that here was really a rare and precious woman; a Roman matron of the very best type, practical, judicious, courageous, simple in her habits, and courteous to all her guests. And we feel that there is one human being, and one only, of whom she is always thinking, to whom she has given her whole heart—the husband whose words and deeds show that he was wholly worthy of her.

[See also the paper by the same author in *Roman Essays and Interpretations*.]

(For the tone of the whole piece compare IX. 11.)

ORBATA es repente ante nuptiarum diem utroque parente in rustica solitudine una occisis. per te maxime, cum ego in Macedoniam abissem, vir sororis tuae, C. Cluvius in Africam provinciam, non remansit inulta mors parentum.

Tanta cum industria munere es pietatis perfuncta efflagitando, vindicando, ut, si praesto fuissemus, non amplius praestitissemus. at haec habes communia cum sanctissima femina sorore tua.

Quae dum agitabas, ex patria domo propter custodiam pudicitiae sumpto de nocentibus supplicio e vestigio te in domum materterae contulisti, ubi adventum meum expectasti.

Temptatae deinde estis, ut testamentum patris, quo nos eramus heredes, ruptum diceretur coemptione facta cum uxore: ita necessario te cum universis patris bonis in tutelam eorum, qui rem agitabant, reccidisse: sororem omnium rerum fore expertem, quod emancupata esset Cluvio. qua mente ista acceperis, qua iis praesentia animi restiteris, etsi afui, compertum habeo.

Veritate caussam communem tutata es: testamentum ruptum non esse, ut uterque potius hereditatem teneremus, quam omnia bona sola possideres, certa quidem sententia te ita patris acta defensuram, ut si non optinuisses, partituram cum sorore te adfirmares: nec sub condicionem tutelae legitumae venturam, quoius per legem in te ius non esset, neque enim familiae gens ulla probari poterat, quae te id facere cogeret. nam etsi patris testamentum ruptum esset, tamen iis qui intenderent, non esse id ius, quia gentis eiusdem non essent.

Cesserunt constantiae tuae neque amplius rem sollicitarunt: quo facto reverentiae in patrem, pietatis in sororem, fidei in nos patrocinium succeptum sola peregisti.

Rara sunt tam diuturna matrimonia finita morte, non divertio interrupta: nam contigit nobis, ut ad annum xxxxi sine offensa perduceretur. utinam vetustum ita extremam subisset

mutationem vice mea, qua iustius erat cedere fato maiorem. domestica bona pudicitiae, opsequi, comitatis, facilitatis, lanificiis tuis adsiduitatis, religionis sine superstitione, ornatus non conspiciendi, cultus modici cur memorem ? cur dicam de tuorum caritate, familiae pietate, cum aeque matrem meam ac tuos parentes colueris eandemque quietem illi quam tuis curaveris, cetera innumerabilia habueris communia cum omnibus matronis dignam famam colentibus ? propria sunt tua, quae vindico, ac quorum paucies similia inciderunt, ut talia paterentur et praestarent : quae rara ut essent, hominum fortuna cavit.

Omne tuom patrimonium acceptum ab parentibus communi diligentia conservavimus : neque enim erat adquirendi tibi cura, quod totum mihi tradidisti. officia ita partiti sumus, ut ego tutelam tuae fortunae gererem, tu meae custodiam sustineres. multa de hac parte omittam, ne tua propria mecum communicem. satis sit hoc mihi tuis de sensibus indicasse.

Liberalitatem tuam cum plurimis necessariis tum praecipue pietati praestitisti. tuorum licet cum laude item quis alias nominaverit, unam dumtaxat simillimam tui . . . habuisti sororem tuam : nam propinquas vestras dignas eiusmodi . . . officiis domibus vestris apud nos educavistis. eaedem ut condicionem dignam familiae nostrae consequi possent, dotes parastis. quas quidem a vobis constitutas communi consilio ego et C. Cluvius excepimus et probantes liberalitatem, ne vestro patrimonio vos multaretis, nostram rem familiarem subdidimus nostraque praedia in dotes dedimus. quod non venditandi nostri caussa rettuli, sed ut illa consilia vestra concepta pia liberalitate honori nos duxisse constaret exequi de nostris . . . a tua praetermittenda. . . . non minus enim tibi quam ipsi Caesari hoc debeo me patriae redditum a se, nam nisi parasses quod servaret, etiam Caesar inaniter opes suas polliceretur. ita non minus pietati tuae quam clementiae illius me debeo.

Quid ego nunc interiora nostra et recondita consilia secreto

pectoris eruam, ut repentinis nuntiis ad praesentia et immi-
nentia vitanda excitatus tuis consiliis conservatus sim? ut neque
audacia abripi me temere passus sis et modestiora cogitanti
fida receptacula pararis sociosque consiliorum tuorum ad me
servandum dederis sororem tuam et virum eius C. Cluvium,
coniuncto omnium periculo? non finiam, si attingere coner.
sat est mihi tibique salutariter me latuisse. acerbissimum
tamen invita mihi accidisse tua vice fatebor, reddito iam non
inutili cive patriae beneficio et iudicio apsentis Caesaris Augusti,
quom per te de restitutione mea M. Lepidus conlega praesens
interpellaretur et ad eius pedes prostrata humi, non modo non
adlevata, sed tracta et servilem in modum rapsata livoribus
corporis repleta firmissimo animo eum admoneres edicti Caesaris
cum gratulatione restitutionis meae auditisque verbis etiam
contumeliosis et crudelibus exceptis volneribus palam ea prae-
ferres, ut auctor meorum periculorum notesceret. quoi nocuit
mox illa res. quid hac virtute efficacius? praebere Caesari
clementiae locum et cum custodia spiritus mei notare impor-
tunam crudelitatem egregia tua patientia?

Sed quid plura? parcamus orationi, quae debet et potest
exire, ne exiliter maxima opera tractando parum digne pera-
gamus, quom pro documento meritorum tuorum oculis
omnium praeferam titulum vitae servatae.

Pacato orbe terrarum, restituta republica quieta deinde nobis
et felicia tempora contigerunt. fuerunt optati liberi, quos
aliquamdiu sors inviderat. si fortuna procedere esset passa
solemnis inserviens, quid utrique nostrum defuit? procedens
alias spem finiebat. quid agitaveris propter hoc quaeque ingredi
conata sis, fors sit an in quibusdam feminis conspicua et admira-
bilia, in te quidem minime admiranda conlata virtutibus tuis
reliquis, praetereo.

Diffidens fecunditati tuae et dolens orbitate mea, ne tenendo
in matrimonio te spem habendi liberos deponerem atque eius
caussa essem infelix, de divertio elocuta es, vacuamque domum
alterius fecunditati te traditurum, non alia mente nisi ut nota

concordia nostra tua ipsa mihi dignam condicionem quaereres pararesque, ac futuros liberos te communes proque tuis habituram adfirmares, neque patrimoni nostri, quod adhuc fuerat commune, separationem facturam, sed in eodem arbitrio meo id est, si vellem, tuo ministerio futurum: nihil seiunctum, nihil separatum te habituram, sororis socrusve officia pietatemque mihi deinceps praestituram. fatear necessest adeo me exarsisse, ut excesserim mente, adeo exhorruisse actus tuos, ut vix redderer mihi. agitari divertia inter nos ante quam fato dicta lex esset, posse te aliquid concipere mente, quare viva desineres esse mihi uxor, quom paene exule me vita fidissuma permansisses. quae tanta mihi fuerit cupiditas aut necessitas habendi liberos, ut propterea fidem exuerem, mutarem certa dubiis? sed quid plura? remansisti aput me; neque enim cedere tibi sine dedecore meo et communi infelicitate poteram. tibi vero quid memorabilius quam inserviendo mihi operam dedisse te, ut, quom ex te liberos habere non possem, per te tamen haberem et diffidentia partus tui alterius coniugio pararet fecunditatem? utinam patiente utriusque aetate procedere coniugium potuisset, donec elato me maiore, quod iustius erat, suprema mihi praestares, antea vero superstite te excederem orbitate filia mihi supstituta. praecucurristi fato, delegasti mihi luctum desiderio tui nec liberos habentem solum virum reliquisti. flectam ego quoque sensus meos ad iudicia tua, a te destinatam adoptans. omnia tua cogitata praescripta cedant laudibus tuis, ut sint mihi documento, quantopere ego desiderem, quod immortalitati ad memoriam consecratam tradidi. fructus vitae tuae non derunt mihi. occurrente fama tua firmatus animo et doctus actis tuis, resistam fortunae, quae mihi non omnia eripuit, cum laudibus crescere tui memoriam passa est. sed quod tranquilli status erat, tecum amisi, quam speculatricem et propugnatricem meorum periculorum cogitans calamitate frangor nec permanere in promisso possum.

Naturalis dolor extorquet constantiae vires: maerore mersor et quibus angor luctu taedioque in neutro mihi consto:

repetens pristinos casus meos futurosque eventus ab omni spe decido: mihi tantis talibusque praesidiis orbatus, intuens famam tuam non tam fortiter patiendo haec quam ad desiderium luctumque reservatus videor. ultumum huius orationis erit omnia meruisse te neque omnia contigisse mihi ut praestarem tibi. legem habui mandata tua: quod extra mihi liberum fuerit praestabo.

Te di manes tui ut quietam patiantur atque ita tueantur opto.

C. I. L. vi. 1527.

§ 9

Laudatio Murdiae.

MURDIAE L. F. MATRIS.

. . . sed propriis viribus adlevent cetera, quo firmiora probabilioraque sint. omnes filios aeque fecit heredes, partitione filiae data. amor maternus caritate liberum, aequalitate partium constat. viro certam pecuniam legavit, ut ius dotis honore iudici augeretur. mihi, revocata memoria patris eaque in consilium et fide sua adhibita, aestumatione facta certas res testamento praelegavit, neque ea mente, quo me fratribus meis quom eorum aliqua contumelia praeferret: sed, memor liberalitatis patris mei, reddenda mihi statuit, quae iudicio viri sui ex patrimonio meo cepisset, ut ea usu suo custodita proprietati meae restituerentur. constitit ergo in hoc sibi ipsa, ut a parentibus dignis viris data matrimonia opsequio probitate retineret, nupta meriteis gratior fieret, fide carior haberetur, iudicio ornatior relinqueretur, post decessum consensu civium laudaretur, quom discriptio partium habeat gratum fidumque animum in viros, aequalitatem in liberos, iustitiam in veritate. quibus de causeis, quom omnium bonarum feminarum simplex similisque esse laudatio soleat, quod naturalia bona propria custodia servata varietates verborum non desiderent, satisque sit eadem omnes bona fama digna fecisse, et quia adquirere novas laudes mulieri sit arduom, quom minoribus varietatibus vita iactetur, necessario communia esse colenda, ne quod

amissum ex iustis praecepteis cetera turpet. eo maiorem laudem omnium carissima mihi mater meruit, quod modestia, probitate, pudicitia, opsequio, lanificio, diligentia, fide par similisque cetereis probeis feminis fuit, neque ulli cessit virtutis laboris sapientiae periculorum praecipuam aut certe. . . . [nulli secundam memoriam sibi parans.]

C. I. L. vi. 10230.

§ 10

Epitaph—found in Rome, probably belonging to the Gracchan Period.

HOSPES, quod deico, paullum est, asta ac pellege.
heic est sepulcrum hau pulcrum pulcrai feminae :
nomen parentes nominarunt Claudiam.
suom mareitum corde deilexit souo :
gnatos duos creavit. horunc alterum
in terra linquit, alium sub terra locat.
sermone lepido, tum autem incessu commodo.
domum servavit. lanam fecit. dixi. abei.

C. I. L. vi. 15346.

VIII. MEALS

Romans—Roman writers at any rate, like our own classic letter-writers—made a speciality of invitations. In Catullus they have a graceless charm, in Horace his habitual urbanity ; in Cicero they can be as circumlocutional as Gladstone, or scintillate like Lamb or Stevenson, as the mood is on him and the correspondents change ; Pliny limps after Cicero with Horace for a crutch ; he has the lust for detail and spares no item of the menu (' Clayhanger ' or George Moore could not beat him for fidelity). See VIII. 10, cf. Horace, *Sat.* ii. 4. But on the whole this section sears the taste. Aulus Gellius states the true Roman standard. Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato the Elder the interpretation given to this by the man of culture.

But the avalanche of wealth had its usual results. Its worst products were perhaps the shabby genteel, the parvenu, and the 'smart set'. The most surprising thing is that vulgarity and ostentation seem incapable of originality. Trimalchio's pattern differs from that of Juvenal's smart set only in the comments with which the host accompanied his extravagance. And the pleasures of A. D. 100—Pugilism, Eating and Drinking, Gaming, Racing, Furniture and Picture collecting, with their inevitable results—borrowing, the broker, disgrace, and flight—are so exactly to be paralleled to-day that a modern allusion can replace every one of Juvenal's, except his cryptic reference to the Bath at the end of the Satire.

The two Plautine extracts are racy, if broad; but the troubles portrayed, based though they are on the perennial difficulties of Fraud and Knavery, find expression in ways that belong, as we may note with gratitude, to other times and manners than our own.

The pages of Pepys provide us with parallels as well as contrasts, mainly giving glimpses of a rude middle-class comfort which is equally remote from the cultured simplicity of the best Romans and the vicious refinements of their epicures. For Example:

1659. Jan. 1 (Lord's Day). This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. . . . Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand.

26th. Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner, viz. a dish of marrow bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese.

§ 1

An Invitation.

(Cf. III. 4; VIII. 3; VIII. 8; VIII. 10.)

CENABIS bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
cenam, non sine candida puella
et vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
cenabis bene : nam tui Catulli
plenus sacculus est aranearum.
sed contra accipies meros amores
seu quid suavius elegantiusve est :
nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque,
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

CATULLUS, 13. (Circ. 60 B. C.)

§ 2

Bad Table Manners.

MARRVCINE Asini, manu sinistra
non belle uteris in ioco atque vino :
tollis lintea neglegentiorum.
hoc salsum esse putas ? fugit te, inepte :
quamvis sordida res et invenusta est.
non credis mihi ? crede Pollioni
fratri, qui tua furta vel talento
mutari velit : est enim leporum
disertus puer ac facetiarum.
quare aut hendecasyllabos trecentos
exspecta, aut mihi linteum remitte,
quod me non movet aestimatione,
verum est mnemosynum mei sodalis.

nam sudaria Saetaba ex Hiberis
miserunt mihi muneri Fabullus
et Veranius : haec amem necesse est
ut Veraniolum meum et Fabullum.

CATULLUS, 12.

§ 3
Tasteful Hospitality.

SI potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis
nec modica cenare times holus omne patella,
supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.
vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa palustris
inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum.
si melius quid habes, arcesse vel imperium fer.
iamdudum splendet focus et tibi munda supellex.
mitte levis spes et certamina divitiarum
et Moschi causam : cras nato Caesare festus
dat veniam somnumque dies ; impune licebit
aestivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.
quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti ?

HORACE, *Epp.* i. 5. (Circ. 20 B.C.)

§ 4
A Vulgar Host.

VT Nasidieni iuvit te cena beati ?
nam mihi quaerenti convivam dictus here illic
de medio potare die. 'sic ut mihi numquam
in vita fuerit melius.' da, si grave non est,
quae prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.
'in primis Lucanus aper ; leni fuit Austro
captus, ut aiebat cenae pater ; acria circum
rapula, lactucae, radices, qualia lassum
pervellunt stomachum, siser, allec, faecula Coa.
his ubi sublatis puer alte cinctus acernam
gausape purpureo mensam pertersit, et alter

sublegit quodcumque iaceret inutile quodque
posset cenantis offendere ; ut Attica virgo
cum sacris Cereris procedit fuscus Hydaspes
Caecuba vina ferens, Alcon Chium maris expers.
hic erus : Albanum, Maecenas, sive Falernum
te magis appositis delectat, habemus utrumque.'
divitias miseras ! sed quis cenantibus una,
Fundani, pulchre fuerit tibi, nosse laboro.
' summus ego et prope me Viscus Thurinus et infra,
si memini, Varius ; cum Servilio Balatrone
Vibidius, quos Maecenas adduxerat umbras.
Nomentanus erat super ipsum, Porcius infra
ridiculus totas simul absorbere placentas ;
Nomentanus ad hoc, qui si quid forte lateret
indice monstraret digito : nam cetera turba,
nos, inquam, cenamus avis, conchylia, piscis,
longe dissimilem noto celantia sucum ;
ut vel continuo patuit, cum passeris atque
ingustata mihi porrexerat ilia rhombi.
post hoc me docuit melimela rubere minorem
ad lunam delecta. quid hoc intersit ab ipso
audieris melius. tum Vibidius Balatroni :
" nos nisi damnose bibimus moriemur inulti,"
et calices poscit maiores. vertere pallor
tum parochi faciem nil sic metuentis ut acris
potores, vel quod male dicunt liberius vel
fervida quod subtile exsurdant vina palatum.
invertunt Allifanis vinaria tota
Vibidius Balatroque, secutis omnibus ; imi
convivae lecti nihilum nocuere lagoenis.
adfertur squillas inter murena natantis
in patina porrecta. sub hoc erus : " haec gravida " inquit
" capta est, deterior post partum carne futura.
his mixtum ius est : oleo quod prima Venafri
pressit cella ; garo de sucis piscis Hiberi ;

vino quinquenni, verum citra mare nato,
dum coquitur (cocto Chium sic convenit, ut non
hoc magis ullum aliud) ; pipere albo, non sine aceto
quod Methymnaeam vitio mutaverit uvam.
erucas viridis, inulas ego primus amaras
monstravi incoquere, illutos Curtillus echinos,
ut melius muria quod testa marina remittat."
interea suspensa gravis aulaea ruinas
in patinam fecere, trahentia pulveris atri
quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
nos maius veriti, postquam nihil esse pericli
sensimus, erigimur. Rufus posito capite, ut si
filius immaturus obisset, flere. quis esset
finis ni sapiens sic Nomentanus amicum
tolleret " heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
te deus ? ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
humanis ! " Varius mappa compescere risum
vix poterat. Balatro suspendens omnia naso
" haec est condicio vivendi " aiebat, " eoque
responsura tuo numquam est par fama labori.
tene, ut ego accipiar laute, torquerier omni
sollicitudine districtum, ne panis adustus,
ne male conditum ius apponatur, ut omnes
praecincti recte pueri comptique ministrent !
adde hos praeterea casus, aulaea ruant si,
ut modo ; si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso.
sed convivatoris uti ducis ingenium res
adversae nudare solent, celare secundae."
Nasidienus ad haec " tibi di quaecumque preceris
commoda dent ! ita vir bonus es convivaque comis " :
et soleas poscit. tum in lecto quoque videres
stridere secreta divisos aure susurros.'
nullos his mallem ludos spectasse ; sed illa
redde age quae deinceps risisti. ' Vibidius dum
quaerit de pueris num sit quoque fracta lagoena,

quod sibi poscenti non dantur pocula, dumque
ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone secundo,
Nasidiene, redis mutatae frontis, ut arte
emendaturus fortunam : deinde secuti
mazonomo pueri magno discerpta ferentes
membra gruis sparsi sale multo, non sine farre,
pinguibus et ficis pastum iecur anseris albae,
et leporum avulsos, ut multo suavius, armos,
quam si cum lumbis quis edit ; tum pectore adusto
vidimus et merulas poni et sine clune palumbes,
suavis res, si non causas narraret earum et
naturas dominus ; quem nos sic fugimus ulti,
ut nihil omnino gustaremus, velut illis
Canidia adflasset peior serpentibus Afris.'

HORACE, *Satires* ii. 8. (Circ. 30 B.C.)

§ 5

Provincial Vulgarity apes the Coarse Profusion of the Metropolis, A.D. 60.

Trimalchio, a vulgar upstart from Asia, now resident at Cumae, gives a banquet, the aim of which is mere ostentation, to guests of whom he knows little and cares less. He never ceases bragging about himself as a self-made man, of his municipal career, of his fabulous wealth, and of his force of character. He continues his game of ball as they arrive, and continues his game of backgammon as dinner begins, with scant apology.

AT last we sat down, and Alexandrian waiters poured iced water over our hands, while another troupe followed, and, kneeling at our feet, proceeded to pare our nails in the best style. They couldn't keep quiet even over this unsavoury job, but kept singing as they worked. Wondering if all the servants sang, I asked for a drink. A smart butler took my order in the same damned sing-song ; and they all did the same when asked to pass anything. It was more like a ballet dance than a gentleman's dining-room. But then some priceless *hors d'œuvres* were brought on, for we were all seated except our host Trimalchio, whose place at the head of the table was kept for him in the

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new style. On the entrée stand was a bronze ass with two panniers of olives, one white and the other black. Two dishes were suspended over the ass, with Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver engraved on the edges; and little bridges were soldered on, holding dormice rolled in honey and sprinkled with poppy seed. There was a silver grill with hot sausages on it, and under it damsons and pomegranate seeds.

These delicacies were engaging our attention, when Trimalchio rode in to the accompaniment of music, reclining on a lot of tiny cushions. We stifled our laughter, for we were taken by surprise. He was dressed in a scarlet cloak, and his bald head just popped over it; round his neck, which was wrapped in heavy scarves, he had a napkin with a broad purple stripe and fringes all round it. On the little finger of his left hand he had a huge gilt ring, and on the top joint of his next finger a smaller one which seemed real gold, but closer inspection proved it to be set round with metal foil cut into stars. Not content with this ostentation, he had a bright gold bracelet on his bare arm and an ivory bangle with a metal clasp. Picking his teeth with a silver quill, he remarked, 'I didn't like to keep you hanging about any longer without me, gentlemen, and, though I didn't fancy coming to dinner yet, I have sacrificed my own amusement. Pardon me if I finish my game.' There was a valet following him with a backgammon board of terebinth and crystal pieces; and—such a pretty idea—for black and white counters he had gold and silver coins. So he played away, practising his vocabulary to himself; we were still occupied with the *hors d'œuvres*, when a basket was brought in on a tray with a wooden hen in it, spreading her wings as they do when they are sitting. Loud music! Two servants came up and began scratching about in the straw. Then they pulled out peahen's eggs and passed them round to the guests. Trimalchio deigned a glance for this turn, and observed, 'My idea, gentlemen, to have peahen's eggs hatched by a barndoor fowl. Damme, I'm afraid they're addled; let 's see if we can still suck them. We took our spoons (weighing at least half a pound) and thumped the eggs (which were lumps of rich meal); I was just going to throw mine away, fearing it had got a chicken in it already. But I heard a guest, an old hand, observe, 'There 's some treat here, I know!' So I pushed through the shell with my finger, and found a fat fig-pecker rolled up in spiced yoke of egg. Trimalchio now broke off his

game, and asked for all the same dishes, shouting out that we were all free to take another glass of punch if we liked. Music again, and at the sign another troupe of ballet dancers swept off the first course. In the excitement an entree dish was dropped, and a waiter picked it up. Trimalchio saw him, ordered him to have his ears boxed, and made him throw it down again. A groom now came in, and began to sweep out with a broom the crumbs and bits, with the silver among them! Then two curly-headed niggers appeared carrying little wine-skins, like those the attendants use to scatter sand from in the amphitheatre, and gave us wine to wash our hands in. There was no water offered.

In answer to our compliments on his refinement, our host replied: 'God helps those that help themselves. So I ordered separate tables for every one. These stinking servants will not make us so hot then either, pushing round us.'

Some bottles, carefully corked and sealed, were then brought in. There were labels tied on their necks with the legend, 'fine old Port, 100 years in bottle'. As we were studying the labels, Trimalchio snapped his fingers and cried, 'Oh my, poor man can't last as long as wine. So come on, wet your whistles! Wine is life. Real old Port this. What I put on yesterday was not so good, and I had some real gentlemen to dinner.' While we were drinking and admiring the details of his refinement and hospitality, a servant brought in a silver skeleton, fitted to move its limbs and spine in any direction. He danced it on the table once or twice, its suppleness showing many postures, while Trimalchio quoted aptly:

> Alas, poor puppets, ah, poor men of clay!
> Thus shall we all be soon when dawns the day
> When we are swept to the relentless Grave.
> So let us live, and, while we can, be gay!

We complimented him on this effort, and a new dish came in. It was not so large as we expected, but its novelty made us stare. On a round plate were the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and on each the architect had laid some food appropriate to the symbol: over the Ram ram's-head pease, a slice of beef on the Bull, over the Twins a pair of kidneys, a crown on the Crab, an African fig on the Lion, a barren sow's paunch over Virgo, on Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one dish and a bun on the other, over Scorpio a little fish, a bull's eye over Sagit-

tarius, a lobster over Capricornus, over Aquarius a goose, and two mullets over Pisces. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a piece of green turf. An Egyptian waiter took bread round in a silver chafing-dish, while Trimalchio in his own damnable voice coughed up a tune from the latest musical comedy, 'Gummy'. This cast a gloom over the meal, when Trimalchio said, 'I vote for dinner: that 's the sauce!' And as he spoke, four dancers stepping in time ran up and removed the dish-cover. Whereupon we saw disclosed fat capons and sow's paunches, with a hare in the middle tricked up with feathers to resemble Pegasus. We saw four figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish, who poured spiced sauce out of their wine-skins over the fish that swam about in a sort of ornamental lake. The attendants started clapping, so we took it up, and roaring with laughter set upon these delicacies. Trimalchio was equally delighted with the scheme, and said, 'Now, Carver'. The dissecting artist at once appeared, and, swishing his knife in time with the music, soon tore the dish in pieces; he looked like a fencer fighting to the accompaniment of a steam-organ. Trimalchio kept up his turn *sotto voce*, 'Oh, Carve 'er, Carver!' I thought this frequent repetition must have something to do with a joke, and I summoned up courage to ask my neighbour. He, familiar with these performances, replied, 'That chap cutting up the courses, his name is Carver. So he 's only got to call him to give him his orders!'

There follows a description of Fortunata, Trimalchio's henpecking wife—'est sicca, sobria, bonorum consiliorum, est tamen malae linguae, pica pulvinaris'. She is an upstart like her husband, who nevertheless during a family quarrel at the end of the banquet jeers at her as a chorus-girl whom he bought off a public platform. Now she counts her money by the sack ('nummos modio metitur') and keeps a sharp eye on the estate, slaves and all. During dinner she carefully refrains from drinking wine until she has collected the silver and given the slaves their share of the remnants of the meal. Trimalchio demands more wine for all ('pisces natare oportet') and is giving a vapid dissertation on astrology when a course of wild boar is served in a mimic hunting scene. The boar is stuffed with live thrushes, and when its side is pierced with the hunting-knife, they fly round the room till caught in nets by fowlers. After applause Trimalchio leaves the dining-room, and the guests converse more freely (see VIII. 7). *He returns shortly, and gives a detailed account of his indigestion, and begs his guests*

not to mind dosing themselves at once if they wish. They realize that the meal is only half done when three white pigs are brought in for the guests' selection. Trimalchio himself decides, and sends the cook back to the kitchen with the chosen pig. It is returned cooked in record time, wonderfully stuffed with black puddings, and the cook is rewarded with a silver crown. After a dissertation on Corinthian plate, Trimalchio shouts 'aquam foras, vinum intro!' and drinking heavily, becomes more and more excited, and tries to induce his wife to dance the latest Oriental dance, when he is interrupted by a clerk who comes to read aloud the daily paper dealing with the affairs of the estate.

After a time acrobats came in. A boring clown stood in the middle with a ladder and made a boy dance up it and on the top rung to the accompaniment of the latest tunes. He then made him jump through hoops of fire and pick up a bottle with his teeth. Trimalchio was the only one to admire the show, remarking that it was a thankless profession. He added that there were only two things on earth that gave him any pleasure to look at, acrobats and brass bands; and that all other performances were sheer rot. 'I once bought up a Greek comedy company; but I preferred them to act Latin plays, and I made my flute-player have Latin songs.'

Trimalchio's dissertation on poetry, comparing Cicero with Publilius Syrus, is of a piece with this. Variety is added to the feast by exciting incidents, such as a dog-fight and heated personalities between the polite young gentlemen who are the heroes of the story and some of Trimalchio's nouveau-riche *friends. These word-battles are silenced by the sudden descent from the ceiling of a hoop, hung with crowns and bottles of scent, presents for the guests. More courses follow, the final one being thrushes made of flour, stuffed with raisins and nuts, and a goose made of pork, surrounded with fish. Trimalchio then describes the tomb he will have. Finally, the guests repair to the bath, and Fortunata sets out her jewellery for the guests to view. There follows a furious quarrel between her and Trimalchio, in which she calls him a dirty hound, and he throws a goblet in her face and heaps abuse upon her, mingled with self-praise and self-pity. Finally he rehearses his own funeral.*

Without delay Stichus brought in a sheet and a cloak. Trimalchio asked us to feel the quality of the wool. Then with a smile he said, 'Mind the mice and moth don't get at them, Stichus. I'll burn you alive if they do. My funeral

procession must be magnificent and draw the blessing of the crowd upon me.' He immediately opened a bottle of spikenard, and anointed us all, saying, 'I hope I shall like this as much when I'm dead.' Then he had wine poured into a jar and said, 'Now imagine yourselves invited to my funeral!' It was perfectly loathsome. Trimalchio was now filthily drunk, and had a new troupe of trumpeters brought into the dining-room. He propped himself on a pile of cushions and stretched himself on his death-bed, saying, 'Imagine that I am dead: play a pretty bit!' The trumpets crashed out in a funereal strain. One man in particular (the slave of the undertaker who was the most decent man present) blew so lustily that the whole neighbourhood was aroused. The fire-brigade, who were on duty in the streets near by, thought Trimalchio's house was on fire, and suddenly breaking down the door added their share to the din by laying about them right zealously with axes and water. We seized the lucky moment, gave Agamemnon the slip, and ran as hard as if there had been a fire indeed.

PETRONIUS, *Satyricon*, cc. 31 sqq.

§ 6

The Smart Set, A.D. 100.

A COSTLY dinner rates you chic or mad
According to your means. What sillier fad
Than, rich, to ape the pauper? Every Club,
Each Theatre, Lounge, At-home,—nay, every Pub
Condemns the waster, who, though young and tough
And to wear khaki hot-blooded enough,
Without compulsion, none prohibiting,
Signs on, and swears allegiance to—the Ring!
Many you 'll see their duns, so oft their mock,
Waiting just at the entrance to the Troc!
Their appetite's their only cause for life;
Doom'd wretches ply a more exotic knife
And better fork, the nearer gapes their fall!
To gratify their tastes they ransack all,
Price never blocking Fancy; look more near,—
They like a thing the better the more dear.
And so 'tis easy to find sums to waste
By selling pictures, pawning gems for paste;

With a fortune season gorge-ous earthenware,
Training for Trainer's omnium-gatherum fare!
  The question is 'Who is he?' The same spread
In A is waste, is praiseworthy in Z,
Whose millions give it credit. I am right
In scorning one who knows the greater height
Of Alps than any hill in England, yet
'Twixt empty purse and strong-box would forget
The difference. From Heaven came 'Know your powers!'
A thought to plant, a book to thumb for hours,
Whether your aim be marriage or a seat
In Parliament's High Court. It is not meet
Sir Kay should draw the brand Excalibur!
A doubtful case, great risk, Sir Barrister,
You would defend. Who are you? Pray, take thought!
A Burke in being, or an Ass in Court?
His measurement a man must know and try
In small and great things, even if fish he buy;
Don't covet mullet when you've in your purse
The price of bream. If appetite grow worse
With failing funds, what end awaits the skunk
With all his lands and patrimony sunk
To feed a belly wide enough to hold
A power of interest, flocks, land and gold!
Last thing to leave such lords is Knighthood's badge;
Stript to the fingers then they needs must cadge.
No early death, no premature decay
For Waste; but Age more dread than Judgement-day.
Here 's the Rake's Progress! Borrowed Cash, soon spent
Before its owner's face. Of what was lent
When scarce a quid survives, and Shylock's faint,
Express to Monte Carlo, fresh as paint!
For now to shut up shop's as hard to bear
As leaving hot Cornhill for Berkeley Square
This is the exile's only sorrow, this
His grief, that once the Championship he 'll miss.
No blood in his cheek for blushes; few delay
Poor Honour when from Town she 's laughed away.
  Friend, you shall try to-day if my example
In life, acts, character is true to sample;
If I praise beans though lapp'd in luxury,
Call loud for brose, but whisper furmity:

Accept my invitation, you shall find
Yourself a hero and your host a kind
And simple soul, who, while his meal he shares,
Is entertaining Angels unawares.
Now hear the menu :—meat not marketed,
The fattest kid my country farm has bred,
The whole flock's tenderest, still untaught to browse,
That has not dared to crop low willow boughs,
Fuller of milk than blood, and parsley green
My bailiff's wife left her distaff to glean.
And giant eggs, each with its mother hen,
And warm in wisp of hay, are here, and then
Grapes in their natural state some months preserved,
And Worcester Permains in one basket served
With pippins fine as Newtowns, fresh and sweet ;
You need not fear them ; all their dangerous heat
And acid juices cold has frozen out.
This meal would once have made our Fathers doubt ;
For Generals then would pluck from cabbage-patch
The wretched greens they 'd cook on fire to match ;
Scoff now of dirty ditchers heap'd with chains,
Dreaming of Lockhart's and the taste of brains !
A side of ham 'twas once our English way
To hang from rafters 'gainst a holiday ;
On birthday bacon feast the family,
With fresh meat but by Parson's charity.
Yet one who 'd been three times a magistrate,
Held high command in Army or in State,
His hill-farm lick'd to shape, should'ring his spade,
With more than usual haste his way there made !
Once Law was terrible and Justice stern ;
Once we saw Puritans or Martyrs burn ;
Each was his brother's keeper ; no man thought
In jest or earnest from what seas were brought
The finest quality of tortoiseshell,
Were chairs of Norman make or Clerkenwell.
Seats narrow, without arms, with iron head,
Showed Bottom like an ass and garlanded,
Whereon would romp a merry country brood ;
Such were our houses, furniture and food.
Then quite unschooled, and no Art-connoisseur,
In captured towns the commonest soldier,

However great the artist or his toil,
Would break the cup he found among the spoil
To make the boss to be his charger's pride,
Or graven casque, whereon, before he died,
His foe might see the Lion-heart made tame
By thinking on his Kingdom's fame and shame ;
Black Prince and Edward on the hillside near ;
The poise and onset both with shield and spear
Of godlike Knight in naked likeness shown ;
For silver glittered on their arms alone ;
They served their porridge then in earthenware.
A world to envy, if you 've bile to spare !
In Churches then God's presence was more near ;
His word at dead of night in Town you 'd hear,
Himself His Prophet when the Northman made
His way from Baltic shores to burn and raid :
So has He warned us, such the kindness shown
When Saints were earthenware and gilt unknown !
Those days saw tables made of native oak
Home-built ; and if by chance the East wind broke
A hoary walnut-tree, we used its wood
For this ; but now your rich man's meal 's no good,
Turbot and venison tasteless, in his nose
Stinking the perfumes, savourless the rose,
Save solid ivory supports his board,
And gaping lions rampant giant-jawed
Fashion'd from tusks Nile-borne from Assouan,
Sent by fleet Moor or Swarthier Indian,
Or drop't by Jungle-beast, when overgrown
They irk'd his head. With such desires he 's flown ;
This fires his craving ; in his eyes as meet
Are iron rings as silver table-feet.
Therefore I shun the stuck-up guest who points
Comparisons, and scoffs at humble joints.
I've not an ounce of ivory : dice or chess,
No piece is made of that stuff, I confess.
The very handles of my knives are bone ;
Still for all that my fish I've never known
Go bad, or found the chicken cut less tender.
True, I've no carver to whom all must surrender,
Trained at the Guildhall School of Carving, where
Wild-boar and antelope and succulent hare

Crimean pheasant, Brobdignagian duck,
And one-horned goat exported from Kalmuck,
A dummy knife carves with such skilful swish
That Guildhall rings ; a model every dish !
A slice of venison or guinea-fowl
My fellow cannot steal, for he 's an owl,
No adept thief except of crumbs of cake.
Quite common glass bought cheap your thirst will slake
Fill'd by a country wench in homespun clad,
Not French or Chinese or some Negro-lad.
My servants all wear homespun, hair cropp'd straight
And comb'd the day alone when they've to wait.
That one's a shepherd's son, a cowherd's this ;
His mother long not seen, he'll sigh, and miss
His cottage home, the kids that to him ran,
Gentle of face, in honour gentleman !
Such as they well might be in purple dress'd.
Cider he'll pour on those same hillsides press'd
From which he comes, the scene of many a game ;
For drink and boy 've one country and the same.
  Wealth is its own excuse ! For middle-class
Gambling and fornication will not pass ;
Which sort of vices when the rich pursue,
They're called ' choice spirits ' and ' the chosen few ' !
My banquet will provide a different treat,—
Sweet Shakespeare's songs and Milton's, that compete
In their deep-chested music for the prize.
What matters voice that to such verse allies ?
  So put away your worries, brush aside
All business, and yourself sweet rest provide.
When had you last a whole day's holiday ?
No word of stocks ; and if your wife 's away
From dawn to night, let her not raise a frown ;
Shake off before my door your dolours ; down
With house and servants, all they lose and break ;
Down with ungrateful friends for Friendship's sake !
  Meanwhile we celebrate the annual sights :
Worship the Holy Napkin—Roman rites !—
Or like a captive in a triumph led
The Premier leads the horse in he has bred !
And in the Grand Stand—if I am allowed
To say so by the huge, the record crowd—

Is all Society ; a deafening roar
Tells me the colours that the winner wore.
For were he beaten, then you would behold
Gloom and Dejection over England roll'd
As in the dust of desperate defeat.
Let young men watch, for whom it is a treat
To shout and bet, and so bring off a coup
Or at some Beauty's feet to see it through !
A spring sun-bath for my poor wrinkled skin,
And no dress-clothes. For here you may jump in,
And save your face—and bath—a solid hour
Early ; but five days running you've no power !
By such a life you'd soon be richly cloy'd ;
Pleasures are rarer the less oft enjoy'd !

JUVENAL, *Satires* xi. Modernized.

§ 7

The Other Side of the Picture of Extravagance and Vice.

One of Trimalchio's guests, Ganymede, a sharp Asiatic adventurer, attacks with bitter satire the folly and vice of a southern country town. Certainly it was a Greek town, and a coast town, both types notorious for an unhealthy life even in early Roman history. But this hideous imitation of the sins of the great Metropolis is one of the most disquieting things in the life of the early Empire, and particularly in Nero's reign. No Roman writer perhaps has put with such full sympathy the point of view of the poor as Petronius. There are flashes of insight in Horace and Juvenal, but they show intellectual analysis rather than sympathetic understanding. Burns might have written this.

HAEC Phileros dixit, illa Ganymedes : ' Narratis quod nec ad caelum nec ad terram pertinet, cum interim nemo curat quid annona mordet. non mehercules hodie buccam panis invenire potui. et quomodo siccitas perseverat ! iam annum esuritio fuit. aediles male eveniat, qui cum pistoribus colludunt " serva me, servabo te ". itaque populus minutus laborat ; nam isti maiores maxillae semper Saturnalia agunt. o si haberemus illos leones quos ego hic inveni, cum primum ex Asia veni ! illud erat vivere. simila si siligine inferior esset,

larvas sic istos percolopabant ut illis Iupiter iratus esset. memini Safinium: tunc habitabat ad arcum veterem, me puero, piper, non homo. is quacunque ibat, terram adurebat. sed rectus, sed certus, amicus amico, cum quo audacter posses in tenebris micare. in curia autem quomodo singulos pilabat! nec schemas loquebatur, sed derectum. cum ageret porro in foro, sic illius vox crescebat tanquam tuba. nec sudavit unquam nec exspuit, puto eum nescio quid Asiadis habuisse. et quam benignus resalutare, nomina omnium reddere, tanquam unus de nobis. itaque illo tempore annona pro luto erat. asse panem quem emisses, non potuisses cum altera devorare. nunc oculum bublum vidi maiorem. heu heu, quotidie peius! haec colonia retroversus crescit tanquam cauda vituli. sed quare nos habemus aedilem trium cauniarum, qui sibi mavult assem quam vitam nostram? itaque domi gaudet, plus in die nummorum accipit, quam alter patrimonium habet. iam scio unde acceperit denarios mille aureos. sed si nos nervos haberemus, non tantum sibi placeret. nunc populus est domi leones, foras vulpes. quod ad me attinet, iam pannos meos comedi, et si perseverat haec annona, casulas meas vendam. quid enim futurum est, si nec dii nec homines huius coloniae miserentur? ita meos fruniscar, ut ego puto omnia illa a diibus fieri. nemo enim caelum caelum putat, nemo ieiunium servat, nemo Iovem pili facit, sed omnes opertis oculis bona sua computant. Antea stolatae ibant nudis pedibus in clivum, passis capillis, mentibus puris, et Iovem aquam exorabant. itaque statim urceatim plovebat: aut tunc aut nunquam: et omnes redibant udi tanquam mures. itaque dii pedes lanatos habent, quia nos religiosi non sumus. agri iacent—'

'Oro te' inquit Echion centonarius, 'melius loquere! "modo sic, modo sic" inquit rusticus; varium porcum perdiderat. quod hodie non est, cras erit: sic vita truditur.'

PETRONIUS, *Satyricon* 44. (A. D. 60.)

§ 8

An Invitation.

To Maecenas.

DEAR Knight and Patron, you will share
In homely cup no vintage rare,
Yet stored by me and seal'd in ware
Athenian,

When all the Theatre cheer'd you so
Your native river banks did throw
Your praise in sport to re-echo
From Vatican.

No Formian hills these cups of mine
Mellow, and no Falernian wine
You'll drink, but press'd from Calean vine
Or Caecuban.

Horace, *Odes* i. 20.

§ 9

'The Leather Bottel'.

O BORN with me in Cecil's year,
Master of flout and jibe and jeer,
Of love-madness, and love-quarrel,
And light-won sleep, my dear Bottel.

However named choice wine you hoard,
And should be broached for festal board;
Yet stoop, since our philosopher
Bids bring forth wine that 's mellower.

Though steep'd in philosophic stuff,
To slight you he 's not boor enough;
They say the most old-fashion'd saint
With fire of wine was oft acquaint.

The hardest nut is yours to crack,
And stubborn wits you gently rack,
The secrets of the sage disclose,
And cure with wine and wit his woes.

You bring back hope in suffering ;
And give the poor man strength and sting ;
You touch his lips, he bows not down
To soldier's steel or tyrant's frown.

Divine you've love aflame, if ever,
And all the Graces slow to sever,
As living lamps to light you on
Till stars are routed by the sun.

HORACE, *Odes* iii. 21. (Circ. 21 B. C.)

§ 10

A Playful letter to Septicius, who promised to come to dine with Pliny and broke his word.

C. PLINIVS SEPTICIO CLARO SVO S.

HEVS tu promittis ad cenam nec venis ! dicetur ius : ad assem inpendium reddes, nec id modicum. paratae erant lactucae singulae, cochleae ternae, ova bina, alica cum mulso et nive (nam hanc quoque computabis, immo hanc in primis, quae periit in ferculo), olivae, betacei, cucurbitae, bulbi, alia mille non minus lauta. audisses comoedos vel lectorem vel lyristen vel, quae mea liberalitas, omnes. at tu apud nescio quem ostrea, vulvas, echinos, Gaditanas maluisti. dabis poenas, non dico quas. dure fecisti : invidisti, nescio an tibi, certe mihi, sed tamen et tibi. quantum nos lusissemus, risissemus, studuissemus ! potes apparatius cenare apud multos, nusquam hilarius simplicius incautius. in summa, experire, et nisi postea te aliis potius excusaveris, mihi semper excusa. vale.

PLINY, *Epp.* i. 15. (A. D. 97.)

§ 11

An account of a shabby genteel host, proving that the old Roman idea of genuine, simple hospitality never quite died out.

C. PLINIVS AVITO SVO S.

LONGVM est altius repetere, nec refert quemadmodum acciderit ut homo minime familiaris cenarem apud quendam, ut sibi videbatur, lautum et diligentem, ut mihi, sordidum

simul et sumptuosum. nam sibi et paucis opima quaedam, ceteris vilia et minuta ponebat. vinum etiam parvulis lagunculis in tria genera discripserat, non ut potestas eligendi, sed ne ius esset recusandi, aliud sibi et nobis, aliud minoribus amicis (nam gradatim amicos habet), aliud suis nostrisque libertis. animadvertit qui mihi proximus recumbebat et an probarem interrogavit. negavi. 'tu ergo' inquit 'quam consuetudinem sequeris?' 'eadem omnibus pono: ad cenam enim, non ad notam invito cunctisque rebus exaequo quos mensa et toro aequavi.' 'etiamne libertos?' 'etiam: convictores enim tunc, non libertos puto.' et ille 'magno tibi constat?' 'minime.' 'qui fieri potest?' 'quia scilicet liberti mei non idem quod ego bibunt, sed idem ego quod liberti.' et hercule si gulae temperes, non est onerosum quo utaris ipse communicare cum pluribus. illa ergo reprimenda, illa quasi in ordinem redigenda est, si sumptibus parcas, quibus aliquanto rectius tua continentia quam aliena contumelia consulas. quorsus haec? ne tibi, optimae indolis iuveni, quorundam in mensa luxuria specie frugalitatis imponat. convenit autem amori in te meo, quotiens tale aliquid inciderit, sub exemplo praemonere quid debeas fugere. igitur memento nihil magis esse vitandum quam istam luxuriae et sordium novam societatem; quae cum sint turpissima discreta ac separata, turpius iunguntur. vale.

PLINY, *Epp.* ii. 6. (A.D. 100.)

§ 12

The Feast of Wit.

A cultured Roman's ideal of good entertainment.

CATO MAIOR *loquitur* (*circ.* 150 B.C.).

WE need not extend the argument from Pleasure. It is no disparagement of old age, nay, it is its chief glory, that it knows no extravagant yearning after pleasure. If it knows no feasting and groaning boards and carouses, it knows also no drunkenness, no dyspepsia nor sleeplessness. Still, if we must reckon with pleasure, its charms being wellnigh irresistible (that is an inspired metaphor which Plato applies to pleasure,

'the bait of Sin'), there certainly is a pleasure in moderate conviviality which old age may enjoy, even if it is debarred from licentious extremes. In my boyhood I remember often seeing Duellius, Caius son of Marcus, the first admiral to beat the Carthaginians, coming home from supper. He was an old man then, and he found his chief pleasure in an abundance of candles and a musician. This unprecedented extravagance, to which he took on his retirement, his reputation might justify. But my own experience is enough, without drawing on other. Sociability has always been what I valued most. It was during my service at the Board of Works that Clubs were founded, on the day when Our Lady of Ida was added to the Calendar of Saints. I entered into our banquets with all the ardour of youth, though I never in any respect was guilty of excess. As the years go by our tone grows quieter every day. And it has always been my way to measure the enjoyment of banquets as much by sociability and the delights of conversation as by its physical attractions. In this matter the old Romans have shown a nicer sense than the Greeks: 'conviviality' implying companionship, life in common, was their word for a friendly dinner-party; the Greek 'symposium' implies a drinking bout, and their other word for 'banquet' eating in common, both of which lay emphasis on the least important aspect of the matter.

Yes, I have to thank my love of conversation for the pleasure I get even from banquets that begin early. I am not dependent on contemporaries only, few of whom are left. I can enjoy myself with you and your generation just as much; and I feel deep gratitude to my grey hairs, for with them has come more love of talk and less of drink and food. But I will not quarrel utterly with Pleasure: I suppose some people do get their pleasure from food and drink, and pleasure is a natural impulse; and I cannot see that a man must be dead to the pleasures of the table just because he is old. Still, I love the good old-fashioned toasts and speeches; the discussions introduced by the Head of the Table over the wine; the delicate liqueur-glasses mentioned in Xenophon's *Symposium*; iced wine in summer; the summer sunshine too, and a jolly fire in winter no less. These pleasures I regularly seek at Tusculum, and every day I fill my table with my neighbours; and we protract our meal talking far on into the night on every possible subject.

CICERO, *de Senectute* 44–6. (44 B. C.)

§ 13

The Frugality of the Good Old Times.

(Cf. VIII. 16.)

PARSIMONIA apud veteres Romanos et victus atque cenarum tenuitas non domestica solum observatione ac disciplina, sed publica quoque animadversione legumque complurium sanctionibus custodita est. legi adeo nuper in Capitonis Atei coniectaneis senatus decretum vetus, C. Fannio et M. Valerio Messalla consulibus factum, in quo iubentur principes civitatis, qui ludis Megalensibus antiquo ritu 'mutitarent', id est mutua inter sese dominia agitarent, iurare apud consules verbis conceptis non amplius in singulas cenas sumptus esse facturos, quam centenos vicenosque aeris, praeter olus et far et vinum, neque vino alienigena sed patriae usuros, neque argenti in convivio plus pondo quam libras centum inlaturos.

Sed post id senatus consultum lex Fannia lata est, quae ludis Romanis, item ludis plebeis et Saturnalibus et aliis quibusdam diebus in singulos dies centenos aeris insumi concessit decemque aliis diebus in singulis mensibus tricenos, ceteris autem diebus omnibus denos. hanc Lucilius poeta legem significat, cum dicit :

Fanni centussis misellus.

in quo erraverunt quidam commentariorum in Lucilium scriptores, quod putaverunt Fannia lege perpetuos in omne dierum genus centenos aeris statutos. centum enim aeris Fannius constituit, sicuti supra dixi, festis quibusdam diebus eosque ipsos dies nominavit, aliorum autem dierum omnium in singulos dies sumptum inclusit intra aeris alias tricenos, alias denos.

Lex deinde Licinia rogata est, quae cum certis diebus, sicuti Fannia, centenos aeris impendi permisisset, nuptis ducenos indulsit ceterisque diebus statuit aeris tricenos ; cum et carnis autem et salsamenti certa pondera in singulos dies constituisset,

quidquid tamen esset e terra, vite, arbore, promisce atque indefinite largita est. huius legis Laevius poeta meminit in Erotopaegniis. verba Laevii haec sunt, quibus significat haedum, qui ad epulas fuerat adlatus, dimissum cenamque, ita ut lex Licinia sanxisset, pomis oleribusque instructam :

Lex Licinia (inquit) introducitur :
lux liquida haedo redditur.

Lucilius quoque legis istius meminit in his verbis :

Legem vitemus Licini.

postea L. Sulla dictator, cum, legibus istis situ atque senio obliteratis, plerique in patrimoniis amplis elluarentur et familiam pecuniamque suam cenarum prandiorumque gurgitibus proluissent, legem ad populum tulit, qua cautum est, ut Kalendis, Idibus, Nonis diebusque ludorum et feriis quibusdam sollemnibus sestertios tricentenos in cenam insumere ius potestasque esset, ceteris autem diebus omnibus non amplius tricenos.

Praeter has leges Aemiliam quoque legem invenimus, qua lege non sumptus cenarum, sed ciborum genus et modus praefinitus est.

Lex deinde Antia praeter sumptum aeris id etiam sanxit, ut, qui magistratus esset magistratumve capturus esset, ne quo ad cenam, nisi ad certas personas, iret.

Postrema lex Iulia ad populum pervenit, Caesare Augusto imperante, qua profestis quidem diebus ducenti finiuntur, Kalendis, Idibus, Nonis, et aliis quibusdam festis trecenti, nuptiis autem et repotiis sestertii mille.

Esse etiam dicit Capito Ateius edictum, divine Augusti an Tiberii Caesaris non satis commemini, quo edicto per dierum varias sollemnitates a trecentis sestertiis adusque duo sestertia sumptus cenarum propagatus est, ut his saltem finibus luxuriae effervescentis aestus coerceretur.

Aulus Gellius, ii. 24. (A.D. 160.)

§ 14

Servant Troubles—The Hired Chef.

(Cf. VII. 6.)

Enter Ballio and Chef.

Ballio. He calls it wrong who calls it mart for cooks ;
A Thieves' kitchen ; for hire not cooks but crooks !
For if I 'd sworn to find a bigger knave,
I could not hire a braver than this ' brave ',
A babbling, boastful, boorish good-for-naught !
This is why Death refused to have him brought,
And left him here to cook the dead men's cheese ;
For he alone can cook there what they please.
Chef. If what they say is your opinion,
What made you hire me ?
B. Dearth : there was but one !
But why did you sit there, if you're a cook,
Alone of all the lot ?
C. I'll tell you. Look !
The master-cook's been made less masterly
By human greed, not genius.
B. How ?
C. You 'll see !
Directly men would hire a cook, 'tis clearest
They never want the man who 's best and dearest ;
The very cheapest rather they engage ;
That is the reason why I held the stage.
Those beasts were shillingers, but as for me
No man can make me budge for less than three.
I'm not like many a cook, when food I flavour,
Who piles the plates with mustard-fields for savour,
Banquets—the beef ! his craving never curbs
But seasons herbs with herbs, and herbs with herbs !
Shreds garlic, fennel, leeks and corianders,
Beet, sorrel, broccoli and broad-beans squanders,
Dilutes with silphium a pound in weight,
Grates onions vile that th' eyes of those who grate
Turn ere they've grated tear-distilleries.
When such men cook or sauce their cookeries,

They season not with any seasoning,
But rather with blood-suckers blood-sucking!
Of living guests the intestines to devour;
(That 's why man's life is only for an hour!)
These horrid herbs they do for their undoing;
Rueful to tell, not only in the chewing,
These herbs ' whereof the ewe not bites ' bite men!
B. And you? The sauce you use is godlike then;
By which the life of man you can prolong?
What makes you say their seasoning is wrong?
C. Two hundred years their life (no need to quibble!)
Who nutriment that I have season'd nibble.
For when I've shredded in some pickleoni,
Some sauci-fly mosquito whacceroni,
All of themselves at once they're piping hot!
For Sea-sons you must season thus the pot.
Land-sharks with castor-oil I castigate
Or paregoric-oil in sublimate.
B. The Devil take you and your sauceries,
And all your damnable mendacities!
C. Please let me speak.
B. Speak, and be off to hell!
C. When all pots blaze, I lift the lids; the smell
Gives feet the go-by and goes up to heaven.
B. A smell gives feet . . . !
C. I missed the evil leaven.
B. What?
C. ' Hands the go-by ' read when I said feet.
That smell is God Almighty's daily treat!
B. Then if you don't go out, what pray 's his dinner?
C. He goes to bed undined.
B. To hell, you sinner!
Was it for this your fee to-day you took?
C. Of course I own I am a costly Cook;
But in return I make my pains appear
Wherever I am hired . . .
B. To commandeer!
C. D' you think to find a Cook with scales and balance
Who has not, sharp as hawk or eagle, talents?
B. D' you think to go and cook at any house
Unless you sheathe your talons and cook . . . grouse?
[*To a slave.*] You, fellow, you are mine, I give you powers

To make away post-haste with all that 's ours.
Then you must fix your eyes upon his eyes,
And spy as well wherever this man spies.
If he push here, you too push forward to 't ;
If he shoot out a hand, you yours outshoot
You need not heed his having, have he his 'n ;
But have he ours, you have him off to prison !
If he goes, go ; stands, stand too, on the spot ;
If he squats over yonder, you too squat
A guard for these his pupils I'll allow.
C. Put a good face upon it.
B. Prithee, how
Have you at home and a good face, man, say ?
C. Because my broth will do for you to-day,
As did Medea when she did Pelias down,
Whose medicines and potions the old clown
Made, so 'tis said, a regular broth of a boy,
And so I 'll do for you . . .
B. Good God ! Lefroy,
The poison man !
C. No, no ! Man's Saviour.
B. Rot !
Your terms for coaching me to cook your . . .
C. What ?
B. Your hash, that you may not filch hash from me
C. On credit, half-a-crown ; cash not for three !
But are you feasting friend to-day or foe ?
B. Gadzooks ! I'm feasting friend I 'd have you know.
C. Why not your foes instead of friends invite ?
I'd serve them then a course so recondite
And with such dainty dainties seasonèd
That when each every sauce had savourèd
I'd make him nibble off his finger ends !
B. Egad I 'll ask you, ere you serve my friends,
Taste first yourself and all your pupils prime
That you may nibble off your hands the crime.
C. Maybe you don't believe me ?
B. Too much talk !
Don't worry ; that 's my house ; now in you walk.

PLAUTUS, *Pseudolus*, III. ii. 790 sqq. (Circ. 200 B. C.)

§ 15

Orders to Servants.

The day's work of the household staff.

[*Ballio, a slave-merchant, enters, with several male and female slaves, from his house.*]

Ballio. Come foorth, come foorth, you lazy clowns, ill-gotten and ill-bought,
Of whom not one in well-doing has ever taken thought;
Whom by this pattern save I prove, no gain is there for gaining;
[*flogs the men all round*]
I've never seen such ass-like men, so rough their ribs with caning;
More hurt have you the more you strike; these whipping-postes wytte
Is thus-wise wise:
When chance afford, take, steal, run off with it;
Plunder, drink, eat, take flight;
This it is is their delyte;
You'd rather choose
Leave wolves with ewes
Than such to guard your right.
Who seem not ill when you behold their face, but fail in operation;
Now therefore, save you bend your minds on this my proclamation,
Drive idleness from heart and eyes, and soporification,
I'll soundly stripe with thongs your thighs,
As ne'er were rugs of Southern dyes,
Nor Alexandrian broideries
Of beasts on shaven tapestries.
'Twas only yesterday
To all I said my say,
And parcelled out their provinces;
But you in slackness sit
So wrapp'd in wycked wytte,
By foul offence
You force me hence-
-forth to recall your offices.

You are so sunk in sluggardry,
More stubborner than this and me;
[*dangles the whip before them*]
Doe this;—but they doe other things;
Pay heed to this;—you plaguey things,
To what I say hearken and list,
O rascals born to feel the fyst.
[*flogs one of them*]
Marry, your hyde shall never be harder than this my hyding.
What now? It smarts? So smarts the slave his master for deryding.
Stand all by me and what I say look you be mynde-abyding.
You, pitcher-bearer, water draw,
Fill full cook's saucepan; you felawe
With th' hacchatt, lay you down the lawe
That governs the wood-chopping.
Slave. 'Tis blunt!
Ballio. Let be; do I the less
For that enjoin your helpfulness
To robe the house in shining dress?
Be off! You'll rue the stopping.
Set couches, you! You, clean the plate!
You also lay the table straight!
That when I come home from Market,
I find the whole preparèd,
The floor be-swept, the rushes strewn,
The carpets beat, and all in tune,
Wash'd and anointed every loon,
And every chamber aired.
My birthday 'tis you must help keep,
Must put the bacon in to steep,
And sowes breast in water deep;
You hear what I am saying?
With state I'd greet the men of state,
That they may credit me estate;
Go in, your quirks quick celebrate,
Let there be no delaying!
I'm off to Market that the store
Of fish I fetch others before;
Go, slave, in front, that no man bore
His way into my money.

Nay, stop! For one home-truth almost forgot I here this morning.
D'ye hear me, girls, to you in turn I give this solemn warning.
Your youthful years everichon
Soft dainty and delyteful wone,
Of noblemen the minion;
This day I'll learn which one I
May one day set at liberty
And which one sell, which is busy
About her hair, or her belly,
Her savings, sleep, or sorrow.
Mind that to-day your lovers pour
Rich presents at this humble door;
To-day must bring a whole year's store,
Or you be trash to-morrow!
You know this is my byrtheday!
Where are the gentlemen, I say,
To whom you are the honied way
To life and joy and kisses?
Let all to whom you're ministers
Send companies of carriers
With wherewithal for gold or furs,
And all you love, young misses.
What help at home are you but trouble,
My wine and wealth you only gobble,
Yourselves and paunches but drench double,
While I am drained dry.
So now 'tis best I should address
Each one by name, that each confess
That she her orders has express;
And all their minds apply.
Hedylium, first with you I treat,
Who are the Cornmonger his sweet,
Who mountains has of bread and meat;
See that corn this way wander!
A year's supply for me and all
My house; my bins with corn be tall,
My name be changed, and men me call
A Prince instead of Pander.

Calidorus [*aside*] Ugh! How the gallows-bird talks big!
D'ye thinks he boasts enough?

Pseudolus. The Pig!
He 's beast and boastful. Mind your wig!
And mind the thing you're doing!

Ballio. You, Aischrodora, at your feet
You 've purveyors of butcher's meat,
Who for their living lie and cheat
And swear to others' ruin.
Now listen well; unless to-day
Of hooks full heavy with their prey,—
Three carcases that weigh and sway,—
I have my larder full,
To-morrow, as I've read in book
Two sons of god one Dirce took
And bound to bull, to larder-hook
I'll string you for your bull!
Calidorus [*aside*]. I boil with rage to hear such talk;
That such a felawe men let walk
And cull our gyrlehood stem and stalk!
Where are they? Where are hyding
All of whose life and love the flower
Is still outside the pander's power?
Why not our people's plague devour
Each with the other syding?
But I'm too foolish, too untaught;
Let those men dare the deed who ought,
Whom love to slavery has brought,
But vengeance is delaying.

PLAUTUS, *Pseudolus* I. ii. 133 sqq.

§ 16

Julius Caesar enforces the Law against Extravagance. (44 B.C.)

(Cf. VIII. 13.)

LECTICARVM usum, item conchyliatae vestis et margaritarum nisi certis personis et aetatibus perque certos dies ademit. legem praecipue sumptuariam exercuit dispositis circa macellum custodibus, qui obsonia contra vetitum proposita retinerent deportarentque ad se, summissis nonnumquam lictoribus atque militibus, qui, si qua custodes fefellissent, iam adposita e triclinio auferrent.

SUETONIUS, *Julius* 43. (A.D. 120.)

§ 17

Julius Caesar at Table.

VINI parcissimum ne inimici quidem negaverunt. Marci Catonis est: unum ex omnibus Caesarem ad evertendam rem publicam sobrium accessisse. nam circa victum Gaius Oppius adeo indifferentem docet, ut quondam ab hospite conditum oleum pro viridi adpositum aspernantibus ceteris solum etiam largius appetisse scribat, ne hospitem aut neglegentiae aut rusticitatis videretur arguere.

SUETONIUS, *Julius* 53.

§ 18

The Emperor Claudius at Dinner.

NEC eo minus contumeliis obnoxius vixit. nam et si paulo serius ad praedictam cenae horam occurrisset, non nisi aegre et circuito demum triclinio recipiebatur, et quotiens post cibum addormisceret, quod ei fere accidebat, olearum aut palmularum ossibus incessebatur, interdum ferula flagrove velut per ludum excitabatur a copreis. solebant et manibus stertentis socci induci, ut repente expergefactus faciem sibimet confricaret.

Id., *Claudius* 8.

§ 19

Julius Caesar is the Guest of Cicero.

Pozzuoli, *Dec.* 19, 45 B.C.

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

A formidable guest! *Cependant je n'ai pas de regrets.* He was 'so sweet'. Still, when he visited Philippus on Christmas Eve, the Manor was so full of soldiers that there was hardly a room for Caesar to dine in. Fancy, two thousand men! I was a bit nervous as to what would happen on the next day, when Barba Cassius came to my rescue in the nick of time. He supplied me with some sentries, who guarded the house, while the troops encamped on the estate. The great man stayed with Philippus on Christmas Day till a little after noon. He saw no one. Accounts with Balbus, doubtless. Then a walk along

the shore of the Bay. Bath here about 2 p.m. Listened to 'Lines on Mamurra' (not a letter altered). Anointed and scented, he sat down to dinner. He started with a pill. So he ate and drank *sans peur*; and 'so sweetly' too. The entertainment was handsome and tasteful, and, what is more,

. . . all credit to the cook,
Though Wit, you know, was the best sauce he took.

His *clientèle* I entertained in three dining-rooms, and right royally. His valets and grooms wanted for nothing: his secretaries were entertained correctly. In a word, we seemed 'mighty fine fellows'. Still, he is not the sort of guest to whom you say, 'Delighted to see you the next time you pass this way!' Once is enough. Conversation? Oh, *rien de sérieux; belles lettres* the whole time. *Que voulez-vous?* He was amused, and it was all to his taste. He said he would stay one day at Pozzuoli, and another at Baiae. Now you know all about my entertainment—or perhaps I should call it a *logement*;—a plaguey nuisance, as I say, though not so very terrible. I am staying here for a little. Then Tusculum.

Ever yours,

MARCUS.

PS.—I hear from Nicias that when Caesar passed Dolabella's estate, he had his whole escort riding on either side of him. He did this nowhere else.

CICERO, *ad Att.* xiii. 52.

IX. ILLNESS AND DEATH

MANY people have the courage of others' misfortunes. We are not therefore surprised to read fine and curious embroideries on the themes of Death and consolation for the deaths of others. It is doubtful, however, if in any language, even Bossuet's or Jeremy Taylor's, more splendid rhetoric has wound its solemn length along, itself a funeral procession, than that of the companion letters on the death of Tullia, or Virgil's Dante-like lament for Marcellus.

Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust:

Propertius said that before Shakespeare. But where Christ

said royally, 'She hath done it for my burial', the same poet could only implore Cynthia to 'lavish on his locks spikenard from alabaster box'. There is self-pity in those accents. And it required a Lucretius to detect the flaw in such egoism with his scornful, 'He rings not true; self-pity makes him knave'. Roman history of all ages is full of the Stoic who could face death with calm courage. But in literature that spirit is again best expressed in the relentless logic of the 'De Rerum Natura', with its climax, 'Be big; contented leave the stage; thou must'.

To Lucretius also we must go for the best general account of disease in the Mediterranean region. See the famous passage in the Sixth Book (1090–1286) concluding with the description of the plague of Athens, which for realistic horror surpasses all stories of other famous plagues, such as the great plague of London.

§ 1

A Letter of Condolence to Cicero on the Death of his Daughter Tullia, Aetat. xxx.

Athens, *April*, 45 B. C.

MY DEAR TULLY,

The news, duly delivered, of your dear Tullia's death was, I assure you, a grievous shock and pain to me. Inevitably: I feel the loss to be my own too, and if I had been there in Rome, I should not have failed you, but should have been at your side to tell my grief. Such sympathy is a poor, bitter thing, for those who should offer it feel an equal pain, and even the attempt brings tears; indeed, they seem to require consolation from others too much to be able to do the good office themselves. Still, I determined to write you a note, with my first thoughts, not that I think they can escape you, but perhaps your pain may prevent your clear appreciation of them.

Oh, think, there is no reason why your domestic grief should so tear your heart-strings. Think how fortune has dealt with us, of the loss of our country, of reputation, position, and all honour, treasures that should be no less precious than our

children. What can the addition of this blow add to your pain; or how can your heart, inured to a patriot's anguish, fail to grow hard and look down on all other grief? Do you grieve on her account? My dear friend, often and again you must have reflected (we have communed together too) that in these days those who have been granted the natural change of death for life have been far from harshly dealt with. What had life at this time to offer her, in enjoyment, in hope, in contentment? A distinguished husband and a long life of married bliss? Well, the present generation, I dare say, could offer you plenty of young men from whom you could choose a son-in-law worthy of your position, to whose honour you could safely entrust your daughter! What next? Children, blood of her blood, and the joy of their prosperity? How could they maintain the family traditions and their independence? The constitutional ladder to honour, I suppose; the employment of civic liberty in the defence of the country and the interests of their friends? Every one of these things had vanished before they could see the prospect of it. 'Ah, but it is a great misfortune to lose children.' Yes, and it is a greater to endure such days as these. I must tell you an incident which has brought me no little consolation. It might be able to ease your pain. On my return from Asia, sailing from Aegina towards Megara, I fell to studying the coast round about. Behind me was Aegina, in front Megara, Piraeus on my right, and Corinth on my left. These were once flourishing towns: now they are a heap of ruins beneath the eye. And so I fell to reflections like these: 'Bah! We pigmy men, resentful at the decease or sudden death of our friends! Our life must indeed be rather short, when all these dead frames of cities lie cast abroad in so little ground. Restrain yourself, Servius, and remember you were born a man.' These reflections brought me no little strength of mind. And the following consideration too I would like you to put before you. Think of all the famous men who have died in these last few years, of the loss of our Imperial honour, the convulsions of our Dominions. And are you so shaken when the summons has come to the lonely soul of one poor woman? If her day had not come this year, she would have had to die before many had passed, for she was born a mortal. Come, with me turn your mind from these mournful thoughts: think things worthy of your part. She has lived her life: she died when the Republic died: she has

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seen her father praetor, consul, augur: she was the wife of distinguished men: she enjoyed to the full every blessing life can offer: when Liberty fell, she passed away. What complaints on these grounds can you or she have against Fate? Remember you are Cicero, whose wont it is to teach and advise others. Do not be like those bad doctors who profess a knowledge of medicine when the complaints of others are concerned, but cannot cure themselves. Put before your mind and take to heart the precepts you are wont to give others. There is no pain which the lapse of time will not ease and soothe. It would be unworthy in you to wait passively for it, instead of making the future the present by the power of your mind. If those below have any consciousness, she, with her great affection for you and devotion to all her family, certainly does not wish you to mourn like this. No, yield to the wishes of the dead, yield to the entreaties of your other relations and friends, who sorrow in your pain; and yield to your country, that she may rely on your services and advice, if you can help her in anything. One word more—(and to think that we have come to such a pass that I must say it!)—some one may think that it is not so much your daughter's death that causes your grief as our political storms and the victory of another party. Beware! I am ashamed to write further on this topic, lest I might seem to distrust your foresight. So, with one last thought for you, I will make an end. Often and again have we seen you take prosperity in a fine spirit, winning credit thereby. Now see to it that we appreciate your power to bear adversity equally well, and without undue strain. Amidst all your virtues let us not look for this in vain.

As to my personal affairs, what is going on here, and the state of the Dominion, I will write to you later, when I hear that your mind is more at peace.

Ever yours,

SERVIUS SULPICIUS.

[CICERO, *Epp. ad Fam.* iv. 5.

§ 2

Cicero's Reply.

(Astura. *April*, 45 B. C.)

M. CICERO S. D. SER. SVLPICIO.

EGO vero, Servi, vellem, ut scribis, in meo gravissimo casu adfuisses: quantum enim praesens me adiuvare potueris et consolando et prope aeque dolendo, facile ex eo intellego, quod litteris lectis aliquantum acquievi; nam et ea scripsisti, quae levare luctum possent, et in me consolando non mediocrem ipse animi dolorem adhibuisti. Servius tamen tuus omnibus officiis, quae illi tempori tribui potuerunt, declaravit, et quanti ipse me faceret et quam suum talem erga me animum tibi gratum putaret fore; cuius officia iucundiora scilicet saepe mihi fuerunt, numquam tamen gratiora. me autem non oratio tua solum et societas paene aegritudinis, sed etiam auctoritas consolatur; turpe enim esse existimo me non ita ferre casum meum, ut tu, tali sapientia praeditus, ferendum putas. sed opprimor interdum et vix resisto dolori, quod ea me solacia deficiunt, quae ceteris, quorum mihi exempla propono, simili in fortuna non defuerunt. nam et Q. Maximus, qui filium consularem, clarum virum et magnis rebus gestis, amisit, et L. Paullus, qui duo septem diebus, et vester Gallus et M. Cato, qui summo ingenio, summa virtute filium perdidit, iis temporibus fuerunt, ut eorum luctum ipsorum dignitas consolaretur ea, quam ex re publica consequebantur. mihi autem amissis ornamentis iis, quae ipse commemoras quaeque eram maximis laboribus adeptus, unum manebat illud solacium, quod ereptum est. non amicorum negotiis, non rei publicae procuratione impediebantur cogitationes meae; nihil in foro agere libebat; aspicere curiam non poteram; existimabam, id quod erat, omnes me et industriae meae fructus et fortunae perdidisse. sed, cum cogitarem haec mihi tecum et cum quibusdam esse communia, et cum frangerem iam ipse me et cogerem illa ferre toleranter, habebam quo confugerem, ubi conquiescerem,

cuius in sermone et suavitate omnes curas doloresque deponerem: nunc autem hoc tam gravi volnere etiam illa, quae consanuisse videbantur, recrudescunt; non enim, ut tum me a republica maestum domus excipiebat, quae levaret, sic nunc domo maerens ad rem publicam confugere possum, ut in eius bonis acquiescam. itaque et domo absum et foro, quod nec eum dolorem, quem e re publica capio, domus iam consolari potest nec domesticum res publica. quo magis te exspecto teque videre quam primum cupio: maior mihi levatio adferri nulla potest quam coniunctio consuetudinis sermonumque nostrorum; quamquam sperabam tuum adventum—sic enim audiebam—adpropinquare. egó autem cum multis de causis te exopto quam primum videre, tum etiam, ut ante commentemur inter nos, qua ratione nobis traducendum sit hoc tempus, quod est totum ad unius voluntatem accommodandum et prudentis et liberalis et, ut perspexisse videor, nec a me alieni et tibi amicissimi. quod cum ita sit, magnae tamen est deliberationis, quae ratio sit ineunda nobis, non agendi aliquid, sed illius concessu et beneficio quiescendi. vale.

CICERO, *ad Fam.* iv. 6.

§ 3

The Funeral of Julius Caesar.

FVNERE indicto rogus exstructus est in Martio Campo iuxta Iuliae tumulum et pro rostris aurata aedes ad simulacrum templi Veneris Genetricis collocata; intraque lectus eburneus auro ac purpura stratus et ad caput tropaeum cum veste in qua fuerat occisus. praeferentibus munera, quia suffecturus dies non videbatur, praeceptum, ut omisso ordine, quibus quisque vellet itineribus urbis, portaret in Campum. inter ludos cantata sunt quaedam ad miserationem et invidiam caedis eius accommodata, ex Pacuvi Armorum Iudicio:

Men servasse, ut essent qui me perderent?

et ex Electra Atili ad similem sententiam. laudationis loco

consul Antonius per praeconem pronuntiavit senatus consultum, quo omnia simul ei divina atque humana decreverat, item iusiurandum, quo se cuncti pro salute unius astrinxerant; quibus perpauca a se verba addidit. lectum pro rostris in Forum magistratus et honoribus functi detulerunt. quem cum pars in Capitolini Iovis cella cremare, pars in curia Pompei destinaret, repente duo quidam gladiis succincti ac bina iacula gestantes ardentibus cereis succenderunt confestimque circumstantium turba virgulta arida et cum subselliis tribunalia, quicquid praeterea ad donum aderat, congessit. deinde tibicines et scaenici artifices vestem, quam ex triumphorum instrumento ad praesentem usum induerant, detractam sibi atque discissam iniecere flammae et veteranorum militum legionarii arma sua, quibus exculti funus celebrabant; matronae etiam pleraeque ornamenta sua, quae gerebant, et liberorum bullas atque praetextas.

In summo publico luctu exterarum gentium multitudo circulatim suo quaeque more lamentata est, praecipueque Iudaei, qui etiam noctibus continuis bustum frequentarunt.

SUETONIUS, *Julius* 84. (Circ. A.D. 120.)

§ 4

Funeral of Misenus.

The Sibyl is advising Aeneas on his descent into Hades. She warns him that the great undertaking would be impious while one of his comrades lies unburied whom it is in his power to bury. (Cf. IX. 10.)

'PRAETEREA iacet exanimum tibi corpus amici
(heu nescis) totamque incestat funere classem,
dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes.
sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulcro.
duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunto.
sic demum lucos Stygis et regna invia vivis
aspicies.' dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore.
Aeneas maesto defixus lumina vultu
ingreditur linquens antrum, caecosque volutat

eventus animo secum. cui fidus Achates
it comes et paribus curis vestigia figit.
multa inter sese vario sermone serebant,
quem socium exanimum vates, quod corpus humandum
diceret. atque illi Misenum in litore sicco,
ut venere, vident indigna morte peremptum,
Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter
aere ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.
Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
et lituo pugnas insignis obibat et hasta.
postquam illum vita victor spoliavit Achilles,
Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus.
sed tum, forte cava dum personat aequora concha,
demens, et cantu vocat in certamina divos,
aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,
inter saxa virum spumosa immerserat unda.
ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant,
praecipue pius Aeneas. tum iussa Sibyllae,
haud mora, festinant flentes aramque sepulcro
congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
itur in antiquam silvam, stabula alta ferarum,
procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex
fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur
scinditur, advolvunt ingentis montibus ornos.
Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus
hortatur socios paribusque accingitur armis.

. . . . . .

Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri
flebant et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant.
principio pinguem taedis et robore secto
ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris
intexunt latera et feralis ante cupressos
constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis.
pars calidos latices et aëna undantia flammis

expediunt, corpusque lavant frigentis et unguunt.
fit gemitus. tum membra toro defleta reponunt
purpureasque super vestis, velamina nota,
coniciunt. pars ingenti subiere feretro,
triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum
aversi tenuere facem. congesta cremantur
turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres olivo.
postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quievit,
reliquias vino et bibulam lavere favillam,
ossaque lecta cado texit Corynaeus aëno.
idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda
spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivae,
lustravitque viros dixitque novissima verba.
at pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
imponit suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
monte sub aërio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
dicitur aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* vi. 149–235. (Circ. 25 B. C.)

§ 5

Anchises' Lament over the Unborn Soul of Marcellus.

'BETTER will others forge bronzes that breathe and bloom,
And call, I well believe, from marble looks that live,
Will plead with readier tongue, the rising stars presume,
And motions of the Heavens with rod and compass give;
Roman, remember thou to rule the world with power,
And—these shall be thine art,—make peace imperative,
Spare the submissive knee, fight stiff-neck'd till they cower.'
Thus old Anchises spoke, and thus made wonder more:
'See, as he strides along, how o'er them all doth tower
Proud in the general's spoils Marcellus conqueror!
On horseback shall he quell Carthage and rebel Gaul,
Shall right the ship of State reeling with dread uproar,
The third to hang his prize of arms on temple wall.'
And here Aeneas asked, seeing that with him passed
A youth in shining mail, and beauty imperial,

But brow too little smooth, and eyes in face downcast :
'Sire, who is he that waits on him, as Knight his squire ?
A son ? or one late-born, of a long line the last ?
What buzz of Squires around ! and in himself what fire !
Yet black Night's gloomy shade flutters around his face.'
Then choking down his tears began his aged sire :
'Probe not, my son, the vast afflictions of thy race ;
This giant shall Fate show to earth, but longer span
Not suffer. O ye Gods, if ours were such high grace,
Too mighty in your eyes had seemed the blood Roman !
What groans of valiant men the Field of Mars one day
Shall waft to Rome's high town ! Burial of more than man
In new-built Tomb will see, Tiber, thy waterway !
No Latin grandson born of Troy's heroic line
Shall raise our hopes so high ; nor, Rome, thy land display
Such boastful confidence in any son of thine.
Ah love ! Ah ancient faith, unconquered strength ! To meet
Unscathed in armour clad this paladin divine
Who would exalt himself, attacked he on his feet,
Or with his spurs the flanks of foaming warhorse scored ?
But could'st thou, piteous boy, Fate's cruelty defeat,
Marcellus shalt thou be. Be lilies o'er him poured ;
Pied flowers let me strew ; to crown my grandson's shade
Such idle service pay, and spend at least such hoard.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* vi. 847–86.

§ 6

The Death of Marcellus.

IS it not here the Sea in play
Dashes against the breakwater
That sunders now the shadowy mere
From steaming pools and warm blue Bay ?

Is it not here Misenus lies,
Troy's trumpeter, on this sea-silt ?
And roars the giant Causeway, built
By more than human enterprise ?

Was it not here, when the ivied rod
Of Bacchus sifted towns of men,
The cymbals clashed together then
In honour of the Theban God ?

But now,—O everlasting shame!
O poisoned waters of the Bay!—
What foreign God has dared to stay
His steps on you, and what his name?

For you it was in waves of death
That sunk so low his sacred head;
And on your lake Marcellus dead
Is nothing now but wandering breath.

For what availed his kingly worth;
Or Caesar's gift of royalty;
His mother's starry sympathy;
And that high House that gave him birth?

He might have spared the tossing veils
That spanned the crowded Theatre;
And all those works he did through her
He might have spared; for nought avails!

For he is dead, dead ere his prime;
His twentieth year was at the full,
Ere all enclosed,—O pitiful!—
So small a continent of Time.

Go to, thou fool, lift up thine eyes,
Thyself on thoughts of triumph feed;
Such adulation be thy greed
As makes a whole Assembly rise.

Outrival Kings in fine attire;
Be splendour in thy Shows displayed;
And nothing save with gems inlaid;
Thou'lt give these trifles to the fire!

For thee, for all beneath the sun
This lies in wait; the King's self must,
Like chimney-sweeper, come to dust;
A hard road, trodden of every one.

All must prevail with Cerberus,
Death's hound with triple-barking throat;
Must climb the grim old ferry-boat
Death's Boatman moors for all of us.

A man may hide in fear and dread
In helm of bronze and coat of mail;
Yet all his panoply will fail,
And Death draw thence his prison'd head.

No man is saved by anything;
The beauty's face, the strong man's health;
Rivers of gold and floods of wealth
Have never saved the richest King.

In Grecian legend, you will hear,
This devastated those who, blind,
Like Agamemnon woke, to find
A second love had cost them dear.

Death's ferryman, whose load are they
That we count happy in their death,
Thy soul, a burden light as breath,
Row down the consecrated way!

The way by which triumphant rise
The souls of King and high Captain;
The way by which from human pain
They pass from sight within the skies.

PROPERTIUS, iii. 18 (iv. 18). (Circ. 23 B. C.)

§ 7

The Last Rites.

(cf. I. 4. 65–84; X. 16. 21–4.)

When timely Death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light
And crown with love my ever-during night.

THOMAS CAMPION.

HEAR then, when Death shall close mine eyes,
The order of my Funeral;
Give me no trailing Pageantries,
No scutcheon nor vain trumpet-call;
Under my bier no ivory horse;
No couch of Kings beneath my corse.

Give me the poor man's funeral plain ;
No chargers redolent of spice ;
Long, long enough will be my train,
Voluminous my sacrifice,
If I can number followers three
When I behold Persephone.

Thy bare breast bruised, thou wilt be there,
To call and call me thou 'lt not miss ;
Wilt lay upon my cold lips fair
The extreme unction of thy kiss ;
When thou shalt lavish on my locks
Spikenard from alabaster box.

When the underlying fire has made
Me ashes, may some tiny urn
Of earthenware enshrine my Shade !
To shroud the place where I did burn
A bay-tree overhanging loom
Above my inconspicuous tomb !

And write but these two lines above :
'He who lies here, repellent dust,
Was once the slave of one true love.'
My glory then shall no more fust
Unvisited than his that flood
Those streams of Greek and Trojan blood.

On that far day when thou must die
Then, even then forget not me ;
Come this way where my stones shall lie,
Greyheaded they'll remember thee ;
Count me not, buried, nothing worth ;
She knows, she knows, confederate Earth !

Would I were in my baby cot,
Sighing new-born my life away !
There are three Fates ; Then why did not
But one ordain, and I obey ?
Nay, to what purpose is this breath
For hour so dim, man cherisheth ?

It is not wrong to love the Dead,
Witness of old Adonis white,
By ruthless boar discomfited,
Gored as he drew some mountain height.
Love washed his corse in that far lake,
And loos'd his hair for Adon's sake ;

Then, Cynthia, thou wilt sometimes weep,
And always love thy lover slain ;
I shall not answer, I shall sleep ;
Thou 'lt call, and call, and call again ;
For how shall there be words of mine
In bones that dwindle, peak and pine ?

PROPERTIUS, ii. 13 (iii. 5). (Circ. 23 B.C.)

§ 8

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink :
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to thee—take that, and do not shrink.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

DEATH then to us is Naught, and never a jot
Concerns us, since the soul may also rot,
Suffer with all things else Birth and Decay,
As past is past, and we have felt it not.

Yet when to fight the Carthaginian flocked,
With War's dread tumult all Creation rocked,
And shook with Terror 'neath the Vaults above ;
While of the two in that Death-grapple lock'd

The Riddle was to which at last should fall
By Sea and Land the Sovranty o'er all :
So when we are no more, when Body and Soul,
Our Two in One, are parted, shall appal

Naught that may happen, when our days are done,
Though Earth with Sea be mingled, Sea with Sun ;
Naught that the Soul may feel, from Body torn ;
Whose Union and Wedlock make us One.

Wherefore when you behold one rant and rave
That after Death he'll moulder in the Grave,
Or be consumed by Fire or Wild-beast Fangs,
He rings not true : Self-pity makes him Knave.

There lurks some hidden Goad of feeling: though
Himself deny it to the Dead below;
  Nor What nor Whence he promised doth he give,
Nor Root and Branch himself from Living throw.

Self, without knowing, makes some Self survive;
'For Birds and Beasts'—cries Self to Self alive,—
  'Will tear my fallen Body!' nor far enough
Self-pitying himself from that Self rive.

Therefore he raves that he was born to die;
Nor sees, no other Self is standing by
  In real Death, to wail that he is dead,
And o'er the torn and burning Body cry.

For if in Death 'tis hard Beasts bite and maul,
I find no reason why it is not Gall
  When round the Body laid upon the Pyre
The scorching Fingers of Flame begin to crawl.

Gall too, embalmed in Honey to suffocate,
Or frozen stark to lie in marble State
  On the cold Surface of some slab of Rock,
Or when Earth pins you down with crushing Weight.

'No more thy Home shall with glad Welcome greet,
Nor darling Wife and Children run to meet
  Father, and with their kisses thine forestall,
And touch thy Heart in Silence passing sweet.

Thou may'st no longer prosper in the way,
The Pillar of thy House; Alas!'—men say,
  'That all the Prizes of the poor Man's life
Are stolen from him by one fatal Day.'

This therewithal they add not: 'No Regret
Can thee for such things any more beset.'
  This could they understand and frame in words,
It would dispel the Heart's Arch-fear and Fret.

'Death-sodden as thou art, so shalt thou be
All Time that 's left, from painful Sorrow free;
  But when the dreadful Pyre changed thee to Ash,
O what of us who then were near to thee?

Comfortlessly we wept, and nevermore
Shall any Day our Hearts from Grief restore : '
Nay, question such, If Life return to Sleep,
For everlasting tears what Reason sore ?

So at the Banquet when the Guests recline
And shade the Brow with Flowers, and hold the Wine,
They love to say : ' Poor Man's Gain here is short ;
Soon past, nor to recall it Thine or Mine ! '

And what if suddenly Dame Nature cried
Aloud on one of us, and thus did chide :
' Why all this Pother, Man ? Why give the Rein
To sorry Tears ? Why Death bewail and gride ?

It cost thee naught thy former Life to live,
And all the Comforts that it had to give
Have not been wasted with unhandsome Thrift,
Or passed like water through a trickling Sieve.

Life's Banquet done, whereat thou art a Guest,
Why dost thou not depart, and with the zest
Born of Contentment and thy Belly full
Enter, thou Fool, upon untroubled Rest ?

If Life is Loathing, and Enjoyment spent,
Why ask for more and seek Replenishment
To waste again with like ingratitude ?
Nor rather end Life, Labour, and Lament ?

My Treasury is void : I have not left
One Spell to charm ; my magic Wand is cleft ;
The Shuttles of the Loom of Life are still,
And all Things always are one Warp and Weft.

If Time thy Body wastes not utterly,
Nor yet thy Limbs worn out and useless lie,
Thou'lt find no Change, shouldst thou outlive all Time
Nay even rather shouldst thou never die.'

We can but answer that her Suit is just,
And sound her plea. But should some old Man lust
For Life, and wail unduly, would she not
Yet louder cry and fiercer chide ? She must.

'Rascal, away with Tears! Stint thy Complaints!
Thy Life has drained all pleasures, and now faints;
The Joys thou hast thy jaded Fancy spurns,
Because the ones it has not, those it paints.

Thy Life has ebbed thankless and incomplete,
And, unexpected, Death is at thy Feet
Ere thou canst bring thyself to quit the Board,
And turn thy Glass down satisfied, replete.

Nay come now, all Things alien to thine Age
Cast off; be big; contented leave the stage;
Thou must!' Dame Nature would be held, methinks,
In Plea, Invective, and in Railing sage.

By this world's Rules Youth elbows Old Age out,
And Hyacinth from Hyacinth must sprout,
But no Man goes down to the Gulf of Hell,
His Rose new Roses cannot grow without.

Yet all these Roses too, when they are blown,
Will follow thee, be thrown where thou art thrown;
An endless process this of Life from Death
Given to all in trust, to none to own.

Look back again, look back again in Thought,
How bygone Ages unto us are naught,
Through everlasting Time ere we were born;
And by the Looking-glass of Life be taught.

For therein Nature shows the Road she 'll keep
After our Death. Whose flesh does this make creep?
Is this the Mask and Pall of Tragedy?
Is it not more unvexed than any Sleep?

LUCRETIUS, iii. 830–42 and 870–977. (Circ. 59 B.C.)

§ 9

A Burial-ground of the Poor.

PRIAPUS, *the scarecrow, speaks:*

I WAS a tree-stump once, an idle log,
Whom Carpenter, in doubt what he should make,
A garden-seat or god, the golliwog
Preferred; and so I'm god,—Lord! how they quake,

The thieves and birds! The first my sickle harrows,
That arms my right hand, while a rattle of reed
Stuck in my top-knot scares the filthy sparrows
From settling on some new-sown plot for seed.
Here once the corpses of the destitute
Flung out of barracks,—where each own'd—a cell!—
A fellow-slave would 'undertake' to shoot,
For coffin furnishing the meanest shell.
This served the poor for common burying-land,
Spendthrift or sponger; and a board would state
'Frontage 300 yards, depth 30', and
'No landlord may this graveyard alienate.'
On this 'salubrious site' you now may live,
And sun yourself on 'the Embankment', Jones!
Whose house and windows in those days would give
On waste ground, hideous with whitening bones.
My job you know 's not only wolves and thieves
That worry here for plunder, but each hag
That for men's souls her spells and poisons weaves.
Such I can't circumvent for all my fag!
For once a waif of moon shows her fair face,
They will go gathering bones and noxious weeds.
Tohu and Mohu have I seen to pace
This happy hunting-ground of evil deeds,
Black shawl tuck'd up, bare feet, and streaming hair,
Howling like cats, pale-faced as Death; and first
Their nails would trench the earth, and then they'd tear
A black lamb open with their teeth, till burst
Of blood pour'd on the trench that they might draw
The shadowy spirits thence to prophesy.
Two puppets, one of wool, one wax, I saw;
Larger the first, the less to crucify;
The waxen stood beseeching, like a slave,
To die that cruel death; and one hag call'd
Aloud on Hell, the other on the grave.
Then you'd have seen the earth with serpents crawl'd
And hounds of Hell; the moon with blood ran red;
Foul Things came forth that even the beldames fear'd
To witness, and behind the tall tombs fled:
Too foul for me to tell of;—how with weird
Shrill antiphon they chanted ghost to witch
And witch to ghost, while tooth of spotted snake

They buried slily and wolf's beard ; last more rich
The waxen puppet did the bonfire make.
I saw, I heard, I shudder'd ! Wormwood ! Gall !
One dropp'd her teeth ; one dropp'd her chignon tall ;
Both from their arms their weeds and spells let fall ;
Loud and derisive laughter ended all !

HORACE, *Satires* i. 8. (Circ. 30 B.C.)

§ 10

Proper Burial is Necessary for the Rest of the Soul.

(cf. IX 4 ; X. 12.)

The Glories of our Blood and State
Are Shadows, not substantial things . . .

SHIRLEY.

ARCHYTAS measured sea and land
And the innumerable sand :
Now he tarrieth
For gift of dust and nothing more,
A little gift so near the shore !
Naught advantageth
The vaults of heaven to have essay'd
And the whole round world to have survey'd,
Seeing he must die !
Dead he who banqueted with God ;
Tithonus too 's beneath the sod,
Banish'd utterly !
And he who knew God's secrets,—dead !
The Courts of Hell hold him who fled,
Once, nay twice cast down.
Although by taking down his shield
He witness'd well each tented field
Fought round Troy Town.
His sinews, skin, and idle breath,
But nothing more he gave to death,
No mean judge, you said,
Of laws of Nature and of Right.
Yes, all of us await one Night,
Death's path once must tread.
But some the madness of grim War
Butchers to make a show ; the Tar
Drowns in hungry sea.

Mix old and young in serried hosts,
Not one escapes, they all are ghosts!
Death, so hard is he!
I too, alas, at river mouth
Was whelmèd by a tearing South,
Waned Orion's friend.
Then be not cruel, sailor; spare
The bones and head unburied there
A pinch of driving sand.
Then all the threatenings of the East
That churn the Western waves to yeast
Scathless pass by thee!
Although Venusia's woods they lash,
The powers that be rain on thee Cash,
Lords of land and sea!
What! Sin, nor mind if punishment
Fall on thy children innocent
After thou art dead?
Maybe this duty and thy slight
May come full circle, and the Right
Bruise the father's head.
I'll not be left with prayer unheard,
And no atonement made in word
Shall deliver thee.
Whate'er thy hurry, 'tis not waste
Of time; for soon away thou 'lt haste,
Sprinkled handfuls three!

HORACE, *Odes* i. 28. (Circ. 30 B.C.)

§ 11

Cornelia's Defence.

A good wife to a good husband.

(Cf. VII. 7.)

DESINE, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum:
panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces.
cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,
non exorato stant adamante viae.
te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae:
nempe tuas lacrimas litora surda bibent.

vota movent superos : ubi portitor aera recepit,
obserat herbosos lurida porta rogos.
sic maestae cecinere tubae, cum subdita nostrum
detraheret lecto fax inimica caput.
quid mihi coniugium Paulli, quid currus avorum
profuit aut famae pignora tanta meae ?
non minus immitis habuit Cornelia Parcas :
et sum, quod digitis quinque legatur, onus.
damnatae noctes et vos vada lenta paludes,
et quaecumque meos implicat unda pedes,
immatura licet, tamen huc non noxia veni :
det pater hic umbrae mollia iura meae.
aut, si quis posita iudex sedet Aeacus urna,
in mea sortita vindicet ossa pila :
adsideant fratres iuxta, Minoia sella, et
Eumenidum intento turba severa foro.
Sisyphe, mole vaces ; taceant Ixionis orbes ;
fallax Tantaleus corripiare liquor ;
Cerberus et nullas hodie petat improbus umbras ;
et iaceat tacita laxa catena sera.
ipsa loquor pro me : si fallo, poena sororum
infelix umeros urgeat urna meos.
si cui fama fuit per avita tropaea decori,
Afra Numantinos regna loquuntur avos ;
altera maternos exaequat turba Libones,
et domus est titulis utraque fulta suis.
mox, ubi iam facibus cessit praetexta maritis,
vinxit et acceptas altera vitta comas,
iungor, Paulle, tuo sic discessura cubili :
in lapide hoc uni nupta fuisse legar.
testor maiorum cineres tibi, Roma, verendos,
sub quorum titulis, Africa, tunsa iaces,
et Persen proavi stimulantem pectus Achilli
quique tuas proavo fregit Achille domos,
me neque censurae legem mollisse nec ulla
labe mea nostros erubuisse focos.

non fuit exuviis tantis Cornelia damnum :
quin et erat magnae pars imitanda domus.
nec mea mutatast aetas, sine crimine totast :
viximus insignes inter utramque facem.
mi natura dedit leges a sanguine ductas,
ne possem melior iudicis esse metu.
quaelibet austeras de me ferat urna tabellas :
turpior assessu non erit ulla meo,
vel tu, quae tardam movisti fune Cybellen,
Claudia, turritae rara ministra deae,
vel cui, iuratos cum Vesta reposceret ignis,
exhibuit vivos carbasus alba focos.
nec te, dulce caput, mater Scribonia, laesi :
in me mutatum quid nisi fata velis ?
maternis laudor lacrimis urbisque querelis,
defensa et gemitu Caesaris ossa mea.
ille sua nata dignam vixisse sororem
increpat, et lacrimas vidimus ire deo.
et tamen emerui generosos vestis honores,
nec mea de sterili facta rapina domo.
tu, Lepide, et tu, Paulle, meum post fata levamen,
condita sunt vestro lumina nostra sinu.
vidimus et fratrem sellam geminasse curulem ;
consule quo facto, tempore rapta soror.
filia, tu specimen censurae nata paternae,
fac teneas unum nos imitata virum.
et serie fulcite genus : mihi cumba volenti
solvitur aucturis tot mea fata meis.
haec est feminei merces extrema triumphi,
laudat ubi emeritum libera fama rogum.
nunc tibi commendo communia pignora natos :
haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.
fungere maternis vicibus, pater : illa meorum
omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.
oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris :
tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.

et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis !
cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis.
sat tibi sint noctes quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,
somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam :
atque ubi secreto nostra ad simulacra loqueris,
ut responsurae singula verba iace.
seu tamen adversum mutarit ianua lectum,
sederit et nostro cauta noverca toro,
coniugium, pueri, laudate et ferte paternum :
capta dabit vestris moribus illa manus.
nec matrem laudate nimis : collata priori
vertet in offensas libera verba suas.
seu memor ille mea contentus manserit umbra
et tanti cineres duxerit esse meos,
discite venturam iam nunc sentire senectam,
caelibis ad curas nec vacet ulla via.
quod mihi detractumst, vestros accedat ad annos :
prole mea Paullum sic iuvet esse senem.
et bene habet : numquam mater lugubria sumpsi :
venit in exsequias tota caterva meas.
causa peroratast. flentes me surgite, testes,
dum pretium vitae grata rependit humus.
moribus et caelum patuit : sim digna merendo,
cuius honoratis ossa vehantur avis.

PROPERTIUS, IV. 11 (V. 11). (16 B. C.)

X. RELIGION

RELIGION, like the Temple of Janus, has two gates; the one, Ritual, seems to open on all the avenues of Life, and yet may end in Formalism; from the other, Speculation, radiate all kinds of underground passages that may end in Mysticism, morbidity, or Atheism. All these strains are found in Roman Literature. How formal the practices of Religion had become in State procedure could be inferred from Cicero's pains to

rehabilitate Divination. And the passage[1] quoted below from Polybius, the Greek historian and the friend of Scipio Africanus, strengthens this inference, even as regards the third century. Whether to the philosophical scepticism of the fourth-century Athenian, or to the more cynical scepticism of Polybius, the Roman point of view was equally incomprehensible, though obvious in its practical value. Virgil speculates on the after-life, and sets Dante the example, which he bettered grimly, of peopling it with ancestors and contemporaries. The morbid introspection of an Amiel or (in some moods) a Pascal pre-appears in Seneca of all writers. And all the arrows of the agnostic are in the quiver of Lucretius. He clears the way for St. Augustine's contemptuous apology for the polytheist, who has converted his soul into a caravanserai for gods rather than cross the bridge that led to the worship of the one true God. But the saint would have had to admit that the Romans could express as splendidly as any one the idea developed in Job and in the Psalms, the idea of Nature as the revelation of the many moods and powers of God.

[1] The greatest advantage which the Roman system has over others seems to me to lie in their grasp of religious questions. What the rest of the world contemns is, I think, a cementing force with them,—I mean, superstition. This side of Religion has reached such a state of melodramatic pomp with them, both in private and in civic life, that further exaggeration is out of the question. Some may think this remarkable; but I regard it as an instrument of government. If you could compose a State entirely of cultured individuals, such an instrument would doubtless be unnecessary. But every democracy is fickle, full of anarchical greed, irrational passion, and violence. Your only means of holding it together are the fear of the Unseen World, and all such-like melodramatic show. Polybius, *Hist.* vi. 56. 6. (Cf. X. 2. 30 *n.*)

§ 1

Roman Religious Observances mark all Solemn Events.

The taking and treatment of the Auspices is a very critical affair of State.

THERE was a time when practically nothing of any import, even in home life, was carried through without the sanction of the Auspices. Even now the sacred College maintains this view in the matter of marriages, for they still retain the term, though the ritual has died out. Just as now we deal with the meats (though even this practice is dying out) so once great enterprises were sanctioned by birds. And so, failing to give attention to the inauspicious left, we rush on disasters and sin. This happened with Publius Claudius, son of Appius Caecus, and his colleague Lucius Junius, when they lost the battle fleets, after sailing in spite of the omens. And it happened in the same way to Agamemnon: he, when the Achaeans began

> Muttering together, openly cursing diviner's art,
> Had anchor weighed; they shouted for joy; but Fate stood apart.

To omit instances from ancient history, we have only to consider the disasters that befell Marcus Crassus, when he ignored the opposition of portents. And in this matter that excellent augur, your colleague Appius, as I often hear you say, showed insufficient knowledge when as censor he struck off a patriotic and conspicuous public man like C. Ateius, having taken his name because he had given a false reading of the auspices. Granted this was within the Censor's province: well and good. But an augur hardly had any right to interpret that as the cause of a calamitous disaster to Roman arms. For if that was in fact the cause of the calamity, the blame does not rest with him who showed opposition of portents, but with him who failed to comply. The event proved that the opposition was true, as he says, being both augur and censor; and, if it had been a trick, it could not have brought with it the reason for any calamity. Why, bad omens, like auspices, portents, and signs generally, do not bring with them the causes of any occurrence, but only give you the warning of the occurrence, in the event of your failing to take precautions. So the opposition of

Ateius did not present a faked reason for the calamity; rather, the sign he threw out was a warning to Crassus of what would happen, if he did not take care. So, either the opposition failed to carry weight: or, if not, as Appius decides, its force fixed the sin on him who failed to comply, not on him who gave the warning. Tell me, what was the origin of that sacred Rod, the most glorious emblem of the Augur's insignia? It was of course originally the staff with which Romulus marked out his districts when he founded the City. And this Rod of Romulus, this staff with a curving and slightly bent head, which has taken its name from its likeness to the curving trumpet, was placed in the Hall of the Marching Priests of Mars on the Palatine; and, when the building was burnt down, the Rod was found unscorched.

CICERO, *de Divinatione* i. 16. 28. (Circ. 44 B.C.)

§ 2

Superstitious and Religious Ideas inherent in Roman Patriotism.

The Romans believed that Fate and the will of gods were a dominating force in human affairs; and yet that they could be kept on the right side by a lucky or cunning opportunism.

(396 B.C.)

THE crowd that set out to plunder Veii was enormous and filled the camp. Camillus obtained the usual religious sanction, and then came out and issued orders to prepare for battle; whereupon he uttered this prayer: 'Under thy guidance and the inspiration of thy will, O Pythian Apollo, I go forth to destroy the city of Veii, and to thee I dedicate the tenth part of its spoils. And, O Queen Juno, thou that now hast thy dwelling in Veii, I pray thee to follow us to our City soon to be thine, and a temple worthy of thy majesty shall receive thee.' He followed this prayer with an encircling assault in force, with his overpowering numbers, to divert the enemy's attention from the steadily advancing peril of the mine. The Veientines, snatching up their arms, each for himself, rushed from all quarters upon the walls, wondering what motive the Romans could have in rushing recklessly up to the defences like madmen, when not a man had stirred from the lines for days. They did

not know that their own priests at home and the oracles abroad had already sealed their doom, that already some gods had been invoked to share the plunder, while others had been called in prayer to leave their city, and were looking to new homes in the temples of their enemies. They were all unconscious that this day was their last, and without the least suspicion that their walls were undermined and their fortress already full of the enemy. A curious anecdote may here find a place. The King of Veii was offering sacrifice; and the soothsayer was saying that victory would go to him who cut out the holy parts of the victim before him. The Roman sappers down in the mine overheard these words, and they broke through, seized the meats, and carried them to the Dictator.

Such melodramatic marvels as this are hardly calculated to convince, and I am not concerned either to assert their truth or deny it. But in such ancient history I imagine it sufficient to accept as true what has the stamp of probability.

The mine was now full of picked troops, which it suddenly discharged in attack into the temple of Juno on the citadel of Veii. Some fell upon the wall-garrisons from the rear, others wrenched back the bars of the gates, others brought fire to bear against the houses from the roofs of which women and slaves were hurtling stones and tiles. The air echoed with murderous threats and heartbreaking shrieks, mingled with the wailing of women and children. A second later the wall was cleared of defenders, and the gates were flung open. Columns streamed in; crowds swarmed the empty walls; the city was filled with Romans, and fighting went on everywhere with wholesale slaughter. At last the battle slackened, and the Dictator sent out proclamation that the unarmed must be spared. And this put a stop ro the bloodshed. The unarmed began to surrender, and the troops with the general's permission scattered in search of plunder. This far surpassed in amount and value all expectations; and, when it was brought before him, the Dictator is said to have lifted his hands to heaven and prayed to the gods, that, if they felt at all that the luck which had befallen him and Rome was too great for mortals, they might allay the inevitable jealousy with the least possible counterbalancing calamity. Tradition goes that as he turned round during this devotion he slipped and fell. And those who judge after the event could not help connecting the incident with the condemnation of Camillus and the disaster

which occurred a few years later, the capture of Rome. That day passed in the massacre of the enemy and the plunder of that most wealthy city. On the next day the Dictator sold all free persons as slaves. And the sums accruing were the only money paid over to the public Treasury. Not even this passed uncensured by the Plebs, who did not regard themselves as under any obligation for the booty they brought with them either to their general, who, they thought, had referred a matter quite within his competence to the Senate to get their authority for a mean action, or to the Senate itself; but they put it all to the credit of the Licinian family, the father having proposed the popular measure, and the son having put it to the House.

When all the wealth of man had been removed from Veii, they began the removal of sacred offerings, and finally of the gods themselves, with the devotion of worshippers rather than the violence of plunderers. The conveyance of Queen Juno to Rome was entrusted to a select troop of the whole army. They bathed themselves with care and were arrayed in white vestments. Reverently they entered the temple. There in awe and dread they did obeisance before the statue, which in Etruscan ritual was never touched except by the priest of a certain family. A sudden inspiration—perhaps a joke—moved one of the men to say, 'Queen Juno, art thou willing to come to Rome?' and the goddess, as his comrades loudly asseverated, nodded assent. The story was afterwards exaggerated to the effect that she was heard to utter the words, 'I am willing'. We assuredly have the report that only light levers were necessary to move her, and that she proved easy of transport as though following of her own accord. She was brought without mishap to the Aventine, her everlasting abode, to which the Dictator had invited her in his prayer; and on the site he afterwards dedicated the temple as he had vowed.

Such was the fall of Veii, the richest city of the Etruscan Empire. Even the destruction which closed her history was eloquent of her greatness. She was besieged for ten summer and ten winter campaigns uninterruptedly: she suffered less damage than she inflicted: and finally it was a mine after all, and not direct assault that overthrew her, and Destiny cast her weight into the balance.

Although portents had been duly expiated, and the prophecies and Delphic oracles were common knowledge, although the election of Marcus Furius Camillus, the greatest general in

history, had given the conduct of the campaign all possible assistance of human ingenuity,—in spite of all this, on the news of the capture of Veii, after so many years of the vicissitudes of war and repeated defeats, the sudden unexpected relief from despair flung the citizens into extravagance of joy. In anticipation of the orders of the Senate, all the temples were filled with prayers of gratitude from Roman matrons. The Senate ordered that public thanksgiving should be continued for four days, beyond all precedent of former wars. The arrival of the Dictator too, whom all classes of the population rushed out to meet, was welcomed by an unprecedented concourse. His triumph went far beyond the usual mode of celebrating the day. The cynosure of all eyes, he rode into the City with a team of white horses—a thing deemed by the public unbecoming even for a mortal man, let alone a Roman citizen. They saw with superstitious alarm the Dictator rivalling Jupiter and Sol in his equipage; and the result was that his triumph was marked rather by brilliance than by popularity. Later in the day he signed a contract for building the temple of Juno on the Aventine, and he dedicated one to Matuta, the great Mother. After the performance of these duties to gods and men, he resigned his position.

Subsequently trouble arose about Apollo's tithe. Camillus stated that he had vowed one-tenth of the spoils to the Deity, and the College of Pontiffs decided that the State must keep to its bond. But it was not easy diplomacy to get the people to restore their share so as to guarantee a proper proportion for the offering. At length recourse was had to what seemed to be the smoothest plan. All who wished to discharge the obligation for themselves and their household were to make a valuation of their share, and to contribute the value of one-tenth of it to the Treasury, to the intent that with the proceeds a golden crown might be made worthy of the grandeur of the Temple and the august Divinity and such as the honour of the Roman State demanded.

Livy, v. 21–3. (Circ. 25 B. C.)

§ 3

The After Life—Purgatory.

[Virgil's 'Inferno' (*Aeneid* vi. 548–627) should also be read.]

INTEREA videt Aeneas in valle reducta
seclusum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvae,
Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem.
hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant,
ac velut in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
floribus insidunt variis et candida circum
lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.
horrescit visu subito causasque requirit
inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,
quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas.
tum pater Anchises: 'animae, quibus altera fato
corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
securos latices et longa oblivia potant.
has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,
iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.'
'o pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est
sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reverti
corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?'
'dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo'
suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.
'Principio caelum ac terram camposque liquentis
lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra
spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque volantum
et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo
seminibus, quantum non corpora noxia tardant
terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras

dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit,
non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
ergo exercentur poenis veterumque malorum
supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes
suspensae ad ventos, aliis sub gurgite vasto
infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni—
quisque suos patimur manis; exinde per amplum
mittimur Elysium et pauci laeta arva tenemus—
donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
has omnis, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant
rursus, et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.'

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* vi. 703–51. (Circ. 25 B C.)

§ 4

Paradise.

HIS demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta
fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,
contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena;
pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos
obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles,

magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis,
Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor.
arma procul currusque virum miratur inanis.
stant terra defixae hastae passimque soluti
per campum pascuntur equi. quae gratia currum
armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentis
pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.
conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaque per herbam
vescentis laetumque choro paeana canentis
inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne
plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis.
hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti,
inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
quique sui memores alios fecere merendo :
omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.
quos circumfusos sic est adfata Sibylla,
Musaeum ante omnis (medium nam plurima turba
hunc habet atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis) :
' dicite, felices animae, tuque, optime vates,
quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus ? illius ergo
venimus et magnos Erebi tranavimus amnis.'
atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros :
' nulli certa domus ; lucis habitamus opacis,
riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
incolimus. sed vos, si fert ita corde voluntas,
hoc superate iugum, et facili iam tramite sistam.'
dixit, et ante tulit gressum camposque nitentis
desuper ostentat ; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* vi. 637–78.

§ 5

The Attack of Science on Religion.

The religion of Lucretius' day had lost its hold upon the upper classes. A dreary round of liturgy and ceremonial, it had little influence outside politics. It touched hardly at all the traditional superstitions and humble worship of the poor.

HVMANA ante oculos foede cum vita iaceret
in terris oppressa gravi sub religione
quae caput a caeli regionibus ostendebat
horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans,
primum Graius homo mortalis tollere contra
est oculos ausus primusque obsistere contra,
quem neque fama deum nec fulmina nec minitanti
murmure compressit caelum, sed eo magis acrem
irritat animi virtutem, effringere ut arta
naturae primus portarum claustra cupiret.
ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
processit longe flammantia moenia mundi
atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque,
unde refert nobis victor quid possit oriri,
quid nequeat, finita potestas denique cuique
quanam sit ratione atque alte terminus haerens.
quare religio pedibus subiecta vicissim
obteritur, nos exaequat victoria caelo.
Illud in his rebus vereor, ne forte rearis
impia te rationis inire elementa viamque
indugredi sceleris. quod contra saepius illa
religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta.
Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis aram
Iphianassai turparunt sanguine foede
ductores Danaum delecti, prima virorum.
cui simul infula virgineos circumdata comptus

ex utraque pari malarum parte profusast,
et maestum simul ante aras adstare parentem
sensit et hunc propter ferrum celare ministros
aspectuque suo lacrimas effundere civis,
muta metu terram genibus summissa petebat.
nec miserae prodesse in tali tempore quibat
quod patrio princeps donarat nomine regem.
nam sublata virum manibus tremibundaque ad aras
deductast, non ut sollemni more sacrorum
perfecto posset claro comitari Hymenaeo,
sed casta incesta nubendi tempore in ipso
hostia concideret mactatu maesta parentis,
exitus ut classi felix faustusque daretur.
tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

LUCRETIUS, i. 62–101. (Circ. 59 B. C.)

§ 6

Epicurean Criticism of a Divine Creator.

HIS then the footsteps where I set my feet,
And Why and Wherefore hunt to his retreat,
And in my book of Verses thus declare
The Covenant 'twixt Whole and Incomplete.

How each created thing by Law was made
And in that Law must last till all is said,
Nor has it Strength enough to burst the Bonds
That the strong Laws of Time have overlaid.

Thus first the Nature of the Soul is proven
To grow with Body, and with Body woven
To have no power thro' everlasting Time
Itself to last, and last, and last uncloven.

Like Phantoms that in Slumber cheat the Brain,
When one, whom Life has left, with Thought how vain
We think we see; the Soul in like Fashion
Grows into Being, and is gone again.

Wherefore the Order of our Argument
To this has brought us, that we must present
  How, while itself subject to Birth and Death,
With mortal Body the Universe is blent.

And in what manner were the Atoms wed,
And of Earth, Sea, and Heaven brought to bed,
  The globèd Moon, the Sun, and all the Stars
That in the Firmament are scatterèd.

Then next what living Spawn rose out of Earth,
And what have never at any time had Birth;
  How Man with Man on his new Toy of Speech
Changed from the key of Pain to key of Mirth.

How crept into Men's Hearts that canker Fear
Of Gods, that now in either Hemisphere
  Bids them with Worship fit for Sanctuary
Altars, Lakes, Lawns, and Images revere.

Withal the Orbit of the Sun explain,
The Goings of the Moon that wax and wane;
  By what sweet influence their Charioteer,
Our Lady Nature, holds the guiding Rein,

Lest haply we should think 'twixt Earth and Sky
They at free will drift everlastingly,
  Quickening to increase Fruits and Forms of Life;
Or think that by some will of God they ply.

For he who 's learnt that High Gods dwell at ease,
Why should he wonder how each one of these
  Can go on working, most of all the Suns
That high in Ether o'er his Head he sees?

Why seek again the dim religious Light?
And take Taskmasters in our own Despite,
  And give them, knowing not Can, Whence, How, Why,
Poor fools, in Faith a Power infinite?

LUCRETIUS, v. 55–90.

§ 7

The Philosopher's Belief that Religion is Superstitious Fear.

(Cf. X. 14. 73–80.)

O GENVS infelix humanum, talia divis
cum tribuit facta atque iras adiunxit acerbas !
quantos tum gemitus ipsi sibi, quantaque nobis
vulnera, quas lacrimas peperere minoribu' nostris !
nec pietas ullast velatum saepe videri
vertier ad lapidem atque omnis accedere ad aras
nec procumbere humi prostratum et pandere palmas
ante deum delubra nec aras sanguine multo
spargere quadrupedum nec votis nectere vota,
sed mage pacata posse omnia mente tueri.
nam cum suspicimus magni caelestia mundi
templa super stellisque micantibus aethera fixum,
et venit in mentem solis lunaeque viarum,
tunc aliis oppressa malis in pectora cura
illa quoque expergefactum caput erigere infit,
nequae forte deum nobis immensa potestas
sit, vario motu quae candida sidera verset.
temptat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas,
ecquaenam fuerit mundi genitalis origo,
et simul ecquae sit finis, quoad moenia mundi
solliciti motus hunc possint ferre laborem,
an divinitus aeterna donata salute
perpetuo possint aevi labentia tractu
immensi validas aevi contemnere viris.
praeterea cui non animus formidine divum
contrahitur, cui non correpunt membra pavore,
fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
contremit et magnum percurrunt murmura caelum ?
non populi gentesque tremunt, regesque superbi

corripiunt divum percussi membra timore,
nequid ob admissum foede dictumve superbe
poenarum grave sit solvendi tempus adultum ?
summa etiam cum vis violenti per mare venti
induperatorem classis super aequora verrit
cum validis pariter legionibus atque elephantis,
non divum pacem votis adit ac prece quaesit
ventorum pavidus paces animasque secundas,
nequiquam, quoniam violento turbine saepe
correptus nilo fertur minus ad vada leti ?
usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quaedam
obterit et pulchros fascis saevasque securis
proculcare ac ludibrio sibi habere videtur.
denique sub pedibus tellus cum tota vacillat
concussaeque cadunt urbes dubiaeque minantur,
quid mirum si se temnunt mortalia saecla
atque potestates magnas mirasque relinquunt
in rebus viris divum, quae cuncta gubernent ?

LUCRETIUS, v. 1194–1240.

§ 8

Monotheism Inherent in Polytheism.

The Apologia of the leaders of ancient thought.

(Cf. X. 11. 10–29.)

ALL sorts of arguments and analogies from physical science may be introduced to strengthen your case. At one moment Jupiter must be the spirit of the material universe, pervading and stirring its structure compact of the four elements (or whatever the number of elements they choose); at another he must delegate his functions to his sister and brother. At one moment he is the upper air, so that he may embrace from above his bride Juno, the atmosphere beneath him; at another he is the universal sky, atmosphere included, and it is the earth as his spouse (and as his mother as well: divine beings can do no sin !) that he fertilizes with seeds and

fruitful rain. Finally (not to exhaust the summary) He is God, to whom we may apply those inspired lines :

> . . . as God traversing all,
> Continents, plains of Ocean, sky profound.

In the upper air call him Jupiter, in the atmosphere Juno, in the sea Neptune, in the deep-sea hollows Salacia, in the earth Pluto, in the depths of earth Proserpine, in hearth and home Vesta, in the smithy Vulcan, in the constellations Sun, Moon, and stars, in seers Apollo, Mercury in merchandise. In Janus he appears as the god of beginnings, in Terminus of endings, of time in Saturn, of war Mars and Bellona, of vineyards Bacchus, and of cornfields Ceres ; in the woodlands he is Diana, in handicraft Minerva ; and, to sum up, he is still the same godhead in that mob of vulgarian deities. It must be he, under the name of Liber, that presides over the fertility of men, and, as Libera, over that of women ; he must be Diespater, ' father of Day ', who brings offspring to the light ; he must be Lucina, invoked by women labouring of child ; it must be he who brings help to the young at birth, and puts them into Earth's lap, taking the name of Ops, ' the Helper '. He opens lips in babyhood, and is called Vaticanus ; he lifts the child from the earth, and is called Levana, or ' the Lifter ' ; he watches over the cradle, and is called Cunina, ' Queen of the Cradle '. He must still be the same godhead unchanged, personified in those goddesses, who, under the name of Carmentes, prophesy our destinies at birth ; presiding over accidents too, under the name of Fortuna. As the goddess Rumina he gives suck to the infant (Ruma being the ancient name for ' breast ') ; as Potina he is the minister of wine, as Educa of food. From the fears of infancy he wins the name of Paventia, from hope (the ' event ' to come) of Venilia, from pleasure Volupia, from actions Agenoria, from the stimulus of violent action Stimula. He must be the goddess Strenia behind strenuous action ; Numeria as the teacher of Arithmetic, and Camena of singing ; he must be Consus in consultation, and the goddess Sentia as the donor of our sentiments ; the goddess Juventas, who after boyhood introduces the juvenile to adolescence, and Fortuna Barbata too, who grows hair on the adult—the latter were not allowed the honour of having even this curious male deity called Barbatus, from the beard (cf. ' Nodutus ', from *nodus*, ' a knot '), or Fortunius : having a beard, he could hardly be

called 'Fortuna'. It must be Jove himself who, as Jugatinus, joins husband and wife; and at marriage the young wife calls to him under the name of 'Virginiensis'; and in Mutunus, or Tutunus (the Greek Priapus) Jove must be impersonated.

If all this, and much that I have omitted as unmentionable, may pass without a blush, let us grant that all these gods and goddesses are represented in the most high Jove; or, on the other theory, that they are to be viewed as parts or powers of him—the pet theory of the Pantheists, and popular with the learned of this world. Supposing it to be so—and the implications of the view I waive for the moment—how much would they lose if they had the sense to fuse all their deities, and worship the one God? What disparagement could any part of Him suffer, if He were worshipped as Himself?

ST. AUGUSTINE, *Civitas Dei* IV. 11. (Circ. A.D. 425.)

§ 9

The Beauty of the World.

LICET enim iam remota subtilitate disputandi oculis quodam modo contemplari pulchritudinem rerum earum, quas divina providentia dicimus constitutas. ac principio terra universa cernatur, locata in media sede mundi, solida et globosa et undique ipsa in sese nutibus suis conglobata, vestita floribus, herbis, arboribus, frugibus, quorum omnium incredibilis multitudo insatiabili varietate distinguitur. adde huc fontium gelidas perennitates, liquores perlucidos amnium, riparum vestitus viridissimos, speluncarum concavas amplitudines, saxorum asperitates, impendentium montium altitudines immensitatesque camporum; adde etiam reconditas auri argentique venas infinitamque vim marmoris. quae vero et quam varia genera bestiarum vel cicurum vel ferarum! qui volucrium lapsus atque cantus! qui pecudum pastus! quae vita silvestrium! quid iam de hominum genere dicam? qui quasi cultores terrae constituti non patiuntur eam nec immanitate beluarum efferari nec stirpium asperitate vastari, quorumque operibus agri, insulae litoraque collucent distincta tectis et urbibus.

quae si, ut animis, sic oculis videre possemus, nemo cunctam intuens terram de divina ratione dubitaret.

At vero quanta maris est pulchritudo! quae species universi! quae multitudo et varietas insularum! quae amoenitates orarum ac litorum! quot genera quamque disparia partim submersarum, partim fluitantium et innantium beluarum, partim ad saxa nativis testis inhaerentium! ipsum autem mare sic terram appetens litoribus alludit, ut una ex duabus naturis conflata videatur.

Exin mari finitimus aër die et nocte distinguitur, isque tum fusus et extenuatus sublime fertur, tum autem concretus in nubes cogitur umoremque colligens terram auget imbribus, tum effluens huc et illuc ventos efficit. idem annuas frigorum et calorum facit varietates, idemque et volatus alitum sustinet et spiritu ductus alit et sustentat animantes.

Restat ultimus et a domiciliis nostris altissimus omnia cingens et coërcens caeli complexus, qui idem aether vocatur, extrema ora et determinatio mundi, in quo cum admirabilitate maxima igneae formae cursus ordinatos definiunt. e quibus sol, cuius magnitudine multis partibus terra superatur, circum eam ipsam volvitur, isque oriens et occidens diem noctemque conficit et modo accedens, tum autem recedens binas in singulis annis reversiones ab extremo contrarias facit, quarum in intervallo tum quasi tristitia quadam contrahit terram, tum vicissim laetificat, ut cum caelo hilarata videatur. luna autem, quae est, ut ostendunt mathematici, maior quam dimidia pars terrae, isdem spatiis vagatur, quibus sol, sed tum congrediens cum sole, tum digrediens et eam lucem, quam a sole accepit, mittit in terras et varias ipsa lucis mutationes habet, atque etiam tum subiecta atque opposita soli radios eius et lumen obscurat, tum ipsa incidens in umbram terrae, cum est e regione solis, interpositu interiectuque terrae repente deficit. isdemque spatiis eae stellae quas vagas dicimus, circum terram feruntur eodemque modo oriuntur et occidunt, quarum motus tum incitantur, tum retardantur, saepe etiam insistunt. quo spectaculo nihil

potest admirabilius esse, nihil pulchrius. sequitur stellarum inerrantium maxima multitudo, quarum ita discripta distinctio est, ut ex notarum figurarum similitudine nomina invenerint.

Haec omnis discriptio siderum atque hic tantus caeli ornatus ex corporibus huc et illuc casu et temere cursantibus potuisse effici cuiquam sano videri potest? aut vero alia quae natura mentis et rationis expers haec efficere potuit, quae non modo ut fierent ratione eguerunt, sed intellegi qualia sint sine summa ratione non possunt?

CICERO, *de Natura Deorum* ii. 38–45. 98–115. (Circ. 44 B.C.)

§ 10

That Cicero's religious instinct was sure, the following passage from Isaiah *shows (esp. ll. 22–50).*

CONSOLAMINI, consolamini, populе meus, dicit Deus vester. loquimini ad cor Ierusalem et advocate eam: quoniam completa est malitia eius, dimissa est iniquitas illius: suscepit de manu Domini duplicia pro omnibus peccatis suis.

Vox clamantis in deserto: 'Parate viam Domini, rectas facite in solitudine semitas Dei nostri.' omnis vallis exaltabitur et omnis mons et collis humiliabitur, et erunt prava in derecta, et aspera in vias planas. et revelabitur gloria Domini, et videbit omnis caro pariter quod os Domini locutum est. Vox dicentis: 'Clama.' et dixi, 'Quid clamabo? omnis caro foenum, et omnis gloria eius quasi flos agri. exsiccatum est foenum, et cecidit flos, quia spiritus Domini sufflavit in eo. vere foenum est populus: exsiccatum est foenum et cecidit flos: verbum autem Domini nostri manet in aeternum. super montem excelsum ascende, tu qui evangelizas Sion: exalta in fortitudine vocem tuam, qui evangelizas Ierusalem: exalta, noli timere. dic civitatibus Iuda: ecce Deus vester: ecce Dominus Deus in fortitudine veniet, et brachium eius dominabitur: ecce merces eius cum eo, et opus illius coram illo. sicut pastor gregem suum pascet: in brachio suo congregabit agnos, et in sinu suo levabit, foetas ipse portabit.

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Quis mensus est pugillo aquas, et caelos palmo ponderavit ? quis appendit tribus digitis molem terrae, et libravit in pondere montes, et colles in statera ? quis adiuvit spiritum Domini ? aut quis consiliarius eius fuit, et ostendit illi ? cum quo iniit consilium, et instruxit eum, et docuit eum semitam iustitiae, et erudivit eum scientiam, et viam prudentiae ostendit illi ? ecce gentes quasi stilla situlae, et quasi momentum staterae reputatae sunt : ecce insulae quasi pulvis exiguus. et Libanus non sufficiet ad succendendum, et animalia eius non sufficient ad holocaustum. omnes gentes quasi non sint, sic sunt coram eo, et quasi nihilum et inane reputatae sunt ei. cui ergo similem fecistis Deum ? aut quam imaginem ponetis ei ? numquid sculptile conflavit faber ? aut aurifex auro figuravit illud, et laminis argenteis argentarius ? forte lignum et imputribile elegit : artifex sapiens quaerit quomodo statuat simulacrum quod non moveatur. numquid non scitis ? numquid non audistis ? numquid non annuntiatum est vobis ab initio ? numquid non intellexistis fundamenta terrae ? qui sedet super gyrum terrae, et habitatores eius sunt quasi locustae : qui extendit quasi nihilum caelos, et expandit eos sicut tabernaculum ad inhabitandum. qui dat secretorum scrutatores quasi non sint, iudices terrae velut inane fecit : et quidem neque plantatus, neque satus, neque radicatus in terra truncus eorum : repente flavit in eos, et aruerunt, et turbo quasi stipulam auferet eos. et cui assimilastis me et adaequastis ? dicit Sanctus. levate in excelsum oculos vestros, et videte quis creavit haec : qui educit in numero militiam eorum, et omnes ex nomine vocat ; prae multitudine fortitudinis et roboris, virtutisque eius, neque unum reliquum fuit. quare dicis, Iacob, et loqueris, Israel : abscondita est mea via a Domino, et a Deo meo iudicium meum transivit ? numquid nescis, aut non audisti ? deus sempiternus Dominus, qui creavit terminos terrae : non deficiet, neque laborabit, nec est investigatio sapientiae eius. qui dat lasso virtutem : et his qui non sunt fortitudinem et robur multiplicat. deficient pueri, et labora-

bunt, et iuvenes in infirmitate cadent. qui autem sperant in Domino mutabunt fortitudinem, assument pennas sicut aquilae, current et non laborabunt, ambulabunt, et non deficient.

The Vulgate, Isaiah xl. (Circ. A. D. 392.)

§ 11

Criticism of the Stoic Idea of God. (77 B.C.)

NOW Persaeus, disciple of this same Zeno, puts in the category of gods those who by their discoveries have conferred great blessings on civilization: he holds that the actual blessings and discoveries themselves have taken over the gods' names, even if not themselves divine properties, as well as inventions of the divine power. Nothing could be more absurd than to give a divine glamour to things mean and ugly, or to give repose in Heaven to mortals destroyed by death, with the result that religion would be mournful for ever. Why, Chrysippus, the most visionary vapourer among the Stoics, assembles a great mob of unknown gods, so unheard-of in fact, that not even idle fancy can give you an idea of them, though the human mind seems capable of pretty vigorous imaginative power. His view is that the Divine power resides in Reason, in the heart and mind of Nature. The Universe itself, and its all-embracing penetrative spirit, he calls a god; its dominion also, working in Mind and Reason, and the whole natural order of things embracing Creation, is a god; the grip of Fate, and Predestination; Fire too, and the upper air above-mentioned; then those creatures whose property is to flow and pour, water, earth, and atmosphere; sun, moon, and stars, and the universality of created things interpenetrating; and finally, even those mortals who have attained immortality. The same thinker argues that he whom men call Jove is the Aether, and the atmosphere that flows over the seas is Neptune, and that the Earth is known as Ceres; and he applies a similar argument to all the other divine appellations in turn. And he calls Jove also the eternal force of immutable law, the guide of Life and teacher of duty, and that same Predestination, the immutable certainty of the Future. There is nothing in any of these things in which divinity seems likely to inhere; and this is the subject of his first book on Theology. In the second

he aims at adapting the poems of Orpheus, Musaeus, Hesiod, and Homer to this theological thesis of his first book. And even the innocent poets of remote antiquity are made out to be Stoics. Diogenes of Babylon follows him in his work entitled *Minerva*, in which he gives a physiological interpretation of the labour of Jove and the virgin's birth, discountenancing the sacred story.

I give here, not the judgements of philosophers, but practically the dreams of idiots. Not much more absurd is the poisonous charm of the effusions of certain poets—pictures of gods inflamed with passion and mad with lust, idylls of their wars, battles, combats, wounds; their hatred, quarrels, discord, strife, births, deaths, complaints, and mourning, intemperance, lust, adultery, imprisonment, chambering with humankind, and the begetting of mortals from immortal bodies. And with these poetical follies we may compare the superstitions of wizards and the ravings of Egyptians of that order, not to mention the *idola fori*, displaying as much inconsistency as ignorance. If you consider the unbalanced folly of such accounts, you must worship the very name of Epicurus, and put him among the number of just those beings who are the objects of our inquiry. For he alone saw as a first principle the proof of God's existence in the natural intuition of Him implanted in all men's minds. What nation is there, what member of the human family but has, untaught, a kind of instinctive intimation—prolepsis, Epicurus calls it in Greek—of the Godhead? By this he means a kind of impression caught previously by the mind, the irreducible minimum of all understanding, inquiry, or argument whatever. The force of this reasoning and its value we draw from that inspired work of his *The Conduct of the Understanding*. You see put forward with admirable lucidity the fundamental axioms of our researches. For, as the opinion is not established by any school or tradition or law, and yet there abides the universal conviction unshaken, we cannot fail to realize that the proof of the existence of God lies in those inbred, nay, innate perceptions we have of them. And what is in the nature of things accepted universally must be true. We must agree then that the gods exist. And as this is practically an accepted truth, not merely among thinkers but among the unschooled, we must accept the further point that we do possess this premonition, this intimation of the Godhead aforementioned. . . . Our intuition drives us too to think of

the gods as blessed and immortal. For the Nature that has given our minds the adumbration of the gods' image has also engraved the conviction of their blessedness and immortality. This being so, Epicurus's exposition is sound: 'That which is blessed and eternal can know no toil in itself, nor give any impression of such; so they are free from the shackles of Passion or Affection, insomuch as anything with these impediments would be weakened thereby.'

Now touching the bodily shape of the gods, we have partly hints from Nature, partly the instruction of Reason. Nature tells us, as well as every other race of man, that the gods can have no other form but the human. No other shape presents itself to us sleeping or waking at any time. But we need not reduce all argument to intuition: Reason itself avers the same truth. It seems natural that the being most unique for blessedness and immortality should also be the most beautiful; and what shape can be more beautiful than man's in the arrangement of limbs, in symmetry of lines, in features? Why, my friends Lucilii (I must exclude dear Cotta: he is so variable), when you are delineating some divine subject in Art, you never fail to dilate on the combination of grace and utility in the human figure. If Man's figure surpasses the shape of all living things, and God is a living thing, why, his is the figure that is the most beautiful. We agree that the gods are most blessed, and that blessedness is impossible without goodness, and that goodness is nothing without reason, and that reason exists nowhere if not in man's image: then we must agree that the gods have human shape. Yet that shape is not body, but the likeness of a body; it has not blood, but the likeness of blood.

You usually ask me, Balbus, what the life of the gods is like, and how they pass their time. Of course, in happiness, in abundance of blessedness it surpasses imagination. A god does nothing; he is free from the shackles of all business; he knows no toilsome tasks; his own wisdom and virtue are his joyful contemplation. Before him is the certainty of unending joys, as lofty as eternal. Such a god we may naturally call blessed: yours I should call a mechanic. If the universe itself is a god, nothing could be less peaceful, condemned to turn about its orbit with miraculous speed, with never a second's rest. Nothing is blessed if not at peace. Or if God is somewhere in the universe, ruling, guiding it, keeping in order the paths of the stars, the changes of the seasons, the lapse of time and tide, watching

the continents and seas, keeping guard on the fortunes and lives of men—Oh, what fetters of tiresome work and labour are his! No, a care-free mind, the absence of all duties—in these do we put a life of blessedness. And we follow the same thinkers here in our belief that Nature produced the Universe, holding that there could have been no need of an architect—a view at least as natural and easy as your denial of the possibility of creation without the craft of God—to explain Nature's power of creating universes without number, past, present, or to be. And because you cannot see how Nature without Mind can accomplish this, like tragic poets, unable to unravel the *dénouement* of your plot, you fly to the god in the Machine.

CICERO, *de Natura Deorum* i. 15. (Cic. 44 B. C.)

§ 12

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

(Cf. IX. 6; IX. 10.)

AEQVAM memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalem consociare amant
ramis? quid obliquo laborat
lympha fugax trepidare rivo?

huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.

cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
villaque flavus quam Tiberis lavit;
cedes, et exstructis in altum
divitiis potietur heres.

divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
nil interest an pauper et infima
de gente sub divo moreris,
victima nil miserantis Orci.

omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocius
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium impositura cumbae.

HORACE, *Odes* ii. 3. (30 B.C.)

§ 13

Second Thoughts of the Cultured Agnostic

GOD'S scant infrequent worshipper
I wandered once, the follower
Of witless wisdom; now I trim
My sails, and back, back home to Him.

Needs must I, for the lord of Heav'n
With flash on flash the clouds has riv'n;
And thundering through a cloudless sky
His wingèd steeds and car passed by.

Dull Earth, the wandering streams, the fell
Abiding-place of Death and Hell
Are shaken; mountain and valley meet:
He brings the mighty from their seat!

The mighty, yea, He hath brought down,
And pluck'd the monarch from his crown:
A mighty rushing wind—and He
Exalteth them of low degree.

HORACE, *Odes* i. 34. (30 B.C.)

§ 14

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be ;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love.
But fools do live and waste their little light
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

CAMPION.

LOVE is the God of Peace ;
For me let battles cease
Save with my Lady Love's war not unkind !
I drain no jewelled cup,
Nor plough rich acres up ;
No lust for gold consumes my jealous mind.
And therefore, O unhappy foe,
I seek not wealth by compassing thine overthrow.

A curse lay on the Earth
That gave invention birth
With greater skill to make than to foresee ;
With cunning to control
Matter, but blind to soul,
Though first and straightest should that pathway be :
Whereas upon a sea of harms
We toss, and seek us foes, and rivet arms on arms.

The wealth thou cam'st without
Thou shalt not carry out ;
Empty in the boat of death thou 'lt sail, thou fool !
Mid cheek by jowl the dead,
Victor and vanquishèd,
Captor and captive, usurer and tool.
Therefore, O sweet and lovely Death,
Thou comest apt the day and hour Fate ordaineth.

In manhood's dawning hours
I boast that in the bowers
Of Song and Dance I linger'd rapt,
And made this brain of mine
The prisoner of Wine,
In the embrace of all the Muses lapt ;
And ever trick'd and garlanded
With roses, with Spring roses my enchanted head.

And when the weight of age
Shall my desires assuage,
And scatter silver hairs among the black,
Be my delight to pore
The book of Nature's lore,
And all her secret ordinances track;
What God holds in his cunning hand
The many mansions of this House of sea and land.

What way the monthly moon
Gathers to plenilune
Her horns, or on her rise and setting goes;
How wind churns wave to yeast,
And what the spoils of East
Wind; whence to clouds the stanchless water flows;
Whether the day of doom will fall
When floods shall overwhelm the world's high castle-wall.

Or why the shining bow
Rainwater doth swallow,
And all the lonely range thunders and quakes;
And why the Sun's orb dips
His chariot in eclipse,
And trappings for his Steeds of sable makes;
And why in heaven King Charles's Wain
Is slow to turn its labouring oxen round again.

And why the stars in choir
Mass congregated fire,
Nor the great Deep pass his appointed bound;
The pageant of the year
In fullness persevere
From Spring to winter its accustomed round;
And when the fire of life is spent,
Do gods below dispense reward and punishment?

On heads do black snakes riot,
Or filthy Harpies fly at
Men's banquets, or do Furies drive them mad?
Are men to wheels bound there?
Is water everywhere
To tantalize the thirst, or are men bade
To roll rocks slow up hill
And see them tumble, tumble down against their will?

Does Hell's wide-gaping maw
Demand the triple jaw
Of Cerberus its captives to defend ?
For outstretched giants too
Are nine acres too few ?
Or do such tales from fool to fool descend ?
To Death and funeral-bier—
But thus far, not beyond—torments the master-fear ?

PROPERTIUS, iii. 5 (iv. 5). (Circ. 22 B. C.)

§ 15

How little do we suspect from what direction Death will overtake us! Horace has just had a narrow escape himself from paying a visit to Proserpine.

(Cf. *Od.* ii. 17. 27.)

ILLE et nefasto te posuit die
quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
produxit, arbos, in nepotum
perniciem opprobriumque pagi ;

illum et parentis crediderim sui
fregisse cervicem et penetralia
sparsisse nocturno cruore
hospitis ; ille venena Colcha

et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
te triste lignum, te caducum
in domini caput immerentis.

quid quisque vitet numquam homini satis
cautum est in horas : navita Bosphorum
Poenus perhorrescit neque ultra
caeca timet aliunde fata ;

miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
robur ; sed improvisa leti
vis rapuit rapietque gentis.

quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
et iudicantem vidimus Aeacum
sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus,
et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaee, plectro dura navis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli!

utrumque sacro digna silentio
mirantur umbrae dicere; sed magis
pugnas et exactos tyrannos
densum umeris bibit aure vulgus.

quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
demittit atras belua centiceps
auris et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?

quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
dulci laborem decipitur sono,
nec curat Orion leones
aut timidos agitare lyncas.

HORACE, *Odes* ii. 13. (Circ. 30 B. C.)

§ 16

A Poet's Immortality.

Nemo me lacrumis decoret, neque funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? Volito vivus per ora virum.

ENNIUS.

(And cf. Ov. *Tr.* iv. 10 and *Am.* i. 15.)

NON usitata nec tenui ferar
penna biformis per liquidum aethera
vates, neque in terris morabor
longius, invidiaque maior

urbis relinquam. non ego pauperum
sanguis parentum, non ego quem vocas,
dilecte Maecenas, obibo
nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
pelles, et album mutor in alitem
superne, nascunturque leves
per digitos umerosque plumae.

iam Daedaleo notior Icaro
visam gementis litora Bosphori
Syrtisque Gaetulas canorus
ales Hyperboreosque campos.

me Colchus et qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis Dacus et ultimi
noscent Geloni, me peritus
discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.

absint inani funere neniae
luctusque turpes et querimoniae ;
compesce clamorem ac sepulcri
mitte supervacuos honores.

HORACE, *Odes* ii. 20. (Circ. 20 B.C.)

NOTES

Lanc. = Lanciani, *The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome* (Macmillan, 1897).

I § 1

1. Cf. Tennyson :

Sweet Catullus' all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio.

Sirmione is a peninsula on the Lago di Garda connected with the south shore by a narrow strip of land often covered by water.

Paene : use of adverb for adjective, a Graecism, though in Greek the article must precede the adverb. Cf. V. 1, l. 10, 'iste post phaselus' ; and Livy, 'omnibus circa locis' ; and especially Caesar, *B. G.* VI. 36. 2, 'paene obsessionem'.

3. *uterque Neptunus* : i. e. Neptune ruling either in the fresh waters or the sea.

10. *desiderato lecto* : cf. I. 4, l. 39.

13. *Lydiae* : hypallage for 'Lydii lacus'. The Etruscans, supposed to be of Lydian origin, had settlements near the Po in early times.

I § 2

1. *Soracte* : Monte S. Oreste, 2,420 ft. high, 26 miles north of Rome.

7. *homely jar* : 'Sabina diota'. Sabine wine was rough country wine, such as Horace would drink himself. See *Odes* i. 20 (VIII. 8), on Roman wines.

19. *parks* : 'areae' : open spaces in Rome round temples and public buildings.

I § 3

17. *uxor* : Ovid's third wife, of the Gens Fabia.

19. *nata* : probably Perilla, the poetess addressed in *Trist.* ii. 7.

29. *Capitolia* : the twin peaks of the Capitoline Hill.

37. *caelesti viro* : Augustus, called *deus* in l. 40.

39. *ut* : 'provided that'.

48. *Parrhasis Arctos* : the Great Bear (called 'Arcadian'—Parrhasia was the antique name of Arcadia—from Callisto, the Arcadian maid beloved by Zeus, and turned by him into the constellation) had 'turned away from its own pole', i. e. had half finished its circuit in the heavens : dawn was at hand.

54. Alluding to the Roman (and English) superstition of lucky hours or days for certain actions.

66. *Thesea*: 'worthy of Theseus', famous for his devotion to his friend Pirithous.

75. Mettus Fufetius of Alba, whom Tullus Hostilius punished for treachery in the war against Veii by having him tied to two chariots which were driven in opposite directions. See Livy, i. 27, 28.

83. *capit*: 'holds', i. e. there is room for . . . Cf. Gk. *χωρεῖν*.

101. *absentem*: belongs to *sublevet*, the second *vivat* being, so to speak, in parenthesis.

I § 4

15. For Ovid's devotion, real or feigned, to his wife, see III. 2.

40–6. Death, like birth and marriage, was marked by formalism among the Romans. The dying man's last wishes and the last moment were followed by the *conclamatio*, a burst of lament which might be continued later for seven days till the funeral. The closing of the eyes of the dead, also, like the washing of the body, was a religious act. See IX. 4. 45.

40. *unmourn'd*: by the hired mourners who accompanied the procession.

61. *the old seer of Samos*: Pythagoras, who taught the theory of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. See VII. 4. 24; IX. 10. 14 *n*.

63. The spirit is doomed to haunt the place of its tomb.

67. Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, king of Thebes, gave burial to her brother Polynices, contrary to the decree of Creon, the then reigning king of Thebes. The plot of Sophocles' *Antigone*.

70. *some niche beyond the City's din* . . . The high-roads leading from cities were favourite burial grounds. See the Via Appia from Rome, The Sacred Road at Athens, the Street of Tombs in Pompeii, and Les Alyscamps at Arles.

76. Roman inscriptions often bear the initial letters of these words S. T. T. L. (*Sit tibi terra levis!*).

I § 5

On Atticus see VI. 6. 11 *n*.

23. *the ruin*: estimated at £20,000.

30. *Dyrrachium*: on the coast of Illyria where Cicero had arrived from Thessalonica, his place of exile. Brundisium and Dyrrachium were to the Romans what Dover and Calais are to us.

32. *Tullia*: Cicero's favourite child, born of his first marriage. See IX. 1 and 2.

35. *St. Saviour's*: a temple to Health or Salvation on the Quirinal. Roman temple-names probably lost much of their significance as church names do with us. The dedication of a temple was an event of great importance. Templum Salutis was dedicated 303 B. C.

46. *Capena Gate*: the famous gate that led out on to the Appian Road. See Lanc. i. 18 and 45.

55–61. See I. 6.

I § 7

4. *auspicato inauguratoque*: see X. 1 and 2. Abl. Abs. Impersonal. Cf. II. 10. 20.

12. *gentilicia sacra . . . publica sacra*: i. e. 'privati publicique dei', l. 7. What the Lares and Penates were to the home, the national divinities were to the State.

13. *flamines*: priests appointed to particular deities.

20. *signo*: the Palladium, or image of Pallas, supposed to have been brought by Aeneas from Troy. Probably an aerolite, like the monolith at Delphi or the Black Stone of Mecca.

22. *profanum*: lit. anything outside the shrine (*pro fano*). The City itself was a *templum*, having been founded *auspicato*.

35 ff. See X. 2.

37. *Aius Locutius*: the mysterious spirit in the Nova Via which warned the Romans of the approach of the Gauls, 390 B.C. See X. 8; Lanc. p. 128.

87. *casa illa*: the cottage of Romulus, rebuilt by Augustus. See 'Hut Urns' in *Dict. Antiq.*; Lanc. p. 131; Horace, ii. 15 (II. 1, ll. 10–20).

88. *ritu*: contrast its normal prose use in l. 30.

99 ff. Cf. I. 4.

109. *saluberrimos colles*: Cicero makes the same patriotic declaration. The marshes round the hills were notoriously unhealthy. Horace, *Epp.* I. vii. 2–13; ib. xvi. 15, 16; Juv. x. 217–32.

121. *malum!* An exclamation of indignation. *Expertis* dative after *ratio*. 'Pest! what sense can there be in your experimenting further with Fate when such good fortune has already been vouchsafed you' (*haec expertis*).

123–4. *ubi . . . invento*. Livy himself tells the story, i. 55. 6, 'arcem eam imperii caputque rerum fore . . . cecinere vates'.

126. *Iuventas Terminusque*: see X. 8.

I § 8

Introd. *imaginibus*: the family portrait-gallery of busts arranged round the *Atrium*; the badge of respectability. See IX. 7. 3 *n.*

9. *pocillo*: dimin. *poculum*. Cf. *ocellus*, I. 1. 2; *novellus*, III. 1. 22; *misellus*, V. 3. 16; VIII. 13. 19; *tigillum*, VII. 6. 20; *oscilla*, V. 9. 10; *parvula*, V. 1. 133; *puellula*, VII. 2. 57; *hortulus*, ib. 88; *aureolus*, ib. 113; *brachiolum*, ib. 117; *floridulus*, ib. 129; *labellum*, 156.

13. *anteambulo*: a flunkey. ['The farcèd title running 'fore the king.' Shakes. *Henry V*, IV. i. 283.]

I § 9

For the metre and style see the Chester Miracle plays, especially 'Noah'. R. W. Pollard, *English Miracle Plays* (Clarendon Press).

II § 1

3. *Lucrinus lacus*: Lago Lucrino, near Baiae. Virg. *Georg.* ii. 161; Horace, *Epod.* ii. 49; Martial, iv. 57. 1. See IX. 6. 2 *n.*

6. *copia narium*: 'the wealth of the nostrils', 'the joy of the nostrils'.

8. The emphasis is on *priori*, as on *privatis*, l. 15.

10. See I. 7 and II. 5.

16. *excipiebat Arcton*: see II. 3. 98.

For evidence of actual rents paid in Rome, see Velleius Paterculus, ii. 10: 'Prosequamur nota severitatem censorum Cassii Longini Caepionisque, qui abhinc annos CLVII Lepidum Aemilium augurem, quod sex millibus HS aedes conduxisset, adesse iusserunt. at nunc si quis tanti habitet, vix ut senator agnoscitur: adeo natura a rectis in prava, a pravis in vitia, a vitiis in praecipitia pervenitur.' And of M. Caelius' lodgings in Rome, Cicero, *pro Caelio*, 7.17: 'Sumptus unius generis obiectus est, habitationis: triginta millibus dixistis eum habitare. Nunc demum intellego P. Clodii insulam esse venalem, cuius hic in aediculis habitat, decem, ut opinor, millibus. Vos autem, dum illi placere vultis, ad tempus eius mendacium vestrum accommodavistis.'

II § 2

1. *Before long*: S. is talking vaguely of the period after the great wars. Introd., p. 19.

18. *a petty tyrant's rod*: note Virg. *Aen.* vi. 851, 'Tu regere imperio populos,' &c.

21. Cf. II. 11. 19.

21–4. It is asserted, at any rate by Sallust's political opponents, that he himself amassed an enormous fortune, chiefly from the plunder of his province of Numidia; moreover, that his own private life was scandalous. He built himself gardens on the Pincian hill which were proverbial for their beauty and extravagance, and became a favourite resort of the Emperors.

II § 3

The end of the letter from which this extract comes should be consulted for Cicero's opinion of Caesar in this year. Caesar had just appointed Quintus Cicero to his staff in Gaul. 'In my affections I put Caesar next to you and my children, and not very far behind.'

2. *Arpinati*: estate in Arpinum. *Arpinas*, *-atis*, adj.

2–3. *ludorum diebus*: the *Ludi Romani* were on the 13th of September, the *Ludi Plebeii* from the 4th to the 17th. See VIII. 13. 13.

3. *Philotimo*: a freedman of Terentia's, who managed much of Cicero's property.

4. *aquam*: probably decorative water, as implied in *belle*.

7. *Manliano*: Manlianum, one of Cicero's villas.

8. *Diphilum Diphilo tardiorem*, 'Diphilus above his record in slackness.' Diphilus was the architect.

13. *tectorium*: stucco, or wall-painting.

14. *cameras*: arches, or arched roofs.

15. *atriolum in porticu*: a small entrance-hall.

22. *assa*: *assus* = roasted; *assa-orum* = a sweating-room.

34. *HS* ↀↀIↃↃↃ = 100,000 sesterces = about £1,000. [CIↃ = M, 1,000; CCIↃↃ = 10,000.]

38. *salientibus*: *salientes* (*aquae*) = fountains, or perhaps, 'waterfalls'.

39. *viridicata*, 'green', probably of artificial shrubberies.

44. *ternis nummis in pedem*, 'contracted at three sesterces (about 6*d*.) the foot'.

48. *cuniculus*: an underground tunnel (milit. = a mine) which had collapsed and buried the workers.

51. *ad Furinae*, 'at the Temple of Furina', a deity unknown. See X. 8.

60. *Laterium*: an estate of Quintus in Arpinum.

67. *Topiarium*: decorative shrubbery or clipped hedges. See Scott, *Woodstock*, ch. vi.

69. *palliati*: Greek statues, so called from the Greek garment, the *pallium*. Cf. *Fabulae palliatae*, plays adapted from the Greek.

70. ἀποδυτηρίῳ: apodyterium, a dressing-room.

alsius: *alsus* = 'cool'. *muscus* = 'moss'.

71. *expolitionem*: 'the polishing' or 'decorating', *urbanam*, of a house in the city.

81. *absolutum*, 'finished'.

II § 4

2. *I beg your pardon*: Pliny and Gallus seem to have had a jesting dispute over the correct epithet—*Laurentinus or Laurens*.

45. *radiators*: see *Dict. Antiq.* 'Baths'.

72. *The Mall*: *Gestatio* (orig. = exercise): a place for driving, riding (in a litter), walking, or running.

126. *Christmas time*. The *Saturnalia*, or feast of Saturn, corresponded roughly in time, and to a certain extent in idea, with our Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and Boxing Day. See VIII. 19.

Pliny's letter recalls Horace Walpole's description of his country house:

Strawberry Hill,
June 12, 1753.

To Sir Horace Mann.

I could not rest any longer with the thought of your not having any idea of a place of which you hear so much, and therefore desired Mr. Bentley to draw you as much idea of it as the post would be persuaded to carry from Twickenham to Florence. The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry Hill; and I will try to explain as much of it to you as will help to let you know whereabouts we are when we are talking to you; for it is uncomfortable in so intimate a correspondence as ours not to be exactly master of every spot where one is writing, or reading, or sauntering. This view of the castle is what I have just finished, and is the only side that will be at all regular. Directly before it is an open grove, through which you see a field, which is bounded by a serpentine wood of all kind of trees, and flowering shrubs and flowers. The lawn before the house is situated on the top a small hill, from whence to the left you see the town and church of Twickenham encircling a turn of the river, that looks exactly like a seaport in miniature. The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond Hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left; and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually enlivened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, wagons, and horsemen constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk up into the house. The bow-window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, &c., but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs, they succeeded to a miracle: it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very aera. From hence, under two gloomy arches, you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork: the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, longbows, arrows, and spears all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart in the Holy Wars. But as none of this regards the enclosed drawing, I will pass to that. The room on the ground-floor nearest to you is a bedchamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner, invented by Lord Cardigan; that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow-window room up one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in

the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows; the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr. Chute's College of Arms, are two presses with books of Heraldry and Antiquities, Madame de Sevigné's Letters, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built; they will be an eating-room and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor. We pique ourselves on nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses.

You will not be sorry, I believe, by this time to have done with Strawberry Hill, and to hear a little news. The end of a very dreamy session has been extremely enlivened.... Adieu! my dear child; I think this a very tolerable letter for summer!

II § 5

On the subject of Baths, Dr. Johnson would have applauded Seneca's simple ideals, as the following passage shows, though Seneca would doubtless have been shocked at the Doctor's conclusion. We, however, may feel towards Johnson's generation as Seneca feels toward Scipio's.

'Talking of Christopher Smart, the unfortunate poet, who was confined to a mad-house, Dr. Johnson said: "His infirmities were not noxious to Society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it." This confession is of a piece with a story told by one Wickins, a draper of Lichfield, with whom Johnson was on some terms of intimacy. Showing the Doctor over his house one day, he pointed out to him a cold bath, expatiating on its salubrity. "Sir," was the comment, "how do you do?" "Very well, I thank you, Doctor." "Then, Sir, let well alone, and be content. I hate immersion!"'—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. i.

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II § 6

On the *Aurea Domus* see Lanc. p. 361.

2. *Esquilias usque*: going all the way across (hence *transitoria*) to the Esquiliae, the spurs of the Quirinal Hill on the north side of the Forum.

4. *suffecerit*: subj. of polite suggestion. 'It may be sufficient.'

6. *laxitas*, 'expanse'.

11. *laqueatae*, 'with panelled ceilings'.

12. *fistulatis*, 'fitted with pipes': agrees with *tabulis*, which is abl. descrip. with this decoration. Cf. VIII. 5. 164.

II § 7

Note the importance of Crassus in the politics and commerce of his day. Cf. II. 8 and 9. On the activities of fire brigades cf. VIII. 5. 191 sq.

II § 8

9–11. Cf. VIII. 7. 31–8; IX. 3. 21; X. 2. 24–33.

22. *Otho's expedition*: Otho had raised an army and was setting out for Narbonese Gaul to attack Vitellius.

II § 9

1–3. Cf. Virg. *Aen.* vi. 773–5.

4. *tibicine* = (1) 'flute-player', (2) 'prop', as here.

9. *frivola transfert*. Cf. II. 11. 28.

10. *Vcalegon*: a rather comic reference to Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 312. Cf. VIII. 4. 34 *n.* Ucalegon is a Trojan mentioned in *Iliad*, iii. 148. Juvenal uses his name for the richer resident on the ground-floor. The poor client sleeps on the third story, under the tiles.

14–16. For a similar inventory of furniture cf. Hor. *Sat.* i. 6. 114–18.

14. *Codrus*: a dignified name, though proverbial for poverty or meanness. Virg. *Ecl.* v. 11 and vii. 22; Martial, ii. 57. 4 and v. 23. 8.

Procula: a dwarf famous in Rome.

23. *Asturicus*: an agnomen of dignity, like Africanus, Asiaticus, Creticus, &c.

24. *pullati* = *sordidati* (cf. *horrida*). Cf. III. 2. 8 *n.*

differt vadimonia: closes the Law Courts as during a *iustitium*.

28. *Euphranor*: a famous Corinthian statuary and painter (*c.* 350 B. C.).

Polyclitus: a statuary of Argos (*c.* 450 B. C.).

32. Note the significance of the Asiatic name, *Persicus*, and of *orborum*.

II § 10

4–6. See Lanciani on the building of the Coliseum, Bk. iv. 14, p. 369.

6. *ut qui*: gives the cause, as coming from the man's character. Therefore subjunctive.

8. *imperitante Tiberio*: Suetonius (*Tib.* 47) says that Tiberius never encouraged these shows, rarely even by his presence.

12. *vim*: comes to be used like *copia*. Cf. Livy xxi. 5. 13, 'vis ingens equitum'. Cf. X. 9. 12.

20. *nequedum*: *dum*, as with *non* and *vix* = yet.

comperto: Impers. Abl. Abs. Cf. I. 7. 4 *n.*

31. *praebiti*: implies that the *medici* were slaves, the property of wealthy houses, lent for the occasion.

II § 11

3–5. *Greek, Afric, Asiatic*: cf. II. 5.

19, 20. *strewing the seas*: cf. II. 2. 20.

28. Cf. II. 9. 8, 'frivola transfert'.

34. Cf. Shakesp. *Cymbeline*:

> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Cf. IX. 6. 37–56.

II § 12

2. See V. 7. 9–11. With this letter cf. Johnson's 'Essay on Living in a Garret', *Rambler*, April 30, 1751.

9. *crepitum illisae manus*: Seneca has to listen to the thuds of massage administered in the baths below.

11. *pilicrepus*: probably a professional ball-player who kept the score (*pĭla*, *crepo*) like our scorers in tennis matches. Exercise was taken before the bath. Trimalchio (see VIII. 5) plays ball before his bath, and a slave 'counts the balls'.

11. *actum est*: a colloquialism. 'It's all up.' Seneca forgets his stoical beginning.

12. *illum cui vox*: on the pleasure of singing in the bath see Horace, *Sat.* i. 4. 75, 76, and Petronius, 73 and 91.

15. *alipilum*: an attendant who removed hair from the armpits (*ala*, *pīlus*). The process was regarded by the Romans as natural cleanliness.

18. *botularius*: a sausage-seller.

19. *crustūlarius*: a pastry cook.

23. *perducat ad mortem*: irritates to death.

30. *inquilinum* (*incolinum*): i. e. in the same tenement, 'upstairs'.

31. *ad metam sudantem*: a fountain. For the most famous one in Rome

near the Coliseum, see Lanc. iii. 3, p. 193. He explains the allusion here as referring to the alleged practising of bugles and flutes round the public fountains. Summers reads *tubulos ut tibias*, and understands the noise as made by inspectors testing the pipes (*tubuli*) of the fountains and blowing down them, making a horrible noise.

34. *pausarium*: κελευστής, a boatswain, who called rowers their time.

III § 1

1–4. Cf. III. 4. 1–12.

1. *bona*: words of good omen and good cheer. Cf. *fave* and III. 2. 5 and 6.

5. *Genius*: the guardian-spirit of a man's soul, the deity always invoked on great occasions. (His image would be adorned. Hence ll. 6–8. If he were favourable, you might wish before his image and hope to have your wishes granted. Hence ll. 9 and 10.)

8. *libo*: the birthday-cake, referred to again in III. 3. 17.

21. *avis*: by metonymia = 'good omen', or 'luck'.

22. *novella*: see I. 8. 11 *n.*

III § 2

8. *alba*: festal attire, contrasting (*discolor*) with that to which Ovid inclines, *vestis pulla*, the dark grey of mourning. Cf. II. 9. 24; IX. 9. 32 *n.* and infra l. 14, *candidus*.

15. *si quod* = *quodcumque*, the antecedent of which (*illo vulnere* understood) is obj. of *perfuncta sit*. 'May she have paid her debt to Fate', in advance, having suffered my exile (*meis malis*).

17. Cf. I. 4. 15.

20. *erepta haec*: for *ereptio huius* (synecdoche).

III § 3

11. *Caesar's rage*: cf. *Trist.* i. 3. 37–40.

III § 4

14. *mid-month*: Maecenas' birthday was on the Ides of April.

15. *sailors' veneration*, 'mensem Veneris marinae'. Not only was April sacred to Venus, but the sea also.

16. *April two*, 'divides in half'. *Idus* supposed to be derived from √ ID, to divide.

36. *true*: the keynote of the piece and of Horace's philosophy.

IV § 1

27–8. Cf. the stories of Julius Caesar even in the softer days of the Republic. Suet. *Iulius* 57; Shakesp. *Julius Caesar* 1. ii. 98–109; Cf. also IV. 3. 14, 15.

32. Cf. Juv. xiv. 47: 'maxima debetur puero reverentia'.

46. *Perseus*: the last king of Macedonia, defeated by Aemilius Paulus at Pydna, 168 B.C. See IX. 11. 38.

IV § 2

3. *Pompaedius Silo*: an Italian patriot, working with M. Livius Drusus, the senatorial champion of the cause of unity and reform. Leges Liviae, 91 B. C.

24. The mock trial was a favourite game with Roman children. This, and the important war-game mentioned below, reflect in miniature the Roman genius for jurisprudence and militarism.

34. '*Game of Troy*': see Virg. *Aen.* v. 596–9 and Suet. *Aug.* 43.

IV § 3

23. *canitiem*: synecdoche.

24. *rapto*: Neut. as abstract noun. Abl. of Means.

27. Oriental fashions, often mentioned in contempt.

30. *Matris Idaeae*: the worship of Cybele, Magna Mater, was introduced into Rome 204 B. C. (see VIII. 6. 182 *n.*, VIII. 12. 19) and became eventually very popular with the masses. Compare the introduction of Juno into the Roman Pantheon, X. 2. 75–91.

IV § 5

1. *occepi* = *incepi*.

2. *quoius*: archaic *cuius*. Cf. *quoi* for *cui*.

3. *ain* = *ais-ne?* Cf. *censen*, VII. 6. 34.

7. *caput*: something like 'prince of'; perhaps also analogous to Greek dramatic use of *κάρα* = person.

8. *a me sentiat*, 'his sentiments are on my side'.

13. *surrupta* = *surrepta*.

22. *eo . . . quia*, 'to that end', 'for that reason, because'.

23. *pro portione* = 'relatively' to what you say, i. e. 'by your way of speaking'.

36. *ut*: after *concredam*. Like *ὥστε* = 'on condition that . . .'

40. *ex proclivi*, 'instead of difficult' (steep).

47. *superstitiosa*, 'a witch'.
hariola, 'a sorceress'.

58. *peccassis*: archaic pf. subj., cf. VII. 5. 51 *n.*

59. *nugas agere*, 'to play the fool'.

64, 66, 77, 79. A description of the toys, a little gold sword, engraved with her father's name, a little gold two-headed axe, engraved with her mother's

name, a silver sickle, a brooch of clasped hands, and a little silver pig: above all, an amulet of gold, the first birthday present, supposed to have protective power. (Even the poor had one, of leather. Cf. IX. 3. 27.)

78. *i derecta*, 'Go and be hanged'.

90. *promiscam* adv. 'in common'.

91. *quom . . . amant*: 'since' or 'that' with Indic.; ante-classical.

97. *clanculum*: dimin. of *clam* ('secretly').

IV § 7

Papirius: L. Papirius, of Fregellae, flourished during the youth of the Gracchi. Cic. *Brut.* 46.

1. *praetextatus*: one who wears the *toga praetexta*, the toga of childhood, up to the age of seventeen.

13. *ex republica*, 'to the interests of the State'. Cf. use of *a* in IV. 5. 8.

22. *institisset*, 'insisted', 'pressed'.

25. *praeter*: here a kind of conjunction, 'excepting'.

IV § 8

4. Man himself is still the child of Nature.

6. *cui*: cf. VII. 5. 12.

13. *daedala*: Lucretius's favourite epithet of Nature, the great artificer. (δαίδαλος, of various art.)

IV § 9

1. *absinthia* *absinthium*, *-i* (l. 6), wormwood. Here plural = 'doses of'. *medentes* = *medici*.

8. *ratio*: Lucretius's Epicurean philosophy.

15. *constet compta*, 'is compacted and adorned'.

V § 1

12. *Cytorus*: a mountain in Paphlagonia, south of Black Sea, now Kidros.

22–8. Cf. Horace, *Od.* I. 5. 13–16.

V § 2

The gallant is addressing a beautiful lady sitting at his side.

7. *agitator*: nominative—'felix est agitator, cuicumque', &c.

8. *curae . . . tuae* = *curae tibi*, Predic. Dat.

12. *interiore rota*: cf. Horace, *Od.* i. 1. 4 and 5.

15. *Pisaea*: Oenomaus, king of Pisa in Elis, promised his daughter Hippodamia to the suitor who defeated him in a chariot race from Olympia to the isthmus of Corinth. He used to allow his competitor a start, and then overtaking him with the help of his divine and invincible horses, kill him from behind with his spear. Pelops defeated him by bribing Myrtilus,

Oenomaus's charioteer, to remove the linch-pin of his master's chariot. See Pindar, *Ol.* i.

17. *favore*, 'prayers for his success'.

21. *linea*: the line marked on the marble seats which showed the space (about a foot) allotted to each person. See the Theatre of Dionysus at Athens.

23. Those sitting on the tier above had their feet at the backs of those in front.

29. *Milanion*: the challenger, and eventually the husband of Atalanta, having defeated her by dropping an apple during the race.

Atalantes: Greek genitive.

31. *pinguntur*: in Art. Cf. the famous statue of Artemis in the Louvre (Artemis of Versailles).

34. *tabella*: 'programme', or 'race-card'.

39. *pompa*. The races started with a procession headed by the Praetor or magistrate who gave them, and including priests and nobles and statues of popular divinities. On the latter see X. 8.

favete: cf. III. 1. 2.

51. *pueris*: Cupids.

56. *pace Veneris*, 'with the leave of Venus'. Cf. *pace tua*.

57. *per tibi iuro testes*: a common hyperbaton. Cf. *per te deos oro*.

testes pompamque: hendiadys.

60. *cancellis*: a low railing or grille of bronze separating the seats from the arena.

69. An accident at the first turn makes another start necessary.

74. *discolor agmen*. Four colours distinguished the horses and drivers in each race—red, white, blue, and green. Under the Republic the teams were entered by private owners; under the Empire by companies of contractors (*factiones*). Feeling ran high between the partisans of the various colours, and betting (*sponsio*) was general. There is a story of an enthusiast who was so keen to report the winner that he loosed some homing birds bearing the victorious colour (*illito victoriae colore*) immediately on the conclusion of a race (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* X. 71). See L. and S. under *russata*, *albata*, *uencta*, and *prasina*; and Suetonius, *Nero*, 22, and *Caligula*, 55. Cf. Petronius, *Sat.* 70, 'etsi prasinianus es famosus', 'though you are a cursed wearer of the Green'. Cf. VIII. 6. 188 (see *Gibbon*, III. 40. 2).

78. *palmam*: cf. VII. 3. 11.

V § 3

2. *quantum est*: Indefinite neuter = '*omnes*'.

16 and 18. On the diminutives see I. 8. 9 *n.*

17. *tua opera* = (1) 'Thanks to you'; (2) 'On your account', as here.

V § 4

7. *ferum*: natural after *pectebat*, in spite of *adsuetum* in l. 5.

21. *percussa*: Greek middle use of participle. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* i. 6. 74, 'pueri laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto'. Contrast *fractus membra*, VI. 1. 5.

V § 5

7–8. The nightingale has mourned herself enough. She should now lament the parrot. *quod* = 'as to'.

Ismarii: Thracian, from Mount Ismarus.

tyranni = Tereus, on whom see *Dict. Myth.*

10. *Itys*: Tereus' son.

15. *iuvenis Phocaeus*: Pylades, son of Strophius, king of Phocis. See Ovid, *P.* iii. 2. 70; and Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

21. *bebetare* = outshine (mixed metaphor).

27. *coturnices*, 'quails', used like fighting-cocks.

34. *miluus*: see IV. 5. 32.

auctor: i. e. 'messenger'.

35. *invisa*: offensive to the goddess of Wisdom by foolish chattering.

41. *Phylacidae*: of Phylace, in Thessaly, where Protesilaus reigned. Protesilaus, the noblest of the Greeks, was outlived by Thersites, the meanest and ugliest. Cf. VIII. 6. 31.

55. *ales Iunonia*: the peacock.

56. *cupido*, 'amorous'.

61. *colligor*: from '*colligere*'; lit. 'I am proved'. Cf. use of *dicor* for *dicitur me*, &c. For the word cf. VI. 2. 17.

V § 6

2. *concha divitis undae*: i. e. *margarita*.

11. *subi*: contr. *subivi*.

partu iactata: cf. IV. 8. 4.

V § 7

6. *non est quod*, 'there is no reason why'.

8–10. See II. 12. 1 sqq.

11. *panarium*: a bread-basket.

lagunculam: dim. of *lagena*, VIII. 4. 41, VIII. 11. 5.

V § 8

1. Cf.:

> No children run to greet their sire's return,
> Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.—Gray, *Elegy*.

Also IX. 8. 41–4.

7. *Lenaee*: Greek name for Bacchus, from ληνός, 'a wine-press'.

8. *certamina*: (metonymia) = 'targets for contests'.

V § 9

1. *Non aliam ob culpam*: because they wound the bark of vines.

3. *pagos et compita*: with the reference to Athenian drama Virgil skilfully suggests by these words the similar Roman celebrations, the *Paganalia* and *Compitalia*.

4. *Thesidae*: descendants of Theseus, *Athenienses*.

7. *versibus*: the 'Fescennine' verses. Cf. Horace, *Epp.* II. i. 145 sq. Note the comic masks referred to in the next line.

10. *oscilla*: see I. 8. 9 *n*.

VI § 1

1. *Qui*: *quî* arch. abl. *qui*. Interrog. adv. = how? Cf. VII. 6. 77.

5. *fractus membra*: Greek acc. after passive. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 270 'Hector . . . per pedes traiectus lora tumentis', and contrast V. 4. 21; X. 15. 38 ('decipitur laborem').

10. *sub galli cantum*: cf. Cicero, *pro Mur.* ix. 22; VI. 2. 10, 11; VI. 4; VI. 6. 9.

11. *datis vadibus*: giving sureties in a legal case which calls him to town.

14. *valent* = possunt.

Fabium: a Stoic teacher ridiculed by Horace.

15–19. The plot of J. M. Barrie's *Dear Brutus*, where, however, the characters accept the offer.

19. *beatis*: agrees with *illis* understood, the ind. obj. of *licet*.

25. Cf. IV. 9.

26. *elementa*, 'their alphabet'.

28. Cf. Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 513, 'Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro'.

31. *in otia recedere*, 'to retire'. Cf. *otio frui*.

VI § 2

1. *dulce et sollemne*, 'popular and usual'.

1–5. In the old days Romans were content with domestic duties, morals, and a little cautious money-making. Now (l. 6) the craze is poetry.

3. *nominibus rectis*: under respectable guarantee, borrowers who could be trusted. Either abl. with *cautos* or dat. after *expendere*.

4–5. Three typical Roman characteristics—respect for family tradition, respect for age and authority, and canny thrift.

5. *libido*, 'ruinous extravagance'. On *damnosa* cf. VIII. 4. 34 *n*.

6. *calet*: metaphor from a fever. Cf. Juvenal, vii. 52, *scribendi cacoethes.*

8. *dictant*: to a secretary.

10. *Parthis*: like the Carthaginians, proverbial cheats and liars. Cf. *Od.* iv. 15. 23.

prius orto sole. Cf. VI. 5. 30 and VI. 6. 9.

12. *habrotonum*: an aromatic plant, much used in medicines.

15-19. Poetry may be a mild form of madness, but it has its practical use.

VI § 3

1. *Prima*: at sunrise.

salutantes: cf. Virg. *Georg.* ii. 461:

> Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
> mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam.

conterit, 'jostles', 'exhausts'.

6. *frangere*: press the high-piled cushions.

8. *temperat*, 'is preparing'. Euphemus was Martial's cook.

11. *iocos*: Martial's light, sportive poetry. Cf. *licenti.*

12. *matutinum Iovem*, 'Jove early in the morning'. *Iovem* is not flattery, for emperors before Domitian had assumed divinity in their lifetime.

VI § 4

1. *ientaculum*, 'breakfast'. From *ientare*, contracted from *ieiunitare* √*ieiunus.* French, *déjeûner.*

pistor: pastry-cook.

VI § 5

3. *partibus*: metaphor from acting, *agere partes.*

6. *De iaculatione*, 'On the Javelin as a Cavalry Weapon'. By Vespasian's time the cavalry had discarded the shield of republican days, wearing only the infantry breastplate, and had added to the long lance and long sword three or more javelins carried in a quiver.

7. *Pomponius Secundus*: see Tacitus, *Ann.* v. 8, and xii. 27, 28; Quintilian, x. i. 98.

9. *bellorum Germaniae*: Tac. *Ann.* i. 69; Suet. *Cal.* 8.

12. *Drusi Neronis*: see Horace, *Od.* iv. 4. 14.

14. *adsereret*, 'free': a legal term, see L. and S.

Studiosi: a handbook on rhetorical studies. Gellius, ix. 16. 1.

16. *dubii sermonis*: on the development of Latin and colloquial forms.

18. *erectius*, 'at all manly' (comparative).

servitus: Tacitus' complaint against the *principate.* See *Dial.* cc. 40, 41.

a fine: i. e. following on.

19. *Naturae historiarum*: the only one of the elder Pliny's works extant.

23. A. D. 79, August 25th.

26. *lucubrare*, 'to study by lamplight'.

Vulcanalibus: a very ancient and obscure cult, held on August 23rd.

27. *auspicandi*: here = 'for beginning with good omen'.

31. *ille quoque*: vide Suet. *Vesp.* 21.

32. *officium*: the prefecture of the fleet at Misenum, an administrative post, and a sinecure.

35. *iacebat in sole*: Cf. VIII. 6. 195 *n.*

legebatur: a Roman interested in literature kept educated slaves to read to him. Note that ancient authors wrote for recitation.

39. *dormiebat*: see Becker's *Gallus*, 'meridiatio'.

48. *urbis fremitum*: cf. Horace, *Od.* iii. 29. 12; *Epp.* i. 17. 6–8; ii. 2. 79 sq.; *Juv.* iii. 232 sq.

in secessu, 'on holiday'.

50. *destringitur*: i. e. *strigili.*

tergitur: i. e. *lintea.*

51. *in itinere*: cf. the younger Pliny's practice, V. 7, and Suet. *Jul.* 56.

53. *manicis*, 'sleeves'. Cf. VII. 7. 13.

55. *sella vehebatur*: carriages were forbidden in Rome from the earliest times. See Becker's *Gallus.*

59. *opisthographos*, 'written on both sides'; not a desirable practice with papyrus rolls, except for economy or in rough notebooks.

VI § 6

1. *L. Calpurnius Bestia*: see *Phil.* ii. 5. 11.

2. *Cn. Domitium* (Calvinum): see Caesar, *Bell. Civ.* iii. 89.

3. *Publius Sestius*: as tribune had been active in securing Cicero's recall from exile, and he was afterwards engaged in dealing with Clodius' ruffians. On the 11th of March 56, Cicero defended him successfully on a charge of riot in his great speech *Pro Sestio*, in which he shows his growing confidence in himself after his recall (see below, ll. 10–14), and his inclination towards the Senate and constitutionalism.

5. προφκονομησάμην *quiddam* εὐκαίρως, 'took the opportunity to make some timely observations'.

9. *haec scripsi*: Cicero had interrupted his letter here on the 12th of February.

ante lucem: cf. VI. 1. 10.

10. *Pomponium*: Cicero's great friend and correspondent, Titus Pomponius Atticus.

15. *post K. Quint.*: the 1st of July was a normal term for house-letting.

tuam: Quintus' house on the Palatine had been destroyed with

Marcus' (see I. 6. Intr.), and he was now forced to rent the Luciniana. See *ad Q. F.* ii. 4. 2, written in March; 'spero nos ante hiemem contubernales fore'.

16. *The Carinae*, on the Esquiline, was one of the best situations in Rome and an aristocratic quarter, as opposed e. g. to the Aventine, near the docks. Cf. VIII. 6. 52 *n.*, and IX. 9. 18.

'The Lamias, respectable tenants'.

17. *Olbiensem*: from Olbia, in Sardinia, now Terranova.

20. Winter is a healthy season, but Sardinia is an unhealthy island.

VII § 1

9. Cf. X. 8. 7–11.

24–8. This genealogical stuff may be a blot on the poem. But it is interesting to note how permanent this Virgilian type of patriotism was in Roman literature.

26. *virgin*: Rhea Silvia.

49. Queen Diana, chaste and fair,
Seated in thy silver car.—Ben Jonson.

The virgin goddess represents the opposing principle to that which inspires the poem. See l. 61.

65. *Hybla*: a mountain in Sicily, famous for its flowers and honey. Virgil, *Ec.* vii. 37; Ov. *Tr.* v. 13. 22.

66. *Enna*: now Castro Giovanni, a very ancient city in the centre of Sicily, with a famous temple of Ceres. Here Persephone was gathering flowers when her uncle Pluto stole her away. Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 419–66.

101. *Amyclae*: a town in Latium, near Naples, called *tacitae* by Virgil (*Aen.* x. 564). The story is that it was captured because, to prevent false rumours, the order had gone forth that the approach of an enemy should not be announced. It was also the name of a famous city in Laconia, possibly the parent city of the Italian, and the story may apply to this, being well suited to the proverbial Spartan taciturnity.

VII § 2

2. *Vraniae*, 'son of Urania', the most serious of the Muses.

3. *rapis*: the girl was taken from her mother's arms with some show of force (her hair having been parted with a spear point)—a survival in ritual of primitive custom.

8. *flammeum*: Hymen wears the bride's costume, a saffron veil (see l. 98). She also wore a white robe with purple fringe and a girdle (see l. 53). See IX. 11. 33 *n.*

11. *hilari*: not only 'joyful', but 'lucky'. The calendar was consulted

for weddings, a *black* day, or the eve of a *black* day (weddings took place in the evening) being avoided.

18. *Phrygium iudicem*: Paris.

20. *alite*: the auspices were always consulted before a wedding. See X. 1 *ad init.*

27. *Thespiae rupis*: Helicon, near the city of Thespia.

30. *Aganippe*: the spring on Helicon. For *Aonian* see Milton, *P. L.* i. 15.

31. *dominam*: the bride was received by the bridegroom at his house. After touching fire and water, and saluting her husband with the formula *ubi tu Caius ego Caia*, she took the keys of the house as its mistress. Cf. X. 5. 34 *n.*

42. *citarier*: archaic *citari*. Cf. *compararier* and *nitier*, ll. 65, 68; and VIII. 4. 67; X. 7. 6; VII. 6. 18; Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 493.

53. *zonula*: another formality of the ceremony was the untying of the bride's girdle by the bridegroom.

56. *in manus*: the husband had supreme authority over the wife.

57. *puellulam*: the bride might even be as young as twelve.

76–130. The song of the chorus, sung while the bride was being lifted over the threshold by the *pronubi*. The procession was led by a *puer praetextatus* (See IV. 7. 1. *n.*) bearing a torch, and the bride was led by two boys dressed as she was.

104. *serviat*: jussive subjunctive with *sine* (*sino*); cf. l. 155, *volo rideat*.

112. *omine . . . bono*: a slip or stumble in carrying the bride was a bad omen.

119. *adeat*: the *pronubae* (122–3), who after the wedding-feast took the bride from the *praetextatus* and conducted her to the bridal chamber.

152. *Torquatus parvulus*: cf. Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 328–9.

VII § 3

7. *Oetaeos*: of Mount Oeta, the range in Thessaly, where before his assumption among the gods Hercules climbed his own funeral pyre, lit by Philoctetes, (Soph. *Phil.* 670, 814 sq.). Here also Hesperus loved the beautiful youth Hymenaeus.

11. *palma*: cf. V. 2. 78.

15. *alio . . . alio*, 'to one purpose, to another'.

35. *mutato nomine*:

> Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
> For what is one, the first, the last.—Tennyson.

Hesperus, coming as the morning star, surprises the thieves whom, as the evening star, he has encouraged.

43, 45. Not only the antiphonal effect of such lines as these (cf. ll. 54 and 56), but great variety of anaphora and antithesis (see ll. 1, 3, 4, 6, 9,

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21, 22, 28), make Catullus's 'Alexandrine' Hexameter a very distinct type of verse, altogether different from the Virgilian, and admirably adapted to Pastoral and Idyllic poetry.

VII § 4

1–14. The natural origins of society. 14–33. The philosophic speculations of later days.

16. *Nobility*: τὸ καλόν of Greek philosophy.

24. *Pythagoras*: see I. 4. 61. *n.*

35–8: see IX. 1. 12 *n.*

VII § 5

2. *curialium*: wardsmen, δημόται, members of a Curia. Romulus divided the Roman people into 30 curiae, which may have resembled the old wards of the city of London. Hence the *comitia curiata*, the functions of which are obscure, and which at any rate was superseded by the *comitia centuriata*, the military division of the people organized by Servius Tullius. The *comitia curiata* originally had the power of electing kings, deciding on peace and war, establishing a court of appeal, &c. But in historical times their duties were confined to certain religious affairs, the Calendar, and the ratification of wills, a function which doubtless concerns Euclio here.

11. *anus*: his servant, Staphyla.

12. *quoi*: cf. IV. 5. 2. *n.*

18. *lapidem, panem*: cf. St. Luke xi. 11.

20. *zamiam*: Gk. ζημία = hurt.

21. *polypos*: 'greedy polypi'; cf. Ovid, *Hal.* 31–9, for the idea. Cf. VIII. 7. 7, 'isti maiores maxillae semper Saturnalia agunt', and l. 10, 'larvas sic istos percolopabant'.

24. *harpagatum*: Gk. ἁρπάζειν, *harpagare*, 'snatch'.

34. *ne quid*: *non aliquid*. *dum* = *dummodo*.

51. *locassim*: arch. *locaverim*. See IV. 5. 58. *n.*

51–8. Cf. the story of the Jackdaw in peacock's feathers, *Phaedrus*, i. 3.

52. *siem* (*sies, siet*): archaic *sim*, &c., also *fuat*, l. 56, regarded by some as an aorist subj., but probably a survival in Latin of the optative mood.

61. *duas*: *duam*, &c., and *duim*, &c., archaic *dem, des, det.*

64. *pro*: exclamation, 'alas!'

VII § 6

1. *conduxit coquos*: cf. VIII. 4. Cooks were hired in the Forum for particular occasions. They were frequently slaves (l. 29), in which case their earnings would go mainly into their masters' pockets.

opsonare (or *-ari*) = (1) to buy *opsonia*, as here; (2) to give entertain-

ment, *opsonium* (Gk. ὄψον, ὀψώνιον) = prepared food eaten with bread, chiefly fish. Here it includes cooks and dancers.

4. Congrio puns on his own name, = 'a conger-eel', which was cut up before it was cooked.

16. *ardus* = *aridus*.

18. *eradicarier*: cf. VII. 2. 42 *n*.

20. *tigillo*: dim. *tignum*, 'humble roof-tree'.

21. *follem*: 'a football'. See Becker's *Gallus* (Games).

28. *talentum magnum*: the Attic talent (£240) as opposed to the inferior talent of the Italo-Greek cities.

29. The cooks were therefore slaves. Cf. VIII. 14. 41.

30. *utendam*: 'on loan'.

34. *censen*: cf. IV. 5. 3.

31. Romans had their nails cut at the barber's, or cut them themselves while there. Horace, *Epp.* i. 7. 50.

36. *ad praetorem*: as the administrator of justice in the city. Note the Roman officer in a scene in Athens. See l. 86 *n*.

38. *vadarier*: (on the form cf. l. 18 *n*.) 'to bind over', by bail to appear in court.

39. *sescenta*: for an indefinite large number, as usual. But see VIII. 10. 5, and VII. 7. 25 *n*. And cf. Hor. *Od.* ii. 14. 5.

43. On market days the demand for cooks would be great and the taste of the country crowd not exacting.

44. *tun*: see IX. 3. 10 *n*.

trium litterarum: FUR.

45. *trifurcifer*, 'three *furs* to you!'

54. *Curate*, 'Get on with your job.'

56. *puteo*, 'The Cellar' (an underground prison), also called *ergastulum*.

57. *susum* = *sursum*. See l. 88 *n*.

58–9. The cooks will be able to have their revenge.

61. *rapacida*: comic patronymic, 'sons of Snatchers'.

66. *cetum*: large flat fish, perhaps tunny.

68. *quî*: old ablative of the stem *qui*. Cf. VI. 1. 1.

69. *adii manum*: lit. 'kissed my hand to'. 'I gave a polite "good morning" to the dirty rascals.'

70. *intervias*: adv. 'along the road'.

77. *Lari*: cf. I. 9.

86–7. As you have often protected your shrine at Delphi from marauders and temple thieves—an allusion hardly interesting to Romans (X. 2. 5 *n*.), indicating how closely Plautus was copying some Greek play. Yet see l. 36 *n*.

88. *prosus* = *prorsus*; cf. *susum*, l. 57, and *rusus* = rursus.

VII § 7

9. *cleaner* : *fullo*, ' a fuller '. Woollen dresses, worn much by the Romans, were healthier in a hot climate, but needed frequent cleansing. In place of soap various alkalis, such as fuller's earth, were used.

13. *Mongers of muffs* : *manulearii*, makers of long sleeves, probably detachable, for keeping arms and hands warm. Cf. VI. 5. 53.

22. *Stay-makers* : *strophiarii*. The *strophium* was a broad band under the *chiton* which supported the figure of ladies inclined to stoutness.

25. *new hundreds* : *treceni*. Cf. VII. 6. 39 *n.* of large numbers.

VII § 8

The history of the tablet and conjectures on it are given in *C. I. L.* vi. 1527. It was first made accessible and intelligible by Mommsen in 1863.

Tabulae fragmenta marmoreae :

(a) *lapis marmoreus insertus parieti apud R. P. Ferdinandum Ughellum ordinis Cisterciensis prope Capitolium ; in domo monachorum Cisterciensium ad Turrim speculorum* [Tor de' Specchi],

(b) ' *a capo di Bove* ' [ad sepulcrum Caeciliae Metellae],

(c) *loco non indicato*,

(d, e) *e coemeterio b. Helenae in museo Capineo. Deinde in villa Albania : ibique adhuc servantur.*

Tabulae sunt altae palm. 5½, *largae p.* 1. *Hac oratione laudari Turiam a Q. Lucretio Vespillone coniuge primus coniecit Philippus della Torre* [Orelli, Mommsen]. *Vespillo, qui sub auspiciis Bibuli anno 706 navibus praefuerat Orici* [Caes. *Bell. Civil.* 3. vii] *a triumviris proscriptus, cum per aliquod tempus periculosa fuga per agros vagatus esset, ad coniugem Turiam reversus ab eaque inter cameram et tectum cubiculi abditus tamdiu latuit, donec a triumviris obtineret veniam* [App. *B. C.* 44 ; Val. Max. vi. 7. 11]. *Consul factus est A.U.C. 735* [Dio 54. x ; App. l. c.]. *Nupsit ei Turia post annum 706, quo in Macedoniam profectus est Lucretius ; ante annum 712, quo proscriptus est : in matrimonio autem cum remanserint per annos quadraginta unum, Turiam mortuam esse apparet inter annos 746 et 752. C. Cluvium Mommsenus statuit esse praefectum Caesaris qui in Hispania nummos aeneos cudendos curavit, ad quem scripsisse putat Ciceronem*, Ep. ad Fam. *vii. 1 ; consulem designatum ab Antonio in annum 721, et licet non inisset, anno 725 ab Augusto inter consulares adscriptum.*

12–18. The plot was to prove Turia's father's will invalid (*ruptum dictum*). Turia's parents married without *coemptio* (see *Dict. Antiq.*), but went through this legal process (which altered their relationship) later. Her opponents asserted that the will was made *before* this, and was therefore

invalid. The plot, if successful, would put Turia beyond the protection of her betrothed, named in the will co-heir with her, bringing her under the control of her *tutores*, who must administer the estate, since as a woman she had no legal status. Her sister had passed into the *potestas* of her husband Cluvius (*emancupata esset*, l. 16.).

15. *reccidisse*: after *diceretur*, like *ruptum esse*, though grammatically *tu dicereris* is needed after *ut*, and logically a consecutive sentence. Oblique for *reccidisses*.

20–7. The Acc. and Infin. (*ruptum*, *esse*, *defensuram*, *venturam*, *non esse id ius*) come after the idea in *veritate*, 'your candid defence'.

23. *tutelae legitumae*. If an unmarried woman had no guardian appointed her in her father's will, the legitimate *tutela* exercised over her would pass to her nearest male relative.

33. *perduceretur*: i. e. *matrimonium*.

34. *vice mea*: euphem. *mea morte*.

42. *paucies*: num. adv. (ante-class.), 'seldom'.

48. *custodiam*: women, not being *sui iuris*, could not exercise *tutela*, which was a state under law (l. 22).

53. *dumtaxat*, 'merely'.

81. *edicti*: a regular alternative for *de* with ablative after *admonco*.

96. *alias*, 'elsewhere'.

127. *iudicia*: prob. = *testamentum*. Cf. VII. 9. 6, *iudici*.

128. *destinatam*: probably referring to *filia supstituta*, l. 125. Or perhaps that he will take another wife now.

138. *necutro* = *neutro*.

146. *manes*. The power (peace to the departed) assigned to the Manes in this prayer is significant For another activity of the Manes see Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 896. See X. 3. 41 *n*.

VII § 9

'A son in memory of his mother Murdia, daughter of Lucius. His brothers must of their own resources complete her memorial and make it more durable and appealing.' This seems the sense of the dedication and opening sentence.

3. On a woman's right of making a will see *Dict. Antiq.*, 'Heres' and 'Testamentum'; and cf. VII. 7.

4. *ius dotis*. On the wife's death her dowry by law reverted to her father or father's father, unless other provision was made. Murdia went further than this. Her father being dead, her dowry would go to her husband, and in addition to this she bequeathed him money in her will.

5. *iudicium* = *testamentum*.

7. *praelegavit*: bequeathed before the property was divided.

8. *quom*: arch. *cum*. Cf. *arduom*, l. 21, infra, and VII. 10. 4, *suom*.

13. *meriteis*: arch. *meritis*. Cf. *causeis*, l. 17; *praeceptcis*, l. 23; *cetereis probeis*, l. 26; VII. 10, *deico*, *hcic*, *mareitum*, *abei*.

17–23. These words imply that the Roman ideal of womanly virtue, if simple and not much above the Greek (Thuc. ii. 45), was generously interpreted and honoured. Cf. IV. 1. ll. 5–19; VII. 8. 38; and VII. 10.

VII § 10

1. *adsta ac perlege*.

4. *souo*: arch. *suo*.

6. *alium*: for *alterum*. Cf. Lucr. iv. 686; v. 832.

VIII § 1

5. *sale*, 'wit', as often in sing. as well as pl. Cf. *salsum*, VIII. 2. 4.
cachinnis, 'uproarious laughter', a favourite word with Catullus. Cf. l. 1. 14.

10. *seu quid* = vel quodcunque. Cf. III. 2. 15.

VIII § 2

1. *sinistra*: the hand of deceit, or theft.

3. *neglegentiorum*: i.e. of hosts who do not watch you closely enough.

5. *quamvis sordida*, '*exceedingly* gross'.

6. *Pollioni*: C. Asinius Pollio, the gifted friend of Virgil and Horace. See Hor. *Od.* II. i.

14. *Saetaba*: of Saetabus, in Spain, famous for flax.

VIII § 3

1. *Archiacis*: made by Archias, a maker of cheap furniture.

2. *holus omne*: cf. VIII. 13. 43.

3. *Torquate*: see *Od.* iv. 7.

4. *iterum Tauro*: sc. *consule*. T. Statilius Taurus, consul, for the second time, with Augustus in 26 B. C.
diffusa, 'bottled', from the *dolia* into the *amphorae*.

5. *Petrinus*: a mountain near Sinuessa in the Falernian district.

6. *imperium*, 'accept my dictates', as ruler of the feast. Cf. *cenae pater*, VIII. 4. 7; and *dominus*, VIII. 4. 93.

9. *Moschi causam*: M. said to be a Greek orator from Pergamum, on trial for poisoning.

11. *aestivam*: *a. d. IX. Kal. Oct.* Suet. *Aug.* 57.

11. Cf. VIII. 12. 47.

12. *quo?* 'to what end?' 'for what use?' Cf. VIII. 4. 65; X. 12. 9.
fortunam: governed by some such phrase as *dei dederunt* understood.

VIII § 4

1. *IT*: contrast the *ut* in l. 3. Horace is addressing his friend Fundanius. See l. 19.

2. *dictus*: *es* understood: 'When I looked for you I was told that you . . .'

3. *de medio die*: starting before noon was over, i.e. *tempestivum convivium*, VIII. 12. 33.

6. *leni Austro*: the detail in which the host describes the food marks his vulgarity.

7. *cenae pater*: cf. VIII. 3. 6 *n.*

acria: to whet the appetite. Cf. *qualia pervellunt stomachum.*

8. 'Little turnips, lettuces, radishes . . . skirret, fish-pickle, Coan lees.'

10. *alte cinctus*: i.e. with tunic girt up to enable him to hurry about.

11. Another sly hit at the host's bad taste: a purple cloth to polish an inferior table. Citron wood was the favourite. Cf. VIII. 5. 60.

13. *Attica virgo*: the basket-bearers in the solemn processions in honour of Athene.

14. *Hydaspes*: Indian servants came to be the mode early in Roman history, as in England in the eighteenth century.

15. An ancient process of maturing wine was by floating the jars, well corked, beneath the surface of the sea.

Alcon: a Greek slave.

16, 17. Contrast VIII. 8. and I. 2. 7 *n.*

19. *pulchre fuerit.* Cf. l. 4.

20–4. The arrangement of the tables was as follows:

24. *absorbere*: epexegetic infin. with *ridiculus*; 'a humorist at swallowing'.

28. 'In which there lurked a truly unfamiliar taste.'

29, 30. The roes of plaice and turbot spoke for themselves.

31. *melimela*: a kind of sweet apple.

34. *damnose*, 'ruinously'. Cf. VI. 2. 5. In the *Cena Trimalchionis* the guests drink heavily only to drown their laughter.

moriemur inulti: has the comic effect of an epic parody. Cf. II. 9. 9.

35. *vertere*: Hist. Infin. Cf. *flere*, l. 59.

36. *parochi*: a Greek word ('purveyor'), used here perhaps in a slang sense like our 'publican'.

39. *Allifanis*: from Allifae, a town in Campania, famous for the manufacture of large cups.

42. *murena*: lampreys were a favourite fish with the Romans. See Mayor's *Juvenal*, V. 99, *n.*

45. *Venafrum*: in Campania. *Od.* ii. 6. 16; *Sat.* ii. 4. 69.

46. *garo piscis Hiberi*, 'roe of mackerel'.

48. *cocto*: Abl. Abs. Greek wine is the best to infuse after it has cooled.

49, 50. Vinegar from fermented Lesbian wine.

51. *erucas . . . inulas*, 'colewort and elecampane'.

Ego primus, 'My idea'. Cf. VIII. 5. 44.

52. *illutos*, 'sea-urchins, not washed in fresh water'.

53. *muria*: Greek ἁλμυρίς, brine, pickle.

54. *aulaea*: cf. *Od.* iii. 29. 15.

58. *Rufus*: i.e. Nasidienus.

64. *suspendens naso*: i.e. 'sneering'.

65. *eo*, 'for that reason'. Cf. VII. 5. 63 and VIII. 3. 12 (quo); VII. 3. 15 (alio); VIII. 11. 20; X. 12. 9.

67. *tene . . . torquerier*: acc. and inf. in exclamation. For *torquerier* cf. *accipiar laute*, 'be handsomely entertained'.

68. *adustus*. The Romans were very particular over the baking of their bread. See Mayor's *Juvenal*, v. 67 *n.*

69. *conditum*: conjn.? Cf. VIII. 17. 5; VIII. 6. 19 *n.* Balatro refers to vv. 45 sqq.

72. *agaso*: lit. 'an ostler': here for 'a clumsy waiter'. Cf. VIII. 5. 55 sq.

77. *soleas poscit*: i.e. to leave the table. Diners reclined with their feet bare.

77 and 78. Note the effective alliteration of *s*.

83. *fictis rerum*, 'pretended jokes'.

secundo: met. from *vento secundo*.

86. *mazonomo*: a large dish.

93. *dominus*: on this sense see VIII. 13. 8 *n.*

sic . . . ulti ut, 'taking our revenge by'.

95. *Canidia*: the witch of *Epod.* 5 and 17.
Afris: cf. *Mauris anguibus*, *Od.* iii. 10. 18.

VIII § 5

11–12. *in the new style*: see VIII. 4. 20. Trimalchio did not take his seat with his guests. Under the Empire circular tables and curved couches (*sigmata*) were the fashion, in which case the positions of honour were at the extremities of the semicircle.

44. *My idea*: cf. VIII. 4. 51.

53–5. Cf. VIII. 4. 72.

55–7. Cf. VIII. 4. 10–13.

72. *fine old Port*: *Falernum Opimianum annorum centum*. Opimius cos. 121 B.C.

76. *some real gentlemen*: cf. VIII. 15. 56.

105. *Marsyas*: see Ovid, *Fast.* vi. 705; *Metam.* vi. 383; Horace, *Sat.* i. 6. 120.

111. *The dissecting artist*: cf. VIII. 6. 142–8.

118. The chef's name was Carpus.

122. *pica pulvinaris*: lit. 'a magpie on a sofa'.

192–6. On fire-brigades see II. 7 introd.

VIII § 6

On the original of this paraphrase see especially the notes in Mayor's edition.

6. . . . 'dum valida ac iuvenalia membra
sufficiunt galeae dumque ardent sanguine'.

8. 'scripturus leges et regia verba lanistae', 'the fallen noble's *rex*, from whom he receives *laws*, is a *lanista* (a trainer of gladiators)'.

10. *the Troc.*: *ad ipsum introitum macelli.*

19. 'et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
fictile'.

On *condire* see VIII. 4. 69 *n.*

25. . . . 'quanto sublimior Atlas
omnibus in Libya sit montibus . . .'

26. 'quantum ferrata distet ab arca
sacculus'.

Cf. VIII. 1. 8.

27. γνῶθι σεαυτόν: the Delphic oracle given to King Croesus.

31. . . . 'neque enim loricam poscit Achillis
Thersites'.

On Thersites see V. 5. 41; Homer, *Il.* ii. 211 sqq.

34. ' orator vehemens, an Curtius et Matho buccae '. On Matho see Martial, x. 46, vi. 33.

43. *Knighthood's badge* : *anulus*, the symbol of equestrian rank.

50. *Monte Carlo* : ' Baias et ad ostrea currunt '.

52. ' Esquilias ' : the Esquiline hill : see II. 6 ; and VI. 6. 18 *n.*

Suburra : the low quarter in Rome between the Esquiline and Viminal; also the busiest part of the City ; see Martial, v. 22, vii. 31.

54. *the Championship*, ' circensibus ', the Great Games.

64. ... ' habebis
Euandrum, venies Tirynthius aut minor illo
hospes '.

On Evander see Virgil, *Aen.* viii. 100, 359 sq., &c.

79. ' Curius parvo quae legerat horto.' M. Curius Dentatus. On this passage cf. II. 5 introd.

86. ' accedente nova, si quam dabat hostia, carne '.

The part of a sacrifice not burnt was given to the worshipper, or sold.

92. ' cum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem
et Scauros et Fabricios '.

C. Fabricius Luscinus as censor (275 B.C.) removed a member of the Senate for possessing ten pounds of silver plate. See Aulus Gell. iv. 8 ; note VIII. 9. 11, 12 ; VIII. 13. 12.

96. ' clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum '.

106–9 : ' ut phaleris gauderet equus caelataque cassis
Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae
imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
ac nudam effigiem clipeo venientis et hasta
pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti.'

113. Cf. VIII. 8. 3.

115. ' templorum quoque maiestas praesentior '.

For a less serious application of the same idea see VIII. 7. 34–8.

121. In these days of fancy furniture people prefer tables of citron wood. See VIII. 4. 11.

127. *solid ivory* : see IX. 3. 4.

142. *no carver* : cf. VIII. 5. 111.

' sed nec structor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis
pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, aput quem
sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
et Scythicae volucres et phoenicopterus ingens
et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro
caeditur et tota sonat ulmea cena Suburra.'

Trypherus : a Greek name adapted to the exotic art. Juvenal

perhaps felt as some moderns feel when faced with a really up-to-date French menu.

148. *a model*: *ulmea*: wooden models of joints, in sections lightly fixed together, so that the tiro could learn his strokes.

182. 'interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae
Idaeum sollemne colunt . . .'

The *Megalesia* were games instituted in honour of the Magna Mater (μεγάλη θεός) shortly after she had been introduced into Rome (PRID. ID. APR., 204 B.C., Livy, xxix. 14). See IV. 3. 30; Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 179; VIII. 12. 19; VIII. 29. 7.

mappae (the holy napkin): the consul or praetor started the races by dropping a napkin.

184. . . . 'similisque triumpho
praeda caballorum praetor sedet'.

Praeda . . . the praetors and aediles were often ruined by the extravagance of the shows. See II. 10, introd.

188. *colours*
193. *To shout and bet* (*sponsio*) } See V. 2. 74 *n.*

194. *at some Beauty's feet*: like Ovid at the Races (V. 2).

195. *A sun-bath*: Horace, *Epp.* I. xx. 24; Martial, x. 12. 7. The Romans, especially the elderly, basked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil. See VI. 5. 35; Cicero, *ad Att.* xii. 6. 2.

wrinkled skin (*contracta cuticula*): Juvenal was about 70. His pleasures are humble, but even these, he ironically says, pall in time.

VIII § 7

Haec . . . illa: of what precedes and what follows: not to be confused with *hic* = the latter, *ille* = the former. Cf. Greek use of τοῦτο and τόδε.

3. *quid annona mordet*, 'how the food prices pinch'. Indic. in Indirect Question, as sometimes in Plautus. Petronius' novel gives us an insight into colloquial and slang Latin; just as the inscriptions (VII. 8, 9, 10) enable us to compare the ordinary correct Latin of the people with the style of the literary coteries. Cf. below: *buccam panis* (a chew of bread), *populus minutus* (the small fry), *maiores maxillae* (the Pot-bellies), *larvas percolopabant* (sloshed those vampires), *piper non homo* (a pepper-pot of a man), *pro luto erat* (cheap as dirt), *cum altera* (his 'better half'), *aedilem trium cauniarum* (an aedile worth three beans), *diibus* (deis), *urceatim pluere* (to rain in buckets), *sic vita truditur* (life jogs on).

7. *maxillae*: lit. 'jaws'. Cf. use of *larvas* below and of *polypos* in Plautus, VII. 5. 21.

9. *simila . . . siligo*: two very fine wheaten flours.

14. *micare*: you could trust him in the dark if you were playing 'Up Jenkins'. See Becker, *Games*.

17. *Asiadis*. The Asiatic style was marked chiefly by verbosity and decorativeness. Ganymede thinks of it vaguely as a refined style, contrasting it with that of the sweating and spitting mob-orators.

31. *ita meos fruniscar*, 'So help me God!' (lit. 'So may I have joy of my children!').

34–8. Cf. II. 8. 9–11; VIII. 6. 115 *n.*

36. *aut tunc aut nunquam*, 'it was a case of now or never' (cf. 39, *modo sic . . .*, 'there's ups and there's downs, as the farmer said when he lost his spotted pig!').

37. *pedes lanatos*: (1) 'have gouty feet', or (2) 'wear woollen slippers', i. e. 'their vengeance creeps silently upon us'.

VIII § 8

3. *ware*: cf. VIII. 6. 113.

6. *native*: because Maecenas was of Etruscan descent. *Od.* iii. 29. 1.

8. *Vatican*: the theatre of Pompey looked across from the south end of the Campus Martius to the Janiculan and Vatican hills.

9–12. On the wines see I. 2. 7 *n.* The Caecubus ager was a strip of the coast of Latium, near Formiae. Cales and Falernum were in north Campania. H. mentions Sabine wine here in l. 2, 'no vintage rare'. Cf. *Od.* i. 31. 9; iv. 12. 14.

VIII § 9

1. *in Cecil's year*: *consule Manlio*, L. Manlius Torquatus, 65 B. C.

7. *our philosopher*: M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, a famous soldier and man of letters. Fought against Augustus at Philippi and for him at Actium.

11. *old-fashion'd saint*: *prisci Catonis*. See VIII. 6. 91, 92.

15–16. Cf. Omar Khayyám, 43:

> The Grape that can with Logic absolute
> The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute.

Also 25–8, ibid.

VIII § 10

2. *ad assem*, 'you shall pay to the last farthing'.

3. *cochleae*: snails, especially Greek and African, were reared by the Romans with as much care as by the French. See Horace, *Sat.* ii. 4. 59. A famous breed, supposed to be of Roman origin, still exists at Tunbridge Wells.

alica, 'porridge with iced mead'.

5. *ferculo*: a dish, or strictly, a stand to carry dishes. See the elaborate ferculum in Petronius, c. 35 (VIII. 5. 86–97).

bulbi, 'onions'. See Cicero, *Pro Clu.* 26. 72.

mille: the ordinary idiom would expect *sescenta*; see VII. 6. 39.

6. *comoedos*: cf. VIII. 5. 156; VIII. 18. 6 (*copreis*).

8. Aristocratic delicacies. See Horace, *Sat.* ii. 4. 33 and VIII. 4. 52.

9. *Gaditanas*: dancing girls from Cadiz.

11. *nusquam hilarius*: cf. Catullus, VIII. 1. 9 sq.

VIII § 11

5. *lagunculis*: see V. 7. 11; VIII. 4. 41.

8. *gradatim*, 'in classes' (according to station); a rare sense of the word.

libertis. The position of freedmen should be noted. See line 15 and cf. VIII. 19. 19–21.

18. *illa*: i. e. *gula*.

in ordinem redigenda: metaph. milit. 'reduce to the ranks'.

20. *quorsus* = *quo versus*. See VIII. 4. 65 *n*.

VIII § 12

8. *esca malorum*: Plato, *Timaeus*, 69 D ἡδονὴ κακοῦ δέλεαρ.

11. *C. Duellius* (or Duilius) at Mylae, north-west of Messana, 260 B. C. On the antique simplicity see II. 5, introd.

18. *Clubs*: *sodalitates*, originally social gatherings in honour of religious cults. They became formidable political institutions. Cicero, *Cael.* xi. 26 and *Pro Plancio*, pass. See the Lex Clodia, 58 B. C., and Lex Iulia, 46. Cf. IX. 3. 30 *n*.

19. *Our Lady of Ida*: see VIII. 6. 182 *n*., and VIII. 13. 7.

47. Cf. VIII. 3. 11.

VIII § 13

4–5. 'The miscellanies of Ateius Capito', a grammarian: fl. A. D. 14.

6. 161 B. C. See l. 13.

7. *ludis Megalensibus*: see VIII. 6. 182 *n*.

8. *dominia*, 'banquets', derived from that use of *dominus* in VIII. 4. 93.

10. i. e. 120 asses.

11. *alienigena*: here a noun in apposition with *vino*.

12. *argenti*. See VIII. 6. 92 *n*.

13–14. *ludis Romanis*: see II. 3. 3 *n*.

17. *Lucilius*: C. Lucilius, the father of Roman satire, imitated by Horace. Died 103 B. C.

19. *centussis*: noun masc. (= *centum asses*).

misellus: see I. 8. 9 *n*. The diminutive has here a contemptuous force, as often.

27. *Lex . . . Licinia*: 103 B. C.

33. *Erotopaegnia*: a book of love poems by Laevius (fl. B. C. 100 ?).

35. *oleribus*: cf. VIII. 3. 2.

43. *Lex Cornelia*: B. C. 81.

51. *Lex Antia*: The date of this law is unknown. The story that Antius never dined out afterwards to avoid seeing the violation of his law shows the futility of all this legislation.

53. *personas*: people of importance, 'personages'. In the modern sense of 'person' the word is post-Augustan and rare. See VIII. 16. 2 and IX. 1. 56 *n.*

54. *Lex Iulia*: B. C. 46. See VIII. 16 on Caesar's methods of enforcing his laws.

57. *repotia, -orum*: drinking parties held on the day after some festive occasion, such as a wedding.

On other sumptuary laws see *Dict. Ant.*, 'Leges Sumptuariae'.

VIII § 14

Calidorus, a young Athenian, is in love with Phoenicium, a girl belonging to Ballio, a slave-dealer, who has sold her to a military officer for 20 minae. Pseudolus (the Cheat), servant of Calidorus' father, during the course of the plot frustrates this arrangement, and delivers Phoenicium to Calidorus.

41. The Cook, a sharp knave, is bluffing the ignorant Ballio into a belief in his powers, with an imposing list of bogus condiments. He has a turn for fanciful language too ('sea-sons', *Neptuni pecudes*, for 'fish', l. 46; 'Land-sharks', *terrestres pecudes*, l. 47), and for mythology, see l. 81 *n.*

55. *demissis manibus*: lit. 'with hands relaxed', 'in all haste'. In l. 53 the Cook with pedantic precision alters the idiom to *dimissis pedibus*.

81. Medea, by magic, restored Jason's father, Aeson, to youth. Promising to do the same for Pelias, Jason's enemy, she induced his daughters to begin the treatment by cutting him to pieces, whereat she neglected the case. The Cook plays on Ballio's ignorance, leaving him to draw his own conclusions as to what kind of 'broth of a boy' he will make of him. For Medea cf. X. 15. 8.

VIII § 15

16–17. *Southern . . . Alexandrian*: *Campanica peristromata neque Alexandrina tappetia.* The Alexandrians were famous for their weaving, particularly tapestries depicting men and animals, in which they excelled even the Babylonians.

44. *tu lectisterniator*: it was this man's duty to set out the couches for the banquet.

52. *My birthday*: see III. 4 for another and a different birthday party.

56. *men of state*. 'Magnufice volo me viros summos accipere, ut mihi rem esse reantur.' Cf. VIII. 5. 76, 'some real gentlemen' (*multo honestiores*).

70. *set at liberty*: *quae capiti operam det*, i. e. attends to her work to save money and earn her independence (*caput*).

115. *Dirce*: Lycus, king of Thebes, married Dirce, having divorced Antiope. Zethus and Amphion, Antiope's sons by Zeus, thereupon slew Lycus and tied Dirce to a wild bull.

VIII § 16

Julius Caesar's law is referred to by Cicero, *ad Fam.* vii. 26; ix. 15. Cf. VIII. 13. 54.

2. *personis*: see VIII. 13. 53.

3. *disposuit . . . custodibus.* For another method of enforcing such laws see Macrobius, *Sat.* iii. 17, 'ut patentibus ianuis pransitaretur et cenitaretur, sic oculis civium testibus factis luxuriae modus fieret. Prima autem omnium de cenis lex ad populum Orchia pervenit.' (Catone censore, 181 B. C.)

VIII § 17

1. *Marci Catonis*: sc. dictum.

3. *G. Oppius*: a friend of Caesar. See Cicero, *ad Att.* iv. 16. 14.

5. *conditum*: see VIII. 4. 69.

6. *appetisse*, 'helped himself'.

VIII § 18

3. *recipiebatur*, 'he found a place'.

5. *ossibus*, 'stones'.

6. *copreae*, 'court jesters'.

VIII § 19

3. *Philippus*: L. Marcius Philippus, stepfather of Octavian.

Christmas Eve: *Secundis Saturnalibus*, 18th December. See II. 4. 126 *n.*

10. *Balbus*: see Cic. *ad Fam.* vii. 5. 2; and *pro Balbo*, pass.; Suet. *Iul.* 78.

12. *Mamurra*: see Catullus, 29 and 57.

14. ἐμετικὴν *agebat*: implies that Caesar was undergoing a course of dietetic. Cf. VIII. 17.

18–20. Cf. VIII. 11. 5 sq.

28. *logement*: ἐπισταθμείαν; implies the quartering of troops.

IX § 1

Tullia: see I. 5. 32. She died in childbirth at the age of 30.

12–18. How far this antique patrician virtue, the larger *pietas* towards one's country (see VII. 4. 34–8), instanced in so many Roman stories (e. g. of Horatius, the Decii, Torquatus) and reflected in the whole of Virgil's

Aeneid, was a working principle of daily life is an interesting problem. See IX. 2. 13–16 and 21–38.

40. *Aegina*: lost its independence to Athens 456 B. C.

Megara: destroyed by Demetrius Poliorcetes, 307 B. C.

Piraeus: ruined during the Mithridatic war.

41. *Corinth*: destroyed by Mummius, 146 B. C.; restored by Julius Caesar; see Plut. *Caes.* 57.

49–54. Cf. IX. 8. 120 *n.*

56. *your part*: *persona.* See VIII. 13. 53 *n.*

59. *distinguished men*: C. Piso, Furius Crassipes, P. Dolabella.

70. Sulpicius is not confident of life after death. See IX. 6. 66 *n.* and IX. 8 *n.*

76–9. The Caesarians may think that you are mourning for the loss of the free republic.

90. Servius Sulpicius Rufus, consul for 51 B. C., an eminent and just lawyer, but no politician.

IX § 2

Astura: a river and town in Latium, near which Cicero had a villa.

6. *Servius tuus*: Sulpicius' son.

16. *Q. Maximus*: the great *Cunctator* of the second Punic War.

17. *L. Paullus*: son of the Paullus who fell at Cannae. Defeated Perseus at Pydna, 168 B. C. *De Sen.* 19. 68.

18. *vester Gallus*: C. Sulpicius (hence the complimentary *vester*) Gallus, fought under Paulus against Perseus. Consul 166 B. C.

21–38. see IX. 1. 12 *n.*

36. *domo absum*: Tullia appears to have lived with her father in his house in Rome for some time.

41. *adventum*: from your province of Asia. See IX. 1. 38 and 87.

43. *ante*: before the return of Caesar (*unius*, l. 54) from Spain.

IX § 3

3. *Veneris Genetrix*: the Temple of Venus (his ancestress) was dedicated by Caesar in 45 B. C. in the Forum Iulium. Lanc. iii. 51, p. 302.

4. *lectus eburneus*: see VIII. 6. 121–32.

9. *M. Pacuvius*: dramatist, nephew of Ennius. *Ob.* 132 B. C.

10. *men* = *mene*. Cf. *viden*, IV. 5. 1; *ain*, ibid. 3; *recten*, VII. 5, 6; *censen*, VII. 6. 34; *tun*, VII. 6. 44.

16. *honoribus functi*: ex-magistrates.

18. *duo quidam*: for such marvels cf. the prodigies before Caesar's murder and the apparition at the Rubicon, Sueton. *Iul.* 32. Also II. 8.

21. *ad donum* = *ut donarent*. Note use of *ad*, and cf. *in*, X. 15. 3 *n.*

27. *bullas*: cf. IV. 5. 79 *n.*

30. *Iudaei*: in his laws against secret societies, among the Leges Iuliae of 46 B. C. (see VIII. 12. 18 *n.*), Caesar had shown consideration for the Jews, whereas Pompey had dragooned them even in their own country, and treated the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem with contempt.

IX § 4

1. *tibi*: Ethic Dat.

2. *incestat*: death pollutes life. See Eurip. *Alcestis*, ll. 22–3. The urgency of burial is expressed from another point of view in IX. 10. 34–54.

5. *nigras*: black offerings always for the powers below, as to the Manes. In *Aen.* iii. 120 the Tempest has a black sheep for offering, the West Wind a white. Cf. IX. 9. 32 *n.*

9. *antrum*: the Sibyl's cave, where she gave her prophecies.

16. *Misenus*: a Trojan warrior and trumpeter; see *Aen.* iii. 239. His story was connected with the promontory of Misenum, north of the Bay of Naples. Note Virgil's local knowledge. Cf. IX. 6. 5.

23. Large sea-shells are still used as trumpets in the Pacific Islands. Note alliteration, and cf. ll. 17, 20, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, &c.

25. *Triton*: a sea-god, son of Neptune.

38. *cineri ingrato*: he could thank them no more. Note the tenderness of Virgil's touch compared with the harsh logic of Lucretius in IX. 8.

45. *fit gemitus*: see I. 4. 40 *n.*

48. *more parentum*: Roman national institutions are hallowed by Virgil's Epic. See IX. 5. 32 *n.*; IX. 11. 9.

50. *dapes*: honey, wine, milk, meat, &c. Offered to the dead like the flower offerings of the modern world.

54. *circumtulit*: of *lustratio* or purification. Cf. *Aen.* vi. 635.

58. *arma*: in apposition to *remumque tubamque*. His weapons were burnt on the pyre (l. 42).

IX § 5

The most pathetic lines in the *Aeneid*, to Virgil and Augustus certainly.

10. *Marcellus*: the famous general of the Punic Wars. Five times consul; defeated the Gauls in 222 B. C. Won the *spolia opima* by slaying Viridomarus. His young descendant (l. 8) was the son of Augustus' sister, Octavia, a young man of great promise for the Empire. He died at the age of 20, of malaria, at Baiae, and was buried in the mausoleum of Augustus near the Tiber, amidst national mourning (l. 19), 23 B. C.

13. *The third*: the *spolia opima* had been won only by Romulus and Cossus (437 B. C.) before him. On Cossus see Livy, iv. 19, and Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 841.

32. *prisca fides*: the power to revivify the life and religion of the Roman people, the great object of Augustus' reign and of Virgil's work. See IX. 4. 48 *n.*

IX § 6

Propertius laments that the Bay of Naples, a place so famed in story, should now be the object of a nation's sorrow as the scene of Marcellus' death; see IX. 5. 10 *n.*

2. *the breakwater*: *the giant Causeway* (*Herculeo structa labore via*), l. 7: the great barrier which separated the Bay of Naples from the Lucrine and Avernian lakes (II. 1. 3). Augustus joined the two latter by a canal to form a great harbour. See Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 161 sq. The Lucrine lake disappeared in a single night, 19th September 1538, and a hill, the Monte Nuovo, rose up in its place. See I. 1, Introd.

4. *steaming pools.* The unhealthy atmosphere was probably the cause of Marcellus' death (see Cicero, *ad Fam.* ix. 12), or incautious bathing. The beautiful symbolism of ll. 17 and 18 suggested the story that he was drowned while bathing, with a hint of foul play—a story as weak in historical probability as in literary interpretation.

5. *Misenus*: see IX. 4.

12. *Thebano . . . deo.* Some interpret this of Hercules, whom legend connects with this part of Italy, and who gave his name to Herculaneum. This would follow naturally on *Herculeo labore* (l. 2 *n.*). But *cymbala* is difficult unless applied to Bacchus.

25–6. *fluitantia vela*: the great awnings from the top tier of seats in theatres and amphitheatres, which screened the audience from the sun. See Lucretius, IV. 75 sqq. Augustus built the theatre of Marcellus in his memory (Suetonius, *Aug.* 29).

27. *through her*: Octavia had performed her son's duties as Aedile during his illness.

41–8. The burden of so many of Horace's Odes. See especially ii. 3 (X. 12).

49–52. Sceptre and Crown must tumble down
And in the Dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.—Shirley.

And cf. X. 7. 41.

60. *A second love*: Chryseis. Aesch. *Ag.* 1414.

66. Propertius refers to Claudius Marcellus, Marcellus' famous ancestor (IX. 5. 10 *n.*), and to Julius Caesar. With this conception of the life of the great after death compare the humble prayer for Turia (VII. 8 ad fin. *n.*), and see IX. 1. 70 *n.*, IX. 8. 1–16.

IX § 7

3. 'Nec mea tunc longa spatietur imagine pompa.' On the use of *imagines* in the funeral procession see Becker's *Gallus*, p. 512. Cf. I. 8 *n.*

8. On the amount of perfumes consumed at funerals see Juvenal, iv. 109.

30. Referring to the sacrifice of Polyxena on the tomb of Achilles.

49. Cynthia, to whom Propertius dedicates his love and his art.

IX § 8

Lucretius, having elaborated his argument (Bk. III, ll. 417–29) that the soul is as mortal as the body, proceeds to its more inspiring conclusion, the noble Epicurean doctrine of contempt of Death. There follows the finest passage in Lucretius, possibly the finest in Latin literature. Cf. X. 6.

24. 'Nec radicitus e vita se tollit et eicit.'

25–32. Unconsciously he endows himself with two personalities. As a fact, in death he will not even have one. But on the normal Roman belief see X. 3. 41 *n.*

35–40. A significant passage on ancient burial customs. See the appendix to Becker's *Gallus*.

37–9 refer to the method of embalming (honey being regarded as a good preservative) and laying in a sarcophagus. Alexander the Great and Agesilaus were embalmed.

41–4. Cf. V. 8. 1 *n.*

61–4. Cf. Ecclesiastes, *pass.*, especially ix. 7–10; Omar Khayyám, 37 *et pass.*

72. Like the vessels of the Danaids (IX. 11. 27).

120. Lucretius then proceeds to argue that the terrors of Hell are terrors really of the present life, allegories of the human soul. Finally, as the great have died before us, why should we fear to die? Compared with their lives ours are no better than death. Cf. IX. 1. 48–53.

IX § 9

On Priapus see Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 110. This idyll is said to be a satire on the witchcraft of Canidia (see *Epod.* v. and xvii). Its scene is the plateau of the Esquiline Hill, outside the wall of Servius Tullius, a place of execution and a burial-ground for the lowest class of the citizens. Maecenas had had it laid out in gardens and had built himself a house there (*Od.* iii. 29. 10; *Epod.* ix. 3).

25 sqq. Cf. Theocritus, *Id.* ii; Virgil, *Ecl.* viii; Tibullus, *Eleg.* i. 2; Ovid, *Met.* vii. 179 sq.

32. *black lamb*: cf. *black shawl*, l. 29; III. 2. 8 *n.*; IX. 4. 5 *n.*; X. 15. 21 *furvae*; and Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 249.

33–4. See *Odyssey*, xi. 23.

35. Cf. Ovid, *Her.* vi. 91; Virgil, *Ecl.* viii. 75; *Aen.* iv. 508.

36. The little wool and wax dolls represented Canidia and her lover in the ritual that followed, the woollen one typical of invulnerability or heartlessness, the waxen easily melted by the fire or pierced by needles.

45–8. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. iii.; IV. i.

IX § 10

1. Archytas was a Pythagorean philosopher of Tarentum. He lived in the fourth century.

2. *the innumerable sand*: ironical; but see *Dict. Biog.* s.v. Archimedes.

4. Three handfuls of earth sufficed for burial. See l. 54.

7–9. Cf. X. 5. 13.

10. i. e. Tantalus.

11. *Tithonus*: beloved by Aurora, and taken by her into Heaven. Contrast Tennyson's *Tithonus*.

13. Minos.

14. Euphorbos, son of Panthus (*Il.* xvii. 69). As Pythagoras recognized Euphorbus' shield hung up among others in a temple at Argos, he used this recognition as a proof of his doctrine of transmigration (metempsychosis), and believed himself to be Euphorbus born again (l. 15), therefore *iterum Orco demissum*. See I. 4. 61; X. 3. 47 *n.* Cf. Rossetti's sonnet *Sudden Light*: 'I have been here before' . . .

21. *you*: Archytas.

33. *devexi . . . comes Orionis*: Orion's setting was a time of storms.

34. Some wandering spirit, whose body lies unburied near the tomb of Archytas on the coast of Apulia, implores a passing sailor to give it formal burial so that it may pass to its rest across the Styx. Probably the whole ode is the utterance of this spirit.

40. *Venusia*: now Venosa, on the borders of Apulia and Lucania, Horace's birthplace.

54. *three*: cf. Sophocles, *Ant.* 431.

IX § 11

Lucius Aemilius Paullus was censor in 22 B. C. Cornelia was daughter of Scribonia, wife first of Publius Cornelius Scipio and afterwards of Augustus, but divorced by him in favour of Livia. Suetonius, *Aug.* 62.

3. *funera* = *Manes*, as *sepulchrum* in l. 1, and *rogos* in l. 8.

7. *aera*: the symbolical obol buried with the dead to pay their passage over the Styx with Charon.

9. *subdita . . . fax*: cf. IX. 4. 48–9.

11. *currus*: the triumphal chariot.

17. *tamen*: untimely death was thought often to be a punishment for sin.

19. *quis*: used adverbially, giving a hint of doubt. 'If, haply, Aeacus' . . .

Aeacus: Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 430; cf. *Aen.* i. 181, and X. 15. 22.

20. *sortita . . . pila*, 'drawing my name by lot', for order of trial. The names of the accused were written on round tablets (*pilae*) and placed in an urn.

21. *fratres*: Minos and Rhadamanthus.

22. The Furies represent the Lictors in the court (*foro*).

25–6. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 400–1.

27. *sororum*: the Danaids.

30. Scipio Africanus obtained the agnomen *Numantinus* for his victories in Spain.

31. *altera . . . turba*: her mother's ancestors, the Libones (Horace, *Epp.* i. 19. 8).

33. *praetexta*: the maiden dress, laid aside at marriage. See VII. 2. 8

34. *acceptas . . . comas*: *capere crines* was the phrase for a girl 'putting up' her hair.

38. Propertius describes coins, medallions, or sculpture in honour of the Cornelii, representing Africa as a slave with shorn locks humbled before them.

38. 'Perses (I call to witness) goading his heart with the courage of his ancestor Achilles, with Achilles his ancestor swollen with pride to the ruin of his line.' Cf. IV. i. 46 *n.*

41. *mollisse*: i. e. by my conduct as his wife caused the censor to relax his rigour. Paullus seems to have had very little.

46. *utramque facem*: the wedding and the funeral torch.

49. *urna*: here for 'jury'.

50. *assessu*, 'by sitting at my side'.

51. In 204 B. C. P. Cornelius Scipio had the statue of Cybele brought from Asia to Rome. The ship carrying it grounded on a shoal in the Tiber. Soothsayers declared that only a chaste matron could move it. Claudia Quinta, who was under suspicion of unchastity, thereupon pulled the vessel off with a rope.

52. *turritae*: Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 785.

53. Aemilia the Vestal, who was accused of letting out the Sacred Fire. Praying to Vesta, she threw a strip of her garment on the apparently dead embers, which immediately blazed into flame.

59. *nata*: the scandalous Julia.

vixisse: i. e. is no more. Cf. Virgil, 'Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium'; and Cicero's speech to the people on the execution of the conspirators: *vixerunt.*

61. Augustus seems to have conferred some honour of raiment (perhaps a *stola* like the Greek *peplus*) on women who had three or more children. Cf. the *ius trium liberorum*.

63. Cornelia left two sons, L. Aemilius Paullus and M. Aemilius Lepidus, and a daughter, Aemilia Lepida (l. 67). The first son married Augustus' granddaughter Julia and was consul A. D. 1; the second was consul A. D. 6 (Tacitus, *Ann.* i. 13; iv. 20).

74. *inusta*, 'unburnt' or 'burnt into' (*cineri meo*).

75. Cf. Euripides, *Alc.* 377.

85. *ianua*: see Becker's *Gallus*, pp. 166 and 247.

101–2. Cf. IX. 6. 65–8.

102. *honoratis . . . avis*, 'to mine honoured ancestors'. Dat. Motion.

X § 1

In the *de Divinatione* Cicero discusses with his brother Quintus at Tusculum the value of prophecy. In the first book Quintus upholds its importance as maintained by the Stoics. In the second Cicero himself attacks this position. Aristophanes ridicules the superstitions of the Athenians. *Birds*, 717.

4. Cf. VII. 2. 20.

6. *meats* = *exta*, the heart, lungs, and liver, as opposed to the *viscera*.

7. *by birds*: see Warde Fowler, *Religious Experience of the Roman People*, ch. iii. 13.

9. *Publius Claudius*: defeated at Drepanum in the first Punic War, 249 B. C., losing 180 ships out of 210. He threw his omen-birds into the sea. 'They shall drink, even if they will not eat,' said he.

18. *Marcus Crassus*, the triumvir, terribly defeated by the Parthians at Carrhae, 53 B. C.

19. *Appius Claudius Pulcher*: consul 54 B. C.

20. *struck off*: *notavit*, branded with disgrace and so removed him from the Senate.

40. *that sacred Rod*: the *Lituus*. Quintus seeks the sanctity of tradition as support for his conservatism.

46. *the Salii*: the priests of Mars Gradivus, who had charge of the *Ancile*, the god's sacred shield.

X § 2

2. *auspicato*: cf. I. 7. 1 *n.*, and X. 1. The *augurale* was close to the *praetorium* in a Roman camp. As to the navy, see X. 1. 9 *n.*

5. *Apollo*: the worship was introduced from Greece. The Romans had sent to consult his oracle at Delphi. Livy, v. 16. See VII. 6. 85–8 and *n.*

7–9. Such propaganda was apparently a regular occurrence in attacking a city. Pliny, *N. H.* xxviii. 18; Livy, i. 55. 4.

24–33. Cf. II. 8. 1–12 and *n.*

25. *haruspex*: *haruspicina* was an Etruscan practice, borrowed by the Romans. *Haruspices* were often called *extispices* (X. 1. 6 *n.*) and they were very different from *augures*. See *Dict. Ant.*, Haruspex.

30. *melodramatic marvels*: *ad ostentationem scaenae*. Cf. the passage from Polybius, Introd. *ad fin.* πᾶσα ἡ τοιαύτη τραγῳδία.

51–5. Cf. ll. 112–18, and X. 7. 1–10. A Greek theory, divine jealousy of human success. Herod. i. 32; iii. 46; Pindar, *P.* x. 31; Aesch. *Pers.* 362; ib. *Ag.* 947; Soph. *Phil.* 776.

61–2. *sold as slaves*: *sub corona vendidit*. The captives wore garlands. Gell. vi. 4.

69. *the Licinian family*: see Livy, v. 20.

74–90. Cf. IV. 3. 30 *n.*

98. *expiated*: *procurata*. *Procurare* was the official word for averting the effect of an unfavourable omen. See X. 1.

108. A *supplicatio* lasted originally only one day. See Caesar, *B. G.* iv. 38.

112–18. See l. 51 *n.* This story, however, seems to be unfair to Camillus, as it appears from Livy (x. 7. 10) that it was customary for the general in his triumph to wear the insignia of the statue of Jupiter.

119. Camillus in fact rebuilt and dedicated the ancient building of Servius Tullius. Lanciani (iv. 62) identifies this with the so-called Temple of Vesta in the Forum Boarium by the Tiber. The present beautiful little building probably dates from Augustus. Matuta was the ancient Roman goddess who corresponded to Aurora. See Lucretius, v. 656 sq.

124. Note that Camillus could bind the whole community by a vow.

125–6. *keep to its bond*: *solvendum religione* = 'released from the obligation by performing it'. *Religio* is a difficult and important word. X. 5. 2. See Warde Fowler, *Roman Essays*, Part I, and *Religious Experience of the Roman People*, *passim*. On the Pontifices, see I. 5. 55–61

X § 3

Cf. Dante's *Purgatorio*, especially cantos xxviii–xxxiii.

3. *Lethaeum . . . amnem*: cf. Milton, *P. L.* ii. 583:

> Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
> Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls.

4 sq. Cf. Dante, *Paradiso*, xxx.

13. *securos*, 'free from care'—hypallage with *latices*. *Latices* et *oblivia* is hendiadys.

13–18. Cf. Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, and ll. 28–30 below.

22 sq. This famous passage illustrates not only Virgil's devotion to philosophy and admiration of Lucretius, but the loftiness of his patriotism, in that his inspiration soars to this high altitude at the climax of the *Aeneid*.

24–5. *spiritus . . . molem*: the old Greek physicist doctrine of the four elements, air and fire, tending upward, earth and water, tending downward. Contrast X. 6. 17–32; X. 8. 4; X. 9. 28; X. 9. 60. Virgil's world-soul (*spiritus*) is of a fiery nature. Cf. Pope, 'Vital spark of heavenly flame'.

29–30. Virgil grafts an ethical idea on the physical. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 463, and below, ll. 34–6.

32. *dispiciunt*, 'despy', of looking through an obscurity. Cf. Plato's great simile of the cave of human life (*Republic*, vii. init.), and his saying σῶμα σῆμα (the body is a tomb).

36. *inolescere*, 'cling ingrained'. Cf. *Comus*, l.c., 'clotted by contagion'.

40. *eluitur*: cf. Psalms li. 2, 'Wash me throughly from mine iniquity'; Malachi, iii. 2, 'He is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap'. Also Ibsen, *Brand*, Act V, 'the soapsuds of prayer', &c. (satirically).

41. The Manes, like the Genius, were an external self, though apparently also supernatural agencies with definite powers. See VII. 8. 146 *n*. We have to suffer in the second life for what we have done in the first. See IX. 8. 25–33.

['When the Pythagoreans reduced justice to the *lex talionis*, the effect was that it applied to the guilty person only, not to his family. The doctrine of transmigration completes the scheme of justice for the individual soul. The mere idea of reincarnation was no novelty. What is new in transmigration is the moral view that reincarnation expiates some original sin and that the individual soul persists, bearing its load of inalienable responsibility, through a round of lives, till, purified by suffering, it escapes for ever.' F. M. Cornford, *Classical Quarterly*, July, 1922.]

47. *deus*: the divine will, or perhaps Necessity, keeps moving the cycle of reincarnation. Sent back to earth, the spirits at length begin to remember, 'begin to wish' for human life again. On Metempsychosis see IX. 10. 14 *n*.

X § 4

1. i. e. Having deposited the Golden Bough, which was Aeneas' passport into Hades. *Divae* is of course Proserpine.

3. A kind of Eden. Homer's Elysium is not in the underworld, but a land on the shores of Oceanus (*Od.* vi. 45) like Arthur's 'island-valley of Avilion; where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow', &c. (Tennyson, *Morte d'Arthur*).

Lines 37–9 also suggest a kind of Island of Lotus-eaters. The word 'Paradise' = lit. 'a park'.

5. *purpureo*, 'lustrous'. Cf. Horace, *Od.* iv. 1. 10.

6. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 528.

9. *Threicius . . . sacerdos* = Orpheus, not only a singer, but a priest of Nature and founder of the Orphic mysteries.

10. = *septem discretae voces*: the scale of seven notes on the lyre.

11. *pectine*: see X. 15. 27.

14. See *Iliad*, xx. 232.

15–19. Virgil probably meant more by this than editors imagine. No religion or philosophy can quite ignore these natural longings. Cf. X. 15. 39, 40. Discoveries in the tombs of Egyptian kings imply similar beliefs in the twentieth century before Christ.

17. *currûm* = *curruum*.

23. *Eridani*: the mythical river identified with the Po, which for some way after its rise in the Alps flows underground. Hence the belief that it was connected with the underworld. Eridanus is mentioned by Hesiod.

24–8. This noble list of the virtues is the counterpart of the list of sins, ll. 608–14. *dum vita manebat* occurs in both. Cf. Ecclesiasticus xliv. 1–15; on 27–8 cf. X. 11. 1–9.

31. *Musaeus*: another mythical bard, the son of Orpheus, according to one tradition. See X. 11. 33.

X § 5

2. *religione*: see X. 2. 125 *n.* The ideas both of 'religion' and of 'superstition' are in the word. Cf. X. 6. 29–32 and 45–8. Lucretius uses also the plural of superstitious fears.

5. *Graius homo*: Epicurus, the Athenian, born in Samos, 341–270 B. C. See Gow's *Companion*, ch. 33; X. 6.

7. Cf. W. E. Henley, *Out of the Night*.

> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.

9. *irritât*: contracted *irritavit*. Note scansion.

12. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 721 sq.; and Satan's journey to Earth in Bk. ii. Cf. X. 9. 29–39.

13. Cf. IX. 10. 7–9, *rotundum percurrisse polum morituro*.

14–16. Brings back news of the secrets of creation.

16. *terminus*: Munro points out the metaphor of a stone pillar set up as a boundary between two properties. It may also have a philosophic sense of clear definition, the ambiguous content of our 'term'.

17. *pedibus subiecta*: cf.

> Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
> *Subiecit pedibus* strepitumque Acherontis avari.

Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 490–3 (thinking of Lucretius).

21. *indugredi* = *ingredi*, an archaism from Ennius. Cf. *indupedita*, i. 240; *induperator*, iv. 967; X. 7. 34. See L. and S., ad init.

23–39. Cf. Euripides, *Iph. Aul.* 1100 sqq.; Aeschylus, *Ag.* 198–248.

23. *quo pacto* = 'just as'; cf. *quo modo, qua ratione.*

25. *prima virorum*: a Graecism; cf. *τὰ πρῶτα, τὰ φίλτατα.* Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 633 'per opaca viarum'.

26. *infula*: a riband braided with white wool, worn by priests and victims. Iphigeneia should have been wearing the *vittae* of a bride. (Cf. wedding ceremonies, VII. 2. 8 *n.*)

29. *hunc propter*: a pathetic touch; *to spare his feelings.*

31. Note alliteration of *m* and *t*.

33. *princeps*: fem. here = 'first of all'.

34–40. 'A highly elaborated passage: in the first part a studied ambiguity in the terms which are common to marriage and sacrifice; in the last a studied contrast between the youth and innocence of the victim and her cruel fate' (M.). On *sublata* and *deducta* see Becker's *Gallus*, p. 160, and cf. VII. 2, notes.

36. *comitari*: from *comito*, not uncommon.

Hymenaeo: see VII. 2.

37. *casta inceste*: oxymoron. Cf. Tennyson:

> His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

40. See Bacon's Essay on 'Unity in Religion'.

X § 6

1. *His iben*: cf. X. 5. 5 *n.* In the first 50 lines of Book v Lucretius has explained how Epicurus has conferred greater blessings on mankind than gods or heroes, such as Ceres, Bacchus, or Hercules.

9–12. Cf. IX. 8. *n.*

17–36. Cf. Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 475–82.

41–4. Cf. X. 11. 104–28; X. 13. *n.*

X § 7

1–4. Cf. X. 11. 75–81.

2. *iras*: and the passion of jealousy, X. 2. 55 *n.*, and X. 11. 40–50.

5. *velatum*: 'refers to the Roman custom of praying *velato* or *operto capite*, the Greek being *aperto capite*. Cf. *Aen.* iii. 405' (M.).

6. *vertier*: cf. VII. 2. 42 *n.*

The passage is full of ironical contempt . . . *lapidem, omnis aras, quadrupedum*, heightened by the alliteration of l. 7. Cf. the Psalms 'I will none of your burnt offerings', &c.

10. *mage* = *magis*: cf. Virgil, *Aen.* x. 481.

12. *templa*: note the etymology of this word. See Warde Fowler's *Religious Experience of the Roman People.*

stellis micantibus: cf. Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 481–2.

16. *nobis*: Ethic Dative.

19. *ecquaenam*: in very impassioned interrogation.

20. *finis quoad*, 'limit to which . . .'

27–8. Note alliteration. Cf. Ennius:

At tuba terribili sonitu taratantara dixit.

32. *poenarum solvendi*, 'of the paying of penalties'. For this unusual construction cf. Cicero, *Phil.* v. 3. 6, 'facultas agrorum condonandi'.

34. *induperatorem*: see X. 5. 21 *n.*

41. Cf. IX. 6. 49 *n.*

43–7. See I. 1. introd.

X § 8

4. *the four elements*: see X. 3. 24 *n.* Some of the following deities are mentioned by Livy (I. 7. [v. 52, § 11; 54, § 7]). Cf. also V. 2. 39–52.

7–11. Cf. VII. 1. 9.

X § 9

In connexion with this fine eulogy cf. I. 1. introd., *ad fin.*

1–3. Imaginative and poetic power were certainly stronger in Cicero than reasoning power. See some of the strange arguments in X. 11.

5. *nutibus suis*, 'centripetal force', or 'gravity'. See Lucretius, i. 1052–82.

8–11. Cicero's boldest and finest use of abstract nouns, as well as of hypallage. Cf. l. 24.

12. *vim*: cf. II. 10. 12 *n.*

21. *universi*: sc. *maris*, 'in its complete expanse'.

26. Alluding to the Stoic doctrine that the four elements became fused one with another. See X. 3. 24 *n.*

44. The moon is really forty-nine times smaller than the earth. *Mathematici* so often disagree, as Einstein now disagrees with Newton.

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48. *subiecta*, &c.: i. e. between the Sun (above) and the Earth.

58–9. The Atomic Theory, originally propounded by Democritus of Abdera (fl. 430 B. C.), and adopted by Epicurus, and from him by Lucretius (*R. N.*, especially i. 146–325, 483–634; ii. 62–599). The Academics (School of Plato) held that Mind or Reason was the cause of the universe, a theory adopted, with modifications, by the Stoics. See Gow, *Companion to School Classics*, ch. 33. Cf. X. 3. 24 sq. and *n.*; and X. 11.

X § 10

1. *meus*: classical *mi* (but *meus*, Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 835).

24. *statera*, 'a balance' (classical).

27. *crudivit*: in classical Latin usually with ablative or *in*.

28. *siulae*, 'a bucket'. The word is as old as Plautus and Cato. On ll. 33–9 see X. 11. 83–114 and *n.*

41. *caclos*: for *caclum* (as in Ennius, Lucretius (ii. 1097), and Petronius).

X § 11

Cicero in the *de N. D.* describes a discussion on the gods between C. Velleius (who supports the Epicurean theory), Q. Lucilius Balbus (the Stoic), and C. Aurelius Cotta (Academic), who attacks both. Cicero seems to support Balbus, but his sympathies were really with Cotta.

1. *Zeno* of Citium (Cyprus), said to have been of Jewish blood, founder of the Stoic School; came to Athens about 320 B. C. He is to be distinguished carefully from Zeno the Eleatic (born 490 B. C.).

1–9. See X. 4. 27, 28. See below 52 *n.*

2, 3. Cf. X. 4. 27.

10. *Chrysippus* (280–207 B. C.), regarded as the second founder of the Stoic School.

10–29. Cf. X. 8.

36. *Diogenes*: chief of the Stoics: sent on an embassy from Athens to Rome, 155 B. C. The famous Diogenes was the Cynic philosopher, flourished at Athens 320 B. C.

40–51. Cf. X. 7. 2. This attack, however, is beside the mark as a criticism of the real view of the Stoics.

52–4. Velleius seems to have forgotten his remark in ll. 1–9.

83–114. The Hebrew temperament drew a different conclusion from such reflections; see X. 10. 33–9. It had no inclination for logic where logic is illogical. See below, 114 *n.*

106. *A god does nothing.* Cf. X. 6. 41–4; X. 13. *n.*

111. *a mechanic*: '*laboriosissimum*', like the creative god of Plato's *Timaeus*.

114–20. Cf. X. 10. 22–60.

X § 12

The Ode is an exposition of the popular Epicureanism as found in Ecclesiastes and Omar Khayyám. Contrast IX. 8 and X. 6.

1. *Aequam . . . arduis*: note picturesque antithesis, as in l. 9, *ingens albaque*, &c.

9. *quo*: cf. VIII. 3. 12; VIII. 4. 65.

17. *coemptis saltibus*: cf. II. 1.

domo: in the town, as opposed to the *villa* in the country.

19–20. Cf. Psalms: 'He heapeth up wealth, and cannot tell who shall gather it'; and Eccles. vi. 1–2.

21. *Inachus*: mythical king of Argos, a type of most remote antiquity.

25–8. Cf. IX. 6. 41–8.

'Scandenda est torvi publica cymba senis.'

X § 13

Horace's faith in the Epicurean doctrine that the 'high gods dwell at ease' (X. 6. 41; X. 11) has been shaken. There seems a kind of self-reproachful humour in this, as in his 'Horror of the Shade' in X. 15. 21–40.

8. In answer to Lucretius' challenge in vi. 400–1, where he attributes thunder to purely natural causes. Cf. Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 358 sqq.; Homer, *Od.* xx. 112–14; Virgil, *Georg.* i. 487; *Aen.* viii. 524.

X § 14

Propertius is thinking of Augustus' intended expedition against the Parthians, 20 B. C., and of all the wealth that came to Rome as the result of Oriental conquests. See II. introd.; and II. 1 and 2.

4. Cf. Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 506.

33 sq. Cf.

For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth—but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
Wordsworth, *Tintern Abbey*.

36–64. Cf. Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 475 sq.

79–80. Cf. X. 5; X. 7.

X § 15

On the humour of this poem see X. 13. *n.*

3. *in*, 'to be', or 'for'. Cf. *ad*, IX. 3. 21 *n.*

8. *Colcha*: cf. VIII. 14. 81 *n.*

19. *robur*: i. e. *Tullianum*, the Mamertine prison.

21–40. There is a Chaucerian touch about this vivid passage which is equally remote from the savage satire of Lucretius or Propertius and from the dramatic terror of Virgil.

22. *Aeacum*: see IX. 11. 19.

25. Horace would look naturally for Sappho and Alcaeus, the inspiration of his lyric muse.

27. *plectro*: cf. *pectine*, X. 4. 11.

dura mala navis, 'the bitterness of shipwreck'. On the subjects of Alcaeus' poems see *Odes*, i. 32.

37. *Pelopis parens*: Tantalus.

38. *laborem*: retained acc. See VI. 1. 5 *n.*

39–40. Cf. X. 4. 17–19.

X § 16

2. *biformis*: a man and a swan.

5. *pauperum*: see *Satires*, i. 6. 46.

21–4. Cf. IX. 7.

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